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THE TRAINING OF LIONS, TIGERS, AND OTHER GREAT CATS.

By Samuel Hopkins Adams.

FROM PERSONAL INTERVIEWS WITH THE LEADING TRAINERS OF THE WORLD.

Illustrated by Drawings from Life by Charles R. Knight.

Editor's Note.—The artist, Mr. Charles R. Knight, of the American Museum of Natural History, spent several weeks studying the subjects of these illustrations at the Zoölogical Gardens in Baltimore and elsewhere. Mr. Knight's long training in the field of zoölogy, his accurate knowledge of the anatomy of the lion, and his skill as an artist, have made it possible for us to obtain what we consider to be probably the most perfect drawings of lions which have ever been produced. They are not simply pictures, but they are actual portraits.

TRADITION of the menagerie has decreed that man's superiority over the animal shall be turned to financial account in the subjugation and education of the great felines. The lion, the tiger, the leopard, the puma, the jaguar, and others of the fierce cats are chosen for this career because of their reputation for ferocity and cunning, and because of the demand of the show-going public for the greatest possible element of peril. So there has grown up a profession known as "lion-taming"—a misnomer, for no feline, except the domestic variety, is ever tame while it has life in it—a profession that is never likely to become overcrowded.

First, as to the selection of the animal. On one point all trainers are agreed: that an animal from the wilds is preferable to one born in captivity; and the reason is a simple one. The captive creature lands after a long voyage, during which it has almost incessantly suffered from sea-sickness, want of care, and insufficient food. It is weak, wretched, and broken in body and spirit. In a few hours it has a comfortable and spacious cage, with clean straw, fresh air, good food, and, above all, quiet and peace. Then the new arrival is ready to establish amicable relations with the human beings who seem to be connected with this new career of first-class board and lodging. Therefore, the new arrival, whether lion, tiger, leopard, jaguar, or puma, is in a proper frame of mind for the commencement of its education.

On the other hand, the feline born in captivity is a spoiled child. Accustomed to man from the beginning, it has for him neither fear nor respect. In consequence, it endures the presence of the trainer in its cage without protest; but let him attempt to force it into some course of action against its will, at the first touch of punishment it springs at his throat. Then only the harshest measures, long continued, will avail, and the chances are that the animal will be worthless as a performer and utterly untrustworthy throughout its existence. The lion or tiger kitten that has been the pet of some private family is still worse bred, and commonly returns to menagerie life accompanied by a message to this effect: "Please

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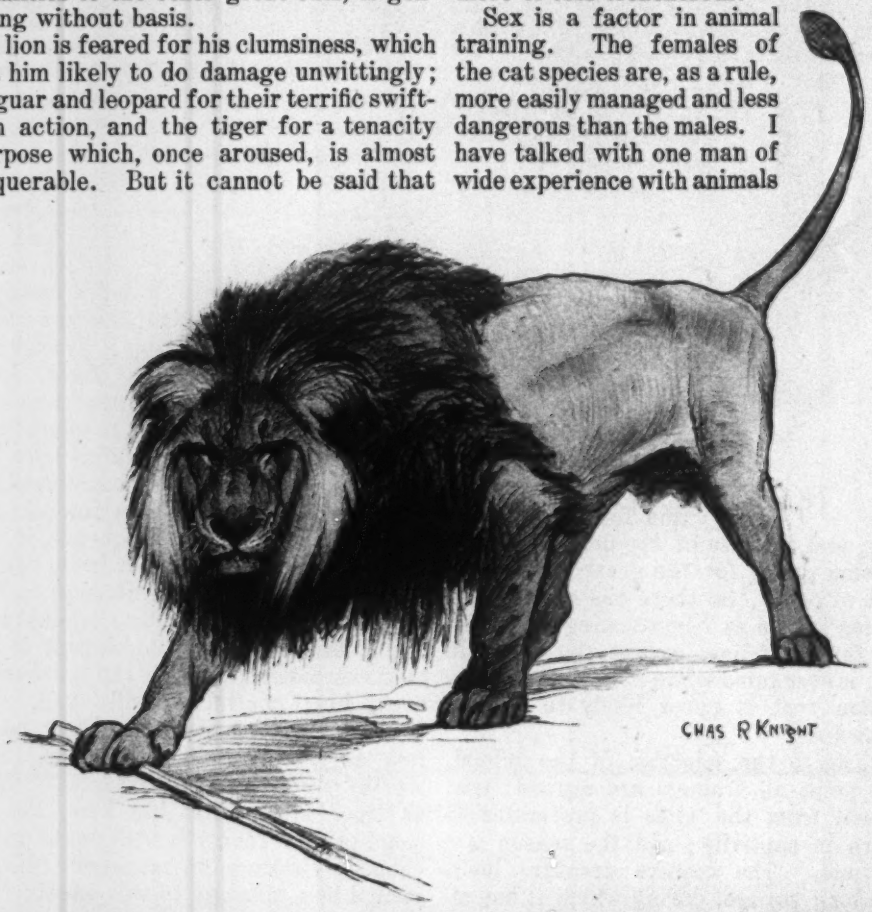
take Kitty back; she has eaten the mastiff." Or it may be that the youngster adds to the interest of city life, as did a little lioness who was taken to the bosom of a quiet Philadelphia family several years ago. She broke out of her cage one night, sequestrated the owner of the house on a high-railed balcony, and bit a finger off a policeman who unguardedly attracted her attention before, instead of after, climbing a convenient tree. That one night ruined her; she was a bad lioness all her life. It is seldom worth while to work over a feline whose infancy has been passed as a member of a private family.

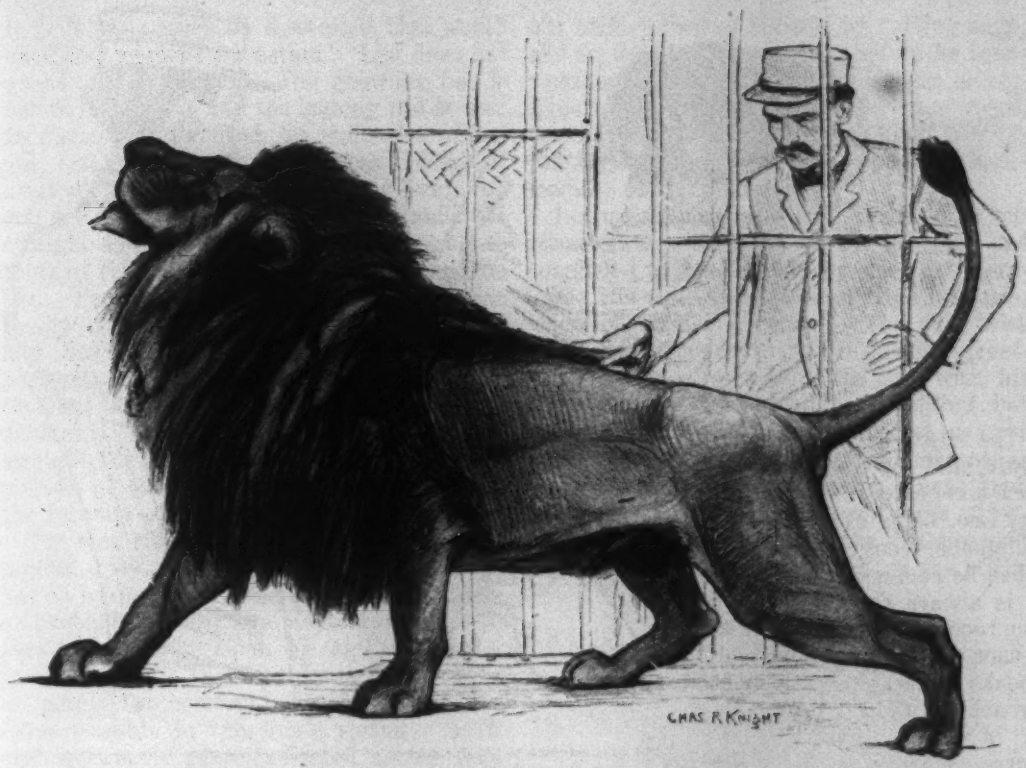
It must not be supposed that all captive felines are amenable to education. The personal equation enters in very largely. What will do for the lion will do for the tiger, the leopard, the puma, or the jaguar; but what will do for one lion, tiger, puma, or jaguar will not do for another. And the public, in assuming that the lion is brave and the tiger treacherous, and in ascribing set qualities to the other great cats, is generalizing without basis.

The lion is feared for his clumsiness, which makes him likely to do damage unwittingly; the jaguar and leopard for their terrific swiftness in action, and the tiger for a tenacity of purpose which, once aroused, is almost unconquerable. But it cannot be said that one species is more to be feared, generally speaking, than another. It is the individual that must be reckoned with and studied by the successful trainer. One animal is sulky, another stupid, a third subject to sudden fits of rage, another curious, another timid, another will show a certain fussy and old-maidish disposition, and refuse to perform unless all the circumstances are just as he thinks fit. To master such characteristics is the life-work of the trainer, and his life may depend upon his acumen. There is a very famous lion now performing who fears only one thing, a stick held in the left hand of the trainer. The man may have a club, a knife, a pistol, or even a fire-brand in his right hand, and the lion will spring for him; but the smallest wand in the left hand will keep the beast perfectly tractable. No satisfactory explanation of this individual peculiarity has ever been offered, and one trainer limps for life because he didn't make the discovery in time. With rare exceptions, all the great felines are untrustworthy, and more or less treacherous.

Sex is a factor in animal training. The females of the cat species are, as a rule, more easily managed and less dangerous than the males. I have talked with one man of wide experience with animals



"He draws back, growls, and thrusting out a huge paw, pins the intruding object (a broomstick) to the floor."



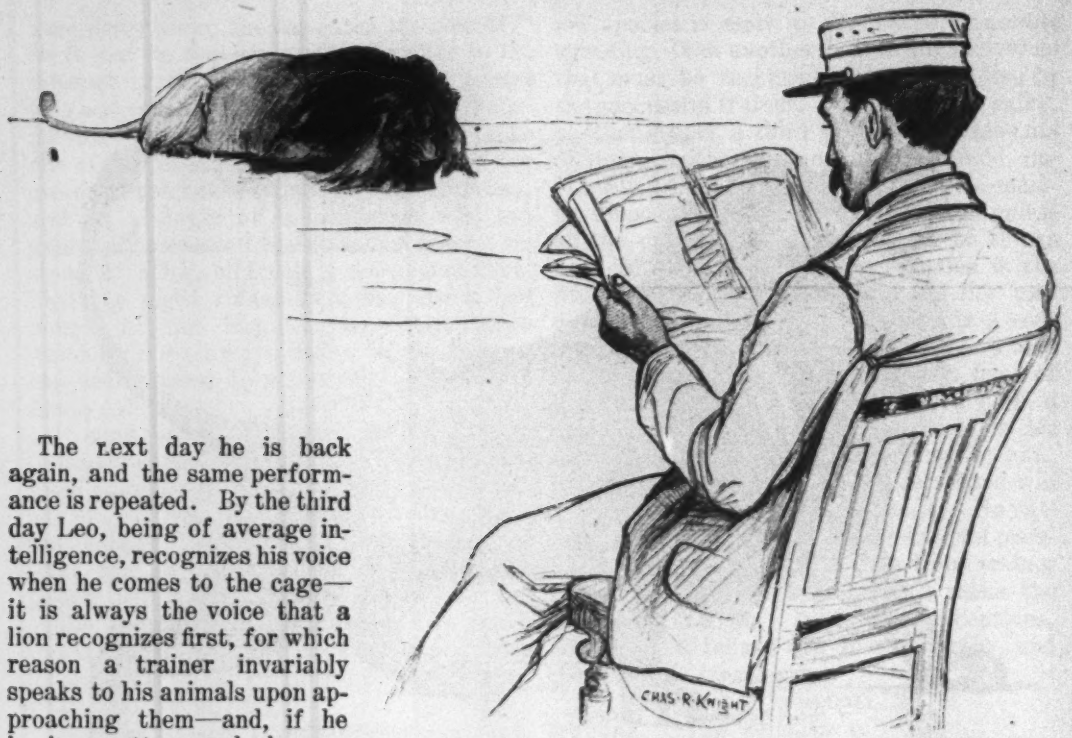
"He feels it rubbed, gently rubbed, along his neck and back. . . . There is nothing a lion so loves as grooming."

of all kinds, who declares that there is no large animal, except the elephant, that takes to training more kindly, and follows its lessons more conscientiously, than the average tigress. The sex of the trainer has influence upon many animals. Lions and lionesses who will not permit a man in the cage, can be handled by a woman, and the reverse is also true, though women are more successful than men as trainers, and have fewer accidents. Sometimes an animal will conceive a real affection for the trainer, and will fawn upon him like a dog, and even protect him from the others should they attack him; but the vast majority of cases of defense of a trainer by an animal have no firmer foundation than in the fertile imagination of the ingenious press agent.

A well-authenticated case, however, is that of a Polish Jewess who has had great success in training lions, and who was attacked during a rehearsal in St. Louis by a young lion, and thrown to the floor. Instantly, a somewhat smaller lioness, who had always been tractable, leaped upon the lion, and gave him so much to attend to that the trainer got to her feet, and was then able to whip the offending lion back to his corner.

No trainer depends on any such interference; in fact, he takes it for granted that if he is attacked and thrown, the other beasts in the cage will join in the onset. The fellowship of animal for animal in the bonds of slavery is stronger than that of animal for man. Once in the cage, the trainer is alone among vastly superior forces that may at any moment become hostile.

Let us consider the education of a two-year-old lion who has just been established in his quarters after a sea voyage from the coast of Africa, and has begun to feel the cheering effect of his improved circumstances. Presumably he is looking about him with some curiosity as to what is coming next. Already he has become accustomed to regard the approach of men as an indication of feeding time; consequently he is inclined to honor the human being with his approval on general principles. To his cage comes the trainer, and speaks to him in soothing tones. Leo regards him without any evidence of perturbation. The trainer, after talking to him for a few minutes, throws him a savory strip of meat, and loiters around the cage for an hour or more before he goes.



"The lion retreats to the far corner of the cage, and crouches there, growling. The trainer sits quietly reading a paper, and casting glances at the lion from the corner of his eye."

The next day he is back again, and the same performance is repeated. By the third day Leo, being of average intelligence, recognizes his voice when he comes to the cage—it is always the voice that a lion recognizes first, for which reason a trainer invariably speaks to his animals upon approaching them—and, if he is in pretty good humor, purrs. That is the signal for the next step in the acquaintanceship. The trainer pokes a broomstick between the bars.

This invasion is more than Leo bargained for, however. He draws back, growls, and, thrusting out a huge paw, pins the intruding object to the floor; then drags it into the cage, the trainer offering no resistance. Perhaps the lion contents himself with knocking the stick about a bit, and growling at it, having ascertained that it is harmless; or perhaps he crunches it between his terrible teeth. At any rate, no sooner has he disposed of it to his satisfaction, and settled down again, than another stick appears, and the quiet voice that he has learned to recognize is heard outside. Very likely Leo pulverizes that intruder, too; but the broom sections persist, until he wearies of trying to make toothpicks out of such a quantity of lumber, and permits one of them to be laid on his back without protest.

Behold, now, a wonderful matter to the illuminated mind of Leo, for not only is there no harm in this piece of wood, but it is an agency for the increase of happiness. He feels it rubbed, gently rubbed, along his neck and back, and from a dubious and somewhat timid frame of mind passes to serene content, which he announces by loud purrings. There is nothing a lion so loves as grooming.

The next step is the plunge. Having become thoroughly accustomed to the stick and its manipulator by repeated rubbings, Leo is judged to be in a condition of mind favorable to a more intimate association. One day his cage door is opened and his human friend steps in, carrying with him a stout chair, upon which he seats himself. Much disturbed, not by the man, but by the chair—which is beyond his comprehension—the lion retreats to the far corner of the cage, and crouches there, growling. The trainer sits quietly reading a paper, and casting glances at the lion from the corner of his eye. Thus the situation remains for a couple of hours; then the man and his chair depart as they came, and Leo is left to think it over.

Upon their reappearance the next morning he has very likely reached the conclusion that the matter will stand a little investigation, and he approaches cautiously. The trainer stretches out toward him the same stick from which he has experienced that pleasant grooming; but in its new surroundings it rouses his quick distrust, and he retreats to his corner. Alarm begets wrath.

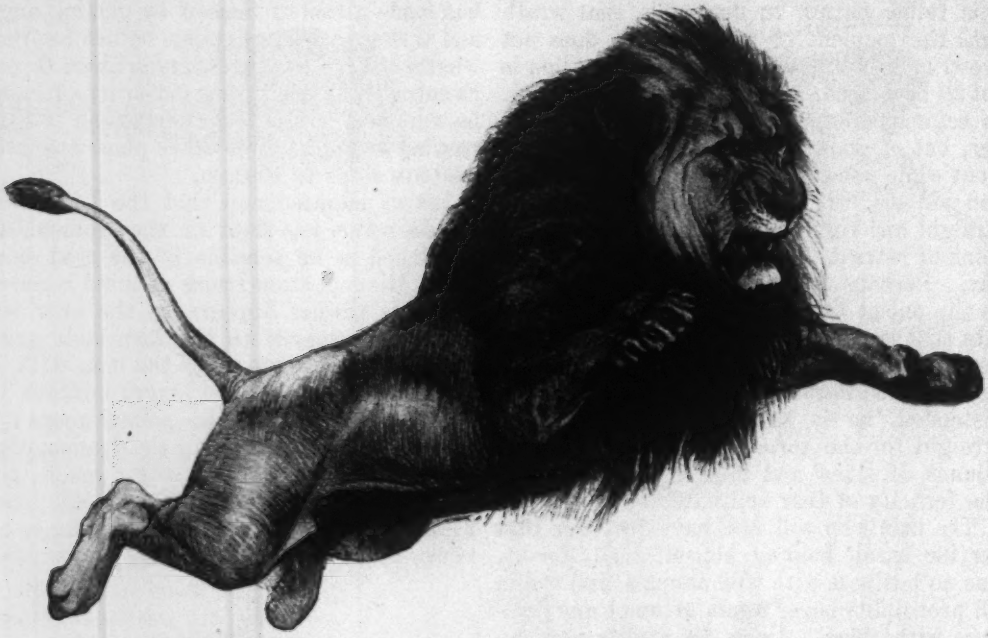
It is feline nature to dissemble that wrath until the moment of action. Leo does not growl or lash his tail. The growling lion is not to be feared, and the lashing tail is not, as commonly supposed, an indication of anger, but of good humor. Watch the tail of a cat while you are scratching her head, and you will see. It is when the tail stands out straight and rigid that the trainer begins to think of retreat. Leo's tail becomes an iron bar. Perhaps the trainer is warned in time to slip out at the door; perhaps not until so late that he knows he will not have the opportunity. Leo glances aside carelessly, and the next instant, with open mouth and claws distended, he is sailing through the air, straight for the throat of the man, his 800 pounds of sinew and muscle inspired by all the ferocity of fear and hate.

The man who will not have foreseen that terrific onset, holding himself ready for it, has no business with wild animals, and will in all probability never again attempt any dealings with them. Upon his agility now depends his life. That chair was not brought in merely for comfort. It is the best defense possible to the lion's spring. Swift and apparently unpremeditated as the leap has been, the man has seen the tenseness of the muscles that preceded it, and before the animal has reached him, the stout legs of the chair are bristling between them. Here is another problem for Leo. This unknown thing has suddenly assumed an unexpected and possibly deadly significance. Snarling, he drops on his haunches and claws at the barrier. Out from behind it springs a stick —the same old stick of his pleasurable memories, but turned to what base uses now, for it flicks him soundly on the tip of the nose, where a lion keeps all his most sensitive feelings! Again it lands, and the chances are ten to one that two blows on that tender spot are enough. Howling with grief and rage, Leo ceases to claw the chair, an unsatisfactory proceeding at best, and retires to his corner, not a little chopfallen. By the time he has had leisure to consider the strange occurrence, the trainer is out of the cage, leaving the chair behind. Now Leo may do any one or more of several things, according to the measure of his emotions. He may glower and sulk in his corner; he may rant and ramp about his cage, giving vent to his outraged feelings in loud roars; he may go for that leggy chair and dismember it (not without scars to his own hide, probably), or he may settle down to think the thing over calmly, and conclude that he has made a fool of himself by getting angry and trying to destroy things before he found whether there was any harm in them or not. Eventually, in the great majority of cases, he will come to the last conclusion; possibly passing through all the other phases as intermediate steps to wisdom.

Let us suppose now that the Leo of our consideration has slept on the problem, and concluded to be sensible by the next morning. His repentant frame of mind is shown, when his trainer appears, by the purr with which he responds to the invariable greeting. Into the cage steps the man with his chair and his stick. No longer militant, but still somewhat timid, the animal keeps over to his corner. Little by little the man edges the chair over until he is within reach; then he begins to rub the lion with his stick. Little by little he decreases the distance still more, by shortening his grasp on the stick,

"Growling."

until finally he has his hand on Leo's shoulders and is petting him. This is the second great step in advance; the lion has learned to endure the touch of the human hand. Not only does he endure it; he likes it, for few animals are indifferent to petting. Day by day the trainer familiarizes the lion with his presence and touch; rubbing his back, stroking his shoulders, raising his paws—a somewhat ticklish trial—and, in the course of a fortnight after first entering the cage,



"The next instant, with open mouth and claws distended, he is sailing through the air, straight for the throat of the man, his 800 pounds of sinew and muscle inspired by all the ferocity of fear and hate."

if the animal be of fairly good temper, so accustoming Leo to the human presence that all alarm and overt enmity have been eradicated.

Beginning at this point, the education of an animal is simply getting him into certain habits of action, each one of which is intimately connected with something he sees or uses. The pupil, when he sees the paraphernalia of his performance, knows exactly what is expected of him, and in time will come to do it readily. The successful performance of all trained animals depends upon this almost instinctive following of long established habit, together with the pleasure the exercise gives to animals habitually confined in small cages. To the ordinary tricks of following the cues given him by his trainer, the pupil is trained by being drawn with ropes from one end of the cage to the other, or upon his hind feet in response to a toss of the master's hand. Then he is taught to jump over a board laid in his cage, and as the board is raised he leaps higher, until he is gradually brought to the point of a five-barred gate. The advance from these simple movements to the more difficult feats is simply a matter of intelligence on the part of the pupil, and patience on the part of the teacher. For every act there is a definite cue, and the eager intensity of look so noticeable in performing animals is not fear or hate, but attention, that they may not lose the slightest gesture of meaning. The education of a highly trained beast extends to the smallest action, even those which seem the least premeditated. His growling, his roar of apparent rage, the unsheathing of the murderous claws, and the swinging stroke at the stick that taps him—all these are in obedience to commands unsuspected by the audience.

One of the most tedious tricks to teach, and successful when once learned, is the see-saw performed by several animals. At first they are greatly alarmed by the shifting foundation beneath their feet; but when they have acquired confidence, they are as eager for the fun as so many children, and come running and hustling each other at the call to reach the board first. The great difficulty of teaching animals of different kinds to perform together is not generally understood by the public, which fails to appreciate the fact that the lion associating amicably with the leopard is trained to forget his own nature. Great Danes and boarhounds are often used to perform with lions, but not for the protection of the trainer, as is popularly supposed, as the weakest lion could destroy the largest dog with one tap. The dog is useful because of his intelligence and his friendly instincts toward other animals. He is usually on excellent terms with the lion, and encourages him if he is "rattled," or urges him on if he is backward in

his act. The dog is really an assistant trainer. Equestrian acts, as they are termed, are about the highest point of animal training, for both the animal who rides and the animal who is ridden must be educated to go through the performance without alarm.

How readily the best trained felines learn is illustrated by an event which occurred at Atlanta several years ago. A menagerie showing there had advertised extensively a feat of equestrianism by a lion. At the last moment the lion "went bad"; that is, became vicious, and there was no equestrian act on the opening night. The public grumbled, and the newspapers said unpleasant things. There was danger of a popular outbreak, and the head trainer of the show decided that there should be an equestrian act, if the term "equestrian" can be properly used where an elephant is the steed.

He took a three-year-old lion of exceptional intelligence, and started in early one morning to teach him to ride the elephant. First he trotted him around the ring with the elephant, and a big boar-hound who acted as assistant. After the pachyderm and the feline had got over their mutual distrust to some extent, the lion was taken up on a platform and lured upon the broad back of the elephant by strips of raw meat. There, however, at an eminence of seven feet six inches from the ground he became nervous, and dug a claw into the thick hide, the better to maintain himself. Such are the muscles on an elephant's back that it is said he can shake a flea off any part of it. This elephant shook, and the lion shot off as if a catapult had been sprung under him. Feline agility brought his paws under him before he reached earth, but he was much shaken and alarmed. Naturally, he sought to sneak away; but the boar-hound headed him off, barking encouragingly, and the lion came back. This time the elephant was swathed in thick cloths. Over and over again the lion was made to mount the elephant and ride, and on the following day the act was produced before a big audience, and—though the elephant was nervous, and the lion was more nervous, and the trainer almost had nervous prostration—the performance went off beautifully. But not with one lion in twenty could such a result have been achieved.

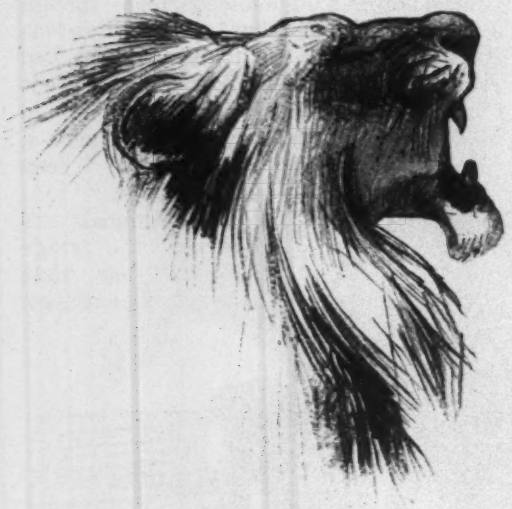
More animals are lost to the stage through fear than through viciousness.

"Snarling, he drops on his haunches and claws at the barrier."

The show people dread a timid lion, tiger, or leopard, not only because in its panic it is likely to injure the trainer, but because it is unreliable, and may take fright and spoil a performance at any moment from the slightest causes. An incident at the Porte St. Martin theater, in Paris, has become part of the annals of the show business. The chief feature of the exhibition was a "turn," consisting of the casting of a young woman securely bound into a cage of lions, heralded as being the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of man-eaters.

Unfortunately, the woman who had the "thinking part" of the victim was taken ill, and a substitute was found in the wife of one of the trainers, herself a trainer of some experience, but without any acquaintance with these particular six lions. As she was somewhat nervous, she carried a small

club ready for use should occasion arise. Amid the breathless silence of the spectators, the ring-master explained the ferocious nature of the lions and the terrible risk of the woman, and she was thrust in at the cage door. In the excitement of the occasion the door was not securely shut after



"Giving vent to outraged feelings in loud roars."

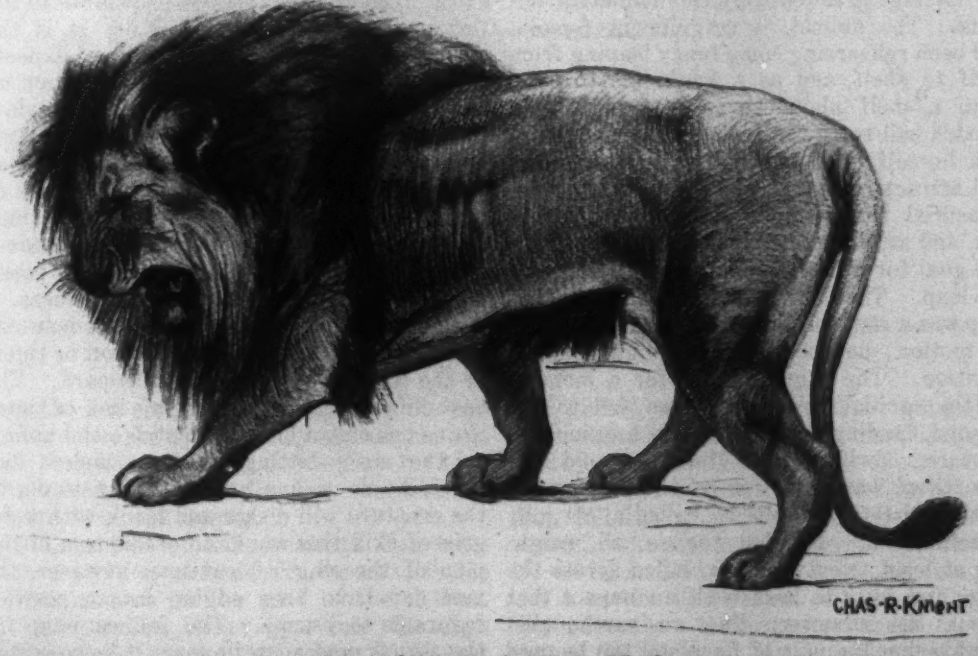
her. No sooner was she fairly inside than the six monarchs of the jungle, seeing that a strange person had been forced upon them, raised a chorus of shuddering terror, bolted for the cage door, clawed it open, and, with dragging tails and cringing flanks, fled out through a rear entrance and found refuge in a cellar, whence they were dislodged only after great difficulty. It was a week before the "ferocious man-eaters" were sufficiently recovered from their terrors to reappear in public. Animals so timid that confidence cannot be inspired in them are not used for any of the higher-class performances, but are employed only for the simple "sensational acts," which often catch the public quite as much as the more difficult feats, but which require little education of a definite sort. In this category is included running around in a circle to the cracking of a whip, jumping over bars and through hoops, and even leaping through blazing hoops. For all of these feats the animal need only be driven, not led. His fears will supply the motive. Such animals are never punished by chastisement; a harsh word is enough, and the great danger is that it may prove too much. It is a matter requiring from the trainer a high degree of tact. Nor are the bolder felines whipped or clubbed to anything like the extent that is popularly supposed to be the case. Only when they are stubborn or show fight do they suffer. "Do not punish until you have to; then punish hard," is the training maxim. The apparent lashes with the whip given during performances, and greeted with savage growlings from the beasts, are mere pretenses, part of the daily programme, and known to the subjects as such. Expert, indeed, with the whip must the trainer be, for if one of those sweeping blows should go wrong and land where it hurt some one of his animals, there might well be a variety of trouble—not impossibly an attack; almost certainly a fit of sulks on the part of the beast struck, while doing his best, that would put an end to further endeavor by him that day.

After the animal has learned his lesson and become expert in his performance, there still remains the test of a public performance. This is always a matter of anxiety for the trainer, as animals suffer from stage fright. The sight of the crowd is likely to distract them and draw their attention from the trainer, so that they lose their cues. Once thoroughly accustomed to the atmosphere of the stage, they seem to find in it a sort of intoxication not unknown to a species higher in the organization of nature. In talking with many men who have put animals on the stage, I have not found one who does not state positively that his subjects are affected by the attitude of an audience; that they are stimulated by the applause of an enthusiastic house, and perform laxly before a cold audience. Music is a stimulus to them. In many cases it is their principal cue, and without the strains of the band they are uncertain and unhappy. It is not long since the band of an animal show went on strike in the middle of a performance, and left. Three trained tigers were the next number on the programme after the defection of the musicians. When they came on they looked inquiringly about for the music, and, in its absence, two of them squatted down on their haunches and positively declined to go on. The third, who was of less experience in the profession, made a feeble start and then joined his companions on strike. Beating was of no avail. No music, no performance, was obviously the motto of those tigers; and they stuck to it through good and evil case—principally evil, as they got a severe thrashing before being driven off in disgrace to their cages.

In association with animals of the feline species there is an ever-present element of danger, no matter how well trained they may be. Every time the trainer in the cage turns his back he risks his life; not a great risk, to be sure, but still there is the chance of death in a stroke. Yet it is impossible to keep the eye on half a dozen animals in one cage, and the man must trust to the good temper of his subjects constantly. Many beasts—and this is particularly true of lions—leap at the bars of the cage in a frenzy of rage the moment the trainer leaves them, as if furious that they had let him out alive, yet the next time he enters they are completely under his dominion none the less. So excellent is the effect of this fury upon the thrill-demanding public, that now lions are trained to this very trick.

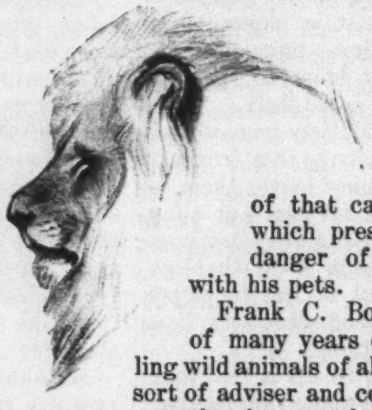
What the trainer most dreads is that inexplicable change of temperament on the part of the animal, known in the parlance of the menagerie as "going bad." It may come in the nature of a sudden attack, or it may be of slow and traceable progress. Sometimes it lasts but a short time, and again it will remain the permanent characteristic of the creature, in which case he is relegated to the lone cage to pass the rest of his life in comparative obscurity, for the hardiest trainer will not attempt to work with a brute in this condition of bloodthirstiness. Lions are likely to go bad about the tenth year of life; tigers two or three years earlier. The tiger is the dread of the profession when he reaches this condition, because he is more likely to go into a frenzy without warning; and once "gone bad," his heart is set on murder, and he will leap for any man within reach, whether in or out of the cage, and when his teeth are on the bone nothing short of fire will impel him to relinquish his hold. Usually an old trainer can detect the symptoms of this curious ailment. It seems to be somewhat in the nature of a psychical disease, and other animals recognize it and shun the affected one. A trainer never thinks of fighting an animal in this condition. If attacked, his one object is to defend himself, until he has a chance to escape from the cage, and as soon as possible to segregate the sufferer from his fellows.

More minor injuries in the training business are received without evil intent on the part of the animal than in any other way. For instance, the lion is a clumsy brute at best, and is at any time liable to misplace a paw armed with claws that could not be more effective if they were fashioned from so much chilled steel. If that paw scrapes along the leg of the trainer, the unlucky man goes to the hospital. Again, what begins by accident may be turned to murderous account by the animals. The most perilous thing a man can do in a cage of wild animals is to lose his footing, for it is more



"Retires to his corner, not a little chopfallen."

than likely that the moment he falls, the animals, by some course of reasoning peculiar to themselves, will conclude that his power is gone and will spring upon him. An English trainer was almost torn to pieces once because of a pair of stiff boot-tops that he wore. One of his tigers slipped, and swept a reaching claw around to the man's leg. It was a purely accidental blow, and the tiger, alarmed, sought to get away; but the keen claws had sheared through the stiff leather, and in endeavoring to extricate them the animal threw his master down. Quick as a flash, the two other tigers in the cage were upon the prostrate trainer; and but for the prompt action of an assistant, who sprang into the cage and beat them over the noses with a heavy bar, the man would never have come out alive. It is a vital article in the code of every good trainer, never to lose his temper at an accident of this kind, or to punish the innocent cause of it.



Sometimes a flash of anger on the part of the animal, not directed at the trainer particularly, but just a sort of let-off for an overcharged temper, may be the cause of injury. At Philadelphia recently I had an illustration of how terrible a blow a jaguar can strike, though fortunately, in this case, the damage was entirely to inanimate objects. The animal, a magnificent female, had been rehearsing some fancy leaping from shelf to shelf, and as a *finale* was to jump from a shelf about seven feet high to a wooden ball some ten feet distant, and maintain herself upon the ball, a most difficult and attractive feat. The graceful creature measured the distance carefully with her eye, and stretched her lithe neck out toward the goal for a few moments before essaying the leap. Then she launched herself. That leap was a study in beauty of form and grace of motion; but there was a slight miscalculation. The jaguar clung for a moment to the oscillating sphere; then fell to the ground, landing on her feet in a crouching posture. Swifter than the eye could follow, there was a motion of the paw—what in the prize-ring would be called a left jolt, I should think—and that wooden ball, weighing at least twenty pounds, sailed across the cage and hit the bars with an impact that shook the structure like an earthquake, frightening the pair of lions and the leopard who shared the cage almost out of their wits. As for the jaguar, she glared fiercely around to see if the other animals were laughing, but seeing no evidences of mirth, slunk away to one side, where she examined her paw with an appearance of solicitude, listening meantime to the rebukes of the trainer with obvious confusion. It is the possibility that at any moment a blow of that calibre may land on him, which preserves the trainer from danger of *ennui* when engaged with his pets.

Frank C. Bostock, who by virtue of many years of experience in handling wild animals of all kinds has come to be a sort of adviser and coach of animal trainers, says that in a very large percentage of cases injuries suffered from trained animals are the fault of the trainer. "Inexperience and carelessness are the great factors in accidents of this kind," says Mr. Bostock. "The average young trainer is too likely to forget that every one of the big cats has five mouths, as one may say; one in his head, and four more at the ends of his paws, and each of those mouths is capable of inflicting terrible injury. However, we do not place an animal in the list of bad animals unless he makes a direct and full attack. Striking at the trainer with the paws amounts to little; it may be even accidental. It is the spring that counts. Every trainer expects to be clawed somewhat. It may lay him up for a while, but he doesn't lay it up against the beasts. [Mr. Bostock's own arms, legs, breast, and back are elaborately tattooed with testimonials from his feline friends of past years.] But the beast that springs must be beaten into submission, or the trainer must escape from the cage as soon as possible. If the animal really means business, it is the man's part to get out, for no man can stand against the strength of a lion or tiger, or the wonderful agility of a leopard. The best defense against a charging lion or tiger, if one has only a club, is to strike the animal on the nose, hitting up from under; but this is by no means an easy thing to do, as the creature will dodge and block with a degree of skill that would do credit to a champion of the ring. Meantime, however, the man can have been edging into a position favorable to escape. The felines jump for the throat, and an agile man, if he sees that

the animal is going to leap, can avoid the onset and get in a blow that may send his assailant cringing to the other end of the cage. No man who is not agile has any business with these brutes. If knocked down, the man's only chance is to struggle to the bars and raise himself; for, on his feet, he has a chance of controlling the animals; down, he is completely at their mercy, and they have no fear or respect for him. The minute his body touches the floor he ceases to be the master.

"A number of bad accidents that have come under my notice have been ascribable to drunkenness on the part of the victims. A half-drunken fellow goes into the cage with a desire to show off his mastery over the animals, and, cursing and swearing at them, puts them through their paces without let up. Every animal knows when he is being overworked, and there is nothing he resents more bitterly. The animals endure being 'put upon' for a time; then, the first thing the trainer knows, one of them has him pinned, and if he gets out alive it is more than he deserves. One must bear constantly in mind the possible effect of his course of action upon the animals he is handling, and the construction which their reasoning, or instinct, or whatever you choose to call it, is likely to put upon his acts. I had a severe illustration of that in Kansas City recently. Owing to an error on the part of the workmen, Madame Pianka's large

"The second great step in advance; the lion has learned to endure the touch of the human hand. . . . He likes it, for few animals are indifferent to petting."

cage was misplaced, and I found that her lions would have to perform in a smaller one. This change of stage setting is one of the things that performing animals particularly hate, and she had a good deal of trouble with them.

"Finally she got them all working in the smaller cage except one lioness, usually a good subject, who chanced to be sulky that day. Coaxing wouldn't move her, so I was appealed to and went into the cage. After some difficulty, I got her majesty to go over her jumps all right, and I kept her hustling around the ring pretty lively to take some of the temper out of her. In my hand I held a riding whip, and, just for a flourish, I tapped it smartly on the ground. There was no sense in the action, and if I had thought twice I wouldn't have done it. Twenty feet away from me, near Madame Pianka, the lioness's mate was standing, watching me with dubious eyes. Probably he thought, when I tapped the whip on the ground, that I was laying it on the lioness. Anyway, he covered the twenty feet in one bound and pinned me through the fleshy part of the thigh. Down I went. The lion picked me up and carried me over to Madame Pianka for her approval. She had in her hand the revolver which she uses in her act, and she fired the blank charge close to the lion's ear, at the same time catching him around the neck. That was one of the poses in his act, and fortunately it caught his mind, and the force of habit brought him to instant obedience. He relaxed his hold, giving me a chance to get to my feet, and I ran him around the cage three or four times just to show him that I was still master, and then went to bed. The teeth hadn't touched the bone, and I was up and around in three weeks. By the way, there is nothing in that theory that a lion's bite is poisonous. I have been bitten seven times by felines, and the wounds have always healed without any complications."

In talking with Mr. Bostock and other trainers of animals, I have found that all of them mention judgment, good temper, physical agility and magnetism, as the requisites for successfully training wild animals; but first, last, and all the time, patience—absolute, unwearying, indestructible patience. Not one of them mentioned that quality which would first suggest itself to the lay mind in this connection—courage. I suppose they took it for granted that a man who set himself to that career would naturally possess courage. The question naturally arises, How does it happen that enough persons follow this perilous pursuit to fill the demand? Whence came these animal trainers, and why do they take this line of work? In the majority of cases they come to it by association or heredity.

The pay of a successful trainer is good; and if he owns his beasts, as is often the case, he can be sure of a good income. Then, too, there is the fascination of danger endured in the public eye. They are a hard-working lot, these people; and their courage, desperate as it must seem to the onlooker, is not of the foolhardy sort. Many of them take even a pessimistic view of the chances of the profession, borne out pretty well, however, by the mortality records, and they understand what the public does not know—this is true of all the other great cats, as well as of the lion kind—that the trained lion is a product of science, but the tame lion is a chimera of the optimistic imagination, a forecast of the millennium.

Asleep.

A PRISONER AMONG FILIPINOS (*Concluded*).

By Lieutenant-Commander James C. Gillmore, U. S. N.

With Illustrations by W. R. Leigh, from Sketches and Plans by the Author, and drawn under his personal supervision.

STRANGE experiences we Americans had during our long wandering as captives of the Filipinos. Twice we virtually crossed the great Island of Luzon—starting from the eastern shore, skirting the west coast for a considerable distance, and finally emerging upon the northern ocean. In the nine months of our captivity, from April to January, we traveled at least 400 miles. We saw the interior of the country as no other Americans had ever seen it. We penetrated regions where even the Spanish priest had never gone. We met the people face to face; and in our peculiar relations to them had abundant opportunity to study their character and customs, and to witness demonstrations of their racial prejudices and passions.

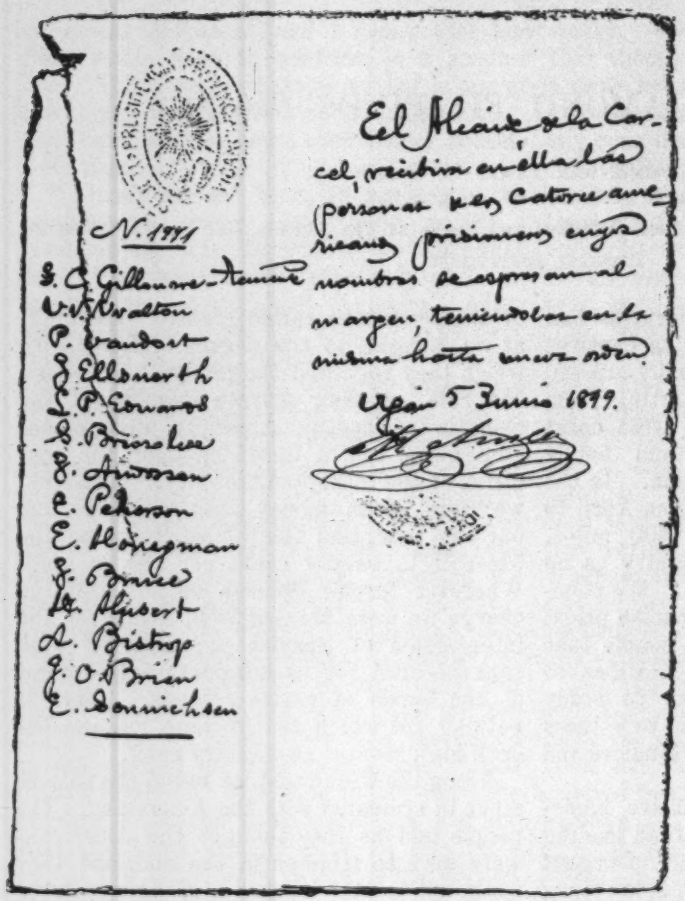
Our first taste of genuine native home-life was in a bamboo hut on the road leading northward from St. Isidro, the insurgent capital. For a week we had floundered along the soft roads, in mud from ankle to knee. We had forded innumerable streams, the bridges having been washed away by the freshets. We had marched day after day through the rain, but this night the heavens simply opened; the air was filled with thick sheets of wind-driven water; the earth was covered with a fast-deepening liquid layer. Even our native guards were wondering where they were to lay their weary heads, when, as luck would have it, we waded up an incline into a huddle of bamboo huts. Into the best of these I was taken by the Tagal lieutenant who had charge of us. It was nearly dry in these, and the occupants, the family of the chief man of the diminutive pueblo, made us welcome. They set out for us the best they had.

GOOD AND BAD FILIPINOS.

Uncertain and changeable as children are the Filipinos. By Aguinaldo's orders the civil *presidéntes* of the towns through which we passed were required to provide food and shelter for us and our guards. The conduct of the *presidéntes* varied greatly, according, as we thought, to the degree of favor with which they regarded the prospect of American rule, or their private opinions of the chances of speedy American occupation. Sometimes, too, it depended upon the condition of the municipal treasury. As a rule, we were given money with which to buy our own food, and this varied from one and one-half to twenty cents per day in gold. Wherever former Spanish officers were in charge we were treated well, and often the intercession of Spanish prisoners of high rank secured for us considerate treatment at the hands of native officials. There is nothing for which the average Filipino has such high respect as military rank.

Along the west coast we found the natives much in sympathy with the Americans. The people told us they thought the Americans were sure to triumph in the end, and they could not see the wisdom of all this sacrifice of time, men, and women in a fruitless resistance.

There were *presidéntes* good, bad, and indifferent. At St. Quentin the local dignitary met us at the outskirts of the town, reviled us bitterly, and threatened to kill us. But by this time our men had taken the measure of these Filipino bravos, and to this one they replied with jeers and insults which must have greatly surprised that worthy gentleman. On another occasion a Tagal colonel brandished a dagger over the heads of our party, and swore most valiantly he was about to cut our hearts out, boasting that he had once shut a number of men in a room and calmly despatched them. Our sailors laughed, and threw at him a few specimens of Spanish-American slang, whereupon he dropped his weapon and slunk away. The threat to kill became so common that at length we paid little attention to it. As a matter of fact, the natives never laid hands upon us during the whole time of our captivity, though they often flogged and otherwise ill-treated Spanish prisoners. My blood boiled one day when I saw a Tagal lieutenant, mounted and



FACSIMILE OF THE ORDER FOR THE IMPRISONMENT OF LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER GILLMORE AND HIS COMPANIONS AT VIGAN.

FACSIMILE OF SEAL ON THE BACK OF ORDER.

armed, beating over the head with a heavy whip a Spanish soldier who was ill and had lagged behind the column.

At one time we had in our party as many as 600 Spanish prisoners, and they were constantly having trouble on account of the brutality of the natives. "We are paying off old scores," was the explanation of the Tagals. A Spanish lieutenant of marines attempted to escape, and did succeed in getting within two miles of the American lines, where he was recaptured. He was at once robbed of nearly all his clothing and his watch, while the photographs of his wife and children were torn up before his eyes. He then disappeared. I made inquiries concerning him, but could learn nothing positive. I think he was executed.

Cunning, treachery, and cruelty are deep-rooted in the Filipino character. One of the prisoners in our party was Frank Stone, of the United States Signal Corps. He and a comrade were walking upon the railroad in the suburbs of Manila when an unarmed native approached, begged a cigarette, and asked permission to walk with them. Suddenly a number of confederates sprang out of the bushes and attacked and overpowered the two Americans, taking them prisoners. Of twenty-six Americans who were in our party at various times only ten had been captured in battle. The others had been taken through the wiles of the so-called *amigos*, or friendly natives. Private Curran, of the Sixteenth United States Infantry, was snapped up by a party of these sneaks within twenty yards of his own outpost.

"AMERICANOS" ON SHOW.

The Filipinos were inordinately proud of their "*Americano*" prisoners. At every stop in a town or village we were pointed out and discussed at great length. On a number of occasions we were made show of, apparently for the purpose of impressing the people with the fact that the much-dreaded Americans were not invulnerable, as had been rumored. It appeared to be a common belief among the simple country folk that, while it was easy to kill or capture Spaniards, the "*Americanos*" led a charmed life. To dispel this illusion, the guards had a way of placing my party, and the eight or ten of our countrymen who were with us much of the time, at the head of the marching band of several hundred Spanish prisoners; and as we entered a town or pueblo, passing between long lines of dark-skinned, half-naked natives, their eyes bulging with curiosity from behind the smoke of their inevitable *cigárros*, the guards pointed to us and cried out, "*Los Americanos! Los Americanos!*" In this way they made the

onlookers believe the entire straggling, limping line of prisoners were captives from among the new and more formidable enemy, with great increase of respect for the powers of the native soldiery.

Once we were marched a considerable distance out of our way, across a river to the town of Tagudin in South Ilocus province, where the people were not as much in favor of the war as the insurgent chieftains thought they should be. It was Sunday, and apparently our coming had been well advertised; for we found a great crowd of natives, attired in their best clothes, assembled to greet us. They seemed greatly to enjoy their holiday as the strangers from across the Pacific were led in triumph through their streets. Good-humored were their comments as we passed, and despite the presence of our Tagal guards, many friendly salutations reached us from the gay throng. As we drew up to the convent, we were received with much pomp by a company of recruits. They were put through the manual of arms in our presence, and handled their guns quite well, making a most favorable impression upon the native audience. The effect upon us was somewhat modified by our discovery that every recruit had a wooden rifle in his hands. It was clear that the Tagals were trying to make soldiers out of these peacefully inclined Ilocans, and had nothing better than toy weapons with which to drill them. It was apparent enough, too, that we had been marched many miles through the broiling sun in order to fire the martial ardor of a people who were naturally disinclined to war with the Americans.

DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

"I was thrown into the swirling stream."

Three months of confinement, "*incomunicado*," is what happened to me at Vigan. It was not pleasant. All that time I passed in one room, having the upper corridor of the jail to walk in. The worst of it was that, while they would not let me out for exercise, the authorities persisted in making my apartment a sort of catch-all for tramps and other temporary prisoners. The only spot I could call my own was the one on which my mattress was spread. At night the entire floor was occupied by sleeping men and women. During the day the na-

tives sat about and watched me. Their curiosity was inexhaustible. The only chance I had to bathe was behind a manta which I hung up in a corner of the room; but when they heard I was bathing, men, women, and children came from all parts of the jail to spy upon me.

TAMING A NATIVE TYRANT.

General Tiño, a remarkable man, was in command at Vigan. Only twenty-three years old, slender and straight, with a fine head, piercing black eyes, a voice low but sweet, he looked for all the world like a bright, winsome boy. But he was the military commander of that entire region; his rule was one of iron; he was cruel, implacable, a civil tyrant, a military martinet. The natives lived in terror of him. He was ambitious, too. It was not enough for him to be a Tiño; he wanted to be a second Aguinaldo. General Tiño hated the Americans. It was by his order I was separated from my men and placed "*incomunicado.*" The local *presidénte* told me that but for his influence General Tiño would have had us all shot. I did not believe him, and supposed he was merely trying to frighten me. But I said:

"Why does General Tiño want to execute us? It will do him no good. There are 90,000,000 of people in my country, and the more you kill the more will come out here to avenge. If General Tiño executes us, he will do well to get all his women and children out of town before the American troops come. Our men will murder all they find here and burn the place."

The *presidénte* looked at me with wide-open eyes. He did not understand that I was simply talking for effect, in hopes of intimidating Tiño through him. He seemed much impressed by my words, and, suddenly jumping up, exclaimed, "*Buenos dias, señor,*" and disappeared. I afterward learned it was really true that Tiño had wanted to execute us, and had been dissuaded by the appeals of the *presidénte*.

Through the kindness of the jailer the men were occasionally allowed to come to see me. We talked of various plans for escape. From our prison windows we could see American warships steaming up and down the coast. One of the Spanish officers had a good glass, and with this we could see the ships well enough to be able to make out their identity. With our countrymen so near, it seemed doubly hard to remain in the wretched jail. We were sorely tempted to make an effort to reach the sea and an American ship. It would have been sure death.

In August we were cheered by rumors of the approach of the American army, and in early September the excitement among the natives unerringly indicated the proximity of our forces. Again the probability of early rescue by our countrymen drove us further within the island—again we were on the march. At Bangued we found a jail viler than any we had yet known. The men were crowded into a small den with a dirt floor. I had a cell to myself. The roof leaked and my bed was soaked half the time. The walls were covered with a green mold. Enormous rats infested the place. I always had a heavy stick in my hand when I went to bed, and had frequent use for it during the night. In some way the men got hold of a queer little cat, black as ink, with a short corkscrew tail. This diminutive animal was the best native fighter we saw in Luzon; it killed rats as big as itself.

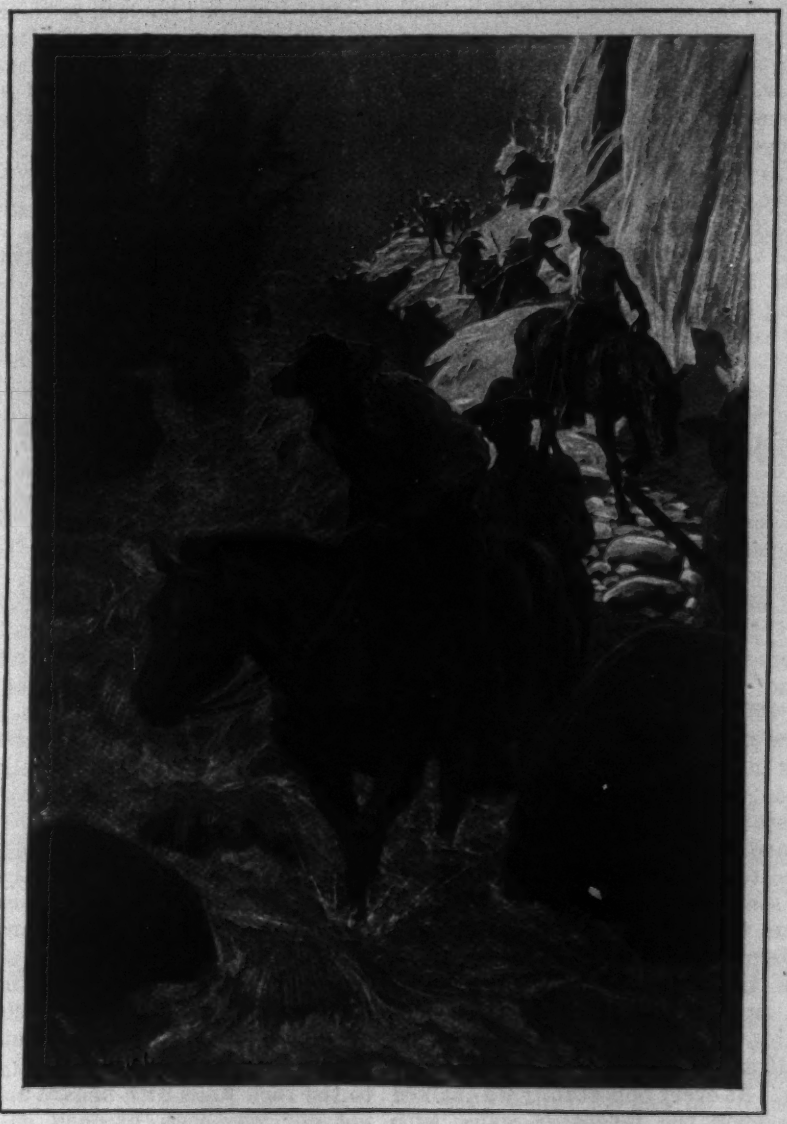
TEACHING ENGLISH TO THE NATIVES.

We were soon given permission to walk about the town till eight o'clock in the evening. If we were out after that hour the jailer assumed responsibility for us and sent out guards to round us up and bring us in. I often dined with the Spanish officers, of whom 200 or 300 were prisoners here, and also with native families, but always found a guard waiting at the door to escort me back to jail. Here, as elsewhere, we found the natives eager to learn our language. All of our men who knew anything of Spanish set out to earn a little money by teaching English. One of them had a class of ten boys and girls from the best families in the town, and they proved to be bright, well-behaved pupils. They met at the house of a representative in the Filipino Congress, who was himself studying English with another of our men, as was his brother.

Early in November we learned through the Spanish prisoners that the American troops were getting the upper hand in the north. A little later we actually heard the bombardment of Vigan, twenty-five miles distant. Then we were told that Vigan had fallen, and there was tremendous excitement in Bangued. Families prepared for flight. Prisoners suspected of being Macabebe spies were taken out and shot without trial. A reign of terror existed among all the prisoners, among whom there were a number of

Chinese; and we had not the slightest idea what our own fate was to be.

Between Vigan and Bangued is a narrow pass. This the natives had carefully fortified, and they did not believe the Americans could ever take it. They boasted that they could keep us in Bangued ten years if they liked, and our countrymen could not rescue us. The morning of December 5th the American column took the pass, completely routing General Tiño and his army. Tiño fled to the hills with a handful of men. Panic now seized all Bangued, military and civilian alike. There was a mad rush toward the mountains. At one moment we hoped the natives might forget all about us in their eagerness to get away. But in an hour from the receipt of tidings of the American victory, we were taken from prison and mustered in front of the *presidénte's* palace. Here General Natividad addressed the Tagal lieutenant who had us in charge. "If you have any trouble with your prisoners," he said, "bring them back to Bangued; we'll then quickly settle them." We knew only too well what this meant.



DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

"There was no thoroughfare save along the river-bed."

MARCHING TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Again we were on the march, headed for the mountains. Our guards appeared completely to have lost their heads. After walking a few miles along one road we saw an orderly galloping madly toward us, and then we were compelled to retrace our steps or set off in some other direction. This was repeated several times. All about us were the frightened native people—a jabbering, shouting rout of men, women, children, soldiers, pigs, chickens, General Natividad and his staff, crazy wooden carts, bellowing caraboo, loads of ammunition and rifles carried in the arms of almost naked conscripts, sick or wounded men struggling painfully along and begging in vain for an ox or pony. We Americans were the only calm ones in all the throng.

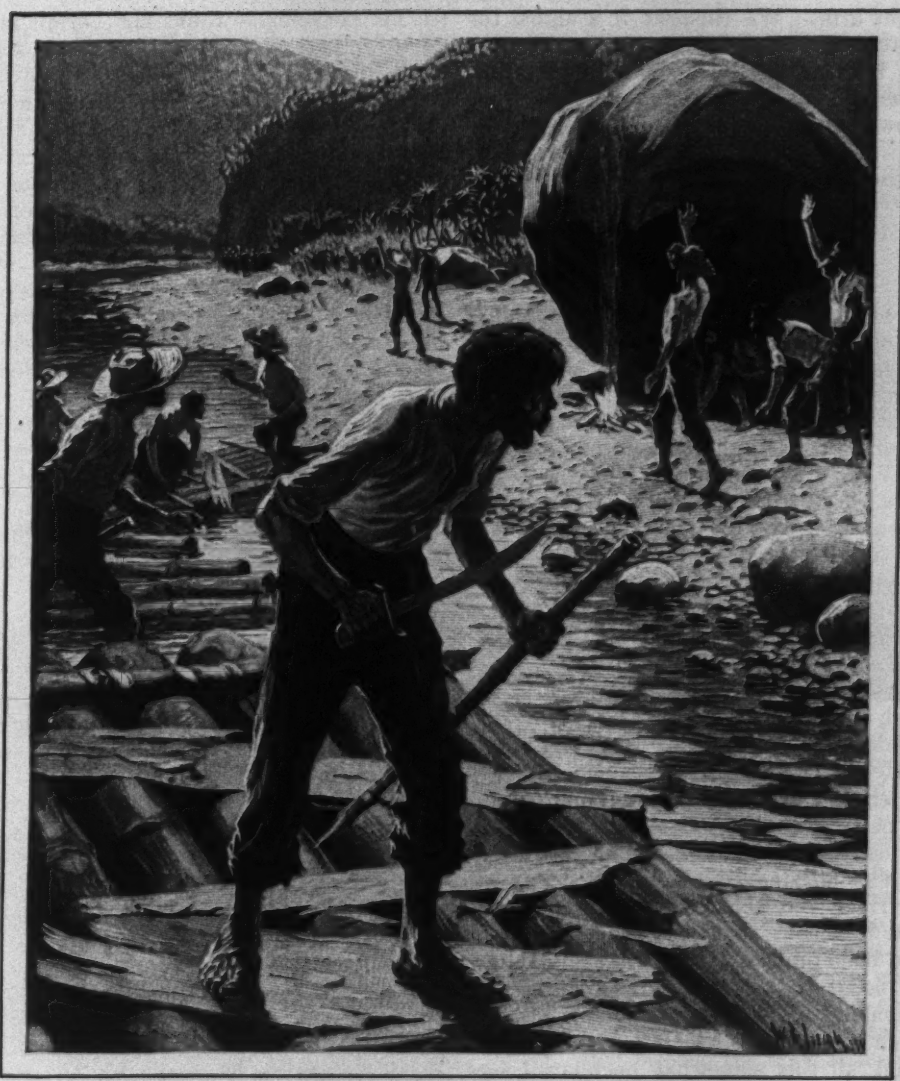
Two days we wandered over hills, through valleys, across streams, gradually getting away from the civilian fugitives. On the afternoon of the second day we had a thrilling experience while fording a stream. Two of us with our horses tied by a long rope to a third horse, on which rode a Filipino officer, started across. The Filipino led; I was second. The natives on the opposite shore warned us that we were entering at the wrong spot; but our Filipino plunged recklessly ahead. We had gone only a few feet when the Filipino's horse was swept off his feet by the swift current and dragged our two horses in after him.

My horse was turned over, and I was thrown into the swirling stream. The plunging and kicking of the frightened animals added to the danger of the situation, which for some time was critical. The Filipino left us to our fate and swam ashore, while I attempted to manage the three frantic horses and my poor companion, who could not swim, but who, clinging desperately to his horse, was swept down the stream half a mile, and picked up half dead by natives. At every opportunity we chalked our names upon the fences or walls, with arrows indicating the course of our march. When we had passed beyond the villages and the tilled country, we continued to write upon cliffs or bowlders. Our hope was that by these crude guide-posts the American troops might be able to follow and rescue us. In our party was a civilian, an agent for an American brewery, who had been captured in the outskirts of Manila while trying to locate a lost casco of beer. He was a chap of perennial cheerfulness and humor; to him the whole adventure was but a joke. Everywhere he could find a blank space, he wrote, or had written for him, in big white letters, "Drink Blank's Beer on the Road to H——." We afterward learned that these roadside inscriptions greatly aided Colonel Hare and his men in their pursuit of us. The first time Colonel Hare saw the beer man's legend upon a rock he exclaimed: "Very well; I *will* follow Gillmore and his party to —— if necessary." He came very near doing it.

IN THE WILDS OF LUZON.

We were now beyond the confines of Filipino civilization. We were nearing the mountains. Already the road was lifting higher and higher, and as far as we could see there were ascents beyond. Obviously the plan of our escorts was to take us into a retreat so wild and inaccessible that no American soldiers should ever attempt to follow us. They had wisely chosen their route. We were in a cañon cut deep in the mountain-side. Its walls rose hundreds of feet almost perpendicularly. Through the gorge flowed a swift stream. Here and there it filled the chasm from cliff to cliff, and there was no thoroughfare save along the river bed, forcing our way against the current, cutting our feet upon the stony bottom. At first some of us had horses, but most of the way the path was so rough we could only lead them. Finally the horses could go no further; and as we were all—guards and captives—nearly starved, we killed the ponies for food. In spite of the difficulties of the road, the natives urged us constantly on. They were so eager to get further away from the American troops that they scarcely gave us time to sleep. Near the head of the cañon we ran into a veritable devil's causeway. We could get along only by crawling over and between great stones that lay close together; by clinging to the rock walls with fingers and toes, feeling our way inch by inch, swinging like monkeys from root to root or from one ledge to another, the penalty of a single misstep being a dash to death in the rapids perhaps a hundred feet below.

By this time we had lost our reckoning of the days, but it must have been about the 15th of December when we reached the pine-barrens at the top of the mountain range. Here one of our men fell, ill and exhausted. He announced that he could go no further. Commanded by the Tagals to get up and



DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

THE RESCUE.

"We heard a loud yell, and around a bend of the river, running rapidly across the stony beach, charged a body of men."

continue the march, he did make an effort, advanced a few hundred yards, then fell again. At this moment another of our men fainted with fever. I begged the Tagal lieutenant to leave the sick men in charge of two of our party to rest till we could send back food for them. He refused. In a few moments he informed me through the interpreter that unless the exhausted men at once resumed the march he would have them shot.

WHITE MEN STAND TOGETHER.

I looked at my American comrades one after another. The light in their eyes was enough. Without words we understood, we Anglo-Saxons. Instinctively we gathered round the invalids lying there upon the sand. We were weak; we had no weapons. But each man of us knew what he had to do. The Tagals drew a little apart, and talked among themselves. At any moment we expected the signal that should bring on the unequal combat—empty-handed men springing like tigers, desperate from long suffering, at the throats of armed barbarians. Many of us were sure to fall, perhaps none of us should escape. But better that than abandonment of our sick comrades. The Tagal officer made an unusual motion with

his right arm. We thought it a signal for the slaughter. But it was not. The lieutenant had himself been suddenly taken ill. He was calling for assistance. He, too, lay down upon the sand and begged for water. That danger had passed.

By the time the officer was ready to go on, our men were strong enough too. The remainder of that day we advanced by easy stages. We were now in the mountain woods. For twenty-four hours we had nothing to eat, and most of the day we could find no water. We were afraid to eat fruit or roots, not knowing which were poisonous. Honeyman, of the First Nevada Cavalry, was carrying a pet monkey in his arms, and we tried some roots and berries on the little beast. But he was not infallible. He ate voraciously of a root which much resembled a potato; and as he appeared to like it, one of the men followed suit. Both man and monkey were made violently ill, and for a time we feared both would die. They soon recovered.

Soon we came to the headwaters of a river flowing to the east, and followed it down through more wild gorges, so narrow that we could barely force our way along. It was after dark before we reached an open space where there was room to camp. This was a pebbly beach, with rocks frowning all about us. We were exhausted, famished. There was nothing to eat, so we drank our fill of river water and lay down upon the ground to sleep. For the first time since we had been on the march, the Filipino lieutenant separated his camp from ours. He also doubled his guard, stationing his soldiers in the rocks which surrounded us. Thinking all this somewhat peculiar, I sent one of the men to ask if he had placed the guards for our protection. "No!" was his laconic answer. Soon afterward he came himself to our camp, and through an interpreter calmly informed me that he had orders, presumably from General Tiño, to execute us in the mountains.

A THREATENED EXECUTION.

He paused here. For fully a minute not a word was spoken, but every man of us thought his time had come—we had marched all these dreary miles only to be shot down like dogs at last. Filipino rifles looked down upon us from every rock—resistance would be useless.

Then the lieutenant spoke again. Though he had been ordered by his superiors to kill us, his conscience would not permit him to do so. Instead, he would abandon us there in the mountains. He added a word of encouragement to the effect that American troops were near at hand, but we did not believe him. How could troops, carrying equipment and ammunition, follow us in a country like that? I told the lieutenant it would be more humane to kill us where we stood, for if he abandoned us we should either die of starvation or be murdered by the savage tribes. He replied that his mind was made up, and that he should leave us. I asked him to let us have two rifles for protection against the savages, and offered to give him a letter which, should he fall into American hands, would not only insure his safety, but bring him reward. He hesitated for some time, but finally declined. Then he and his men broke camp and disappeared in the moonlight. We were alone in the wilderness.

SAVED BY A CRUCIFIX.

I have always believed that the lieutenant's refusal to obey orders and execute us was due to the effect produced in his mind by an incident which had occurred a night or two earlier. At one of our stops he had shown me a crucifix which he wore hung by a ribbon about his neck, and said to me:

"The '*Americanos*' are not Christians."

"Oh, yes," I replied, "all the Americans are Christians."

"But you never wear any crucifixes."

I opened my jacket and showed him my breast. A crucifix had been tattooed there years ago, when I was a midshipman. The Tagal leaped to his feet with an exclamation of surprise. He instantly crossed himself. His eyes nearly started out of his head. I explained to him that any one could buy a crucifix and hang it round his neck, but that I had endured pain to have my crucifix pricked in the flesh, and that, as he could see, it must always be with me. There was a marked change in his manner toward me after this.

We lay down to sleep that night with despair in our hearts. There was not a man among us who thought we should find a way of escape from the perils which beset us. But we were still alive, and a ray of hope soon returned. I do not think any of us slept much. I know I did not, for I was thinking, planning all the night through how we might yet cheat fate. There was something exhilarating, too, in the consciousness

that we were again our own masters—that we were free. If we only had a rifle and a few cartridges, and if there was game in the forest! I then remembered we had a large and a small battle-axe, also a bolo, which we had taken from one of the abandoned huts. With these, ingenious men might do something in the way of securing food; we might even protect ourselves against the savages, should worse come to worst. But where were we, and in which direction should we move? I judged we had crossed the mountain range and struck a river flowing either into the eastern or northern sea. Could we not follow it to its mouth? Why not build rafts and trust to the current?

DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

"Flying down through the unknown cañons, just missing bowlders, shooting from side to side . . . never quite sure that a cataract did not lie just before us."

The next morning we did have the shadow of a breakfast, for one of the men had secured some rice from a friendly guard.

PLANNING AN ESCAPE.

To my surprise, the men all seemed cheerful. I outlined my plan to them, and they unanimously approved it. They elected me their commander and promised implicit obedience. Revived by a new hope, we at once set to work. First, we must find a bamboo grove where we might secure material with which to construct our rafts. After crawling and clambering several miles in the direction which the Tagals had taken, up steep hills, down into reedy valleys, through thick brushwood, we came to the river again; on one side of the stream was an open, stony space of perhaps half an acre, and on the other the bamboo grove which we had sought. But now a new danger appeared. In the tall grass just beyond the open space we saw a number of natives. They were armed with spears, battle-axes, shields, bows and arrows. Fearing an immediate attack, we camped in the center of the clear ground. If the natives came down upon us, we were resolved to fight them with stones, disarm some of them if we could, and then turn their own weapons against the remainder. For a short time we stood waiting; but the natives remaining quiet, and we having no time to lose, I divided the party in two, sent ten across the river to cut bamboo, and stationed sentries who might give us warning in case of danger.

That night we slept well. Life was worth struggling for, after all. Desperate as seemed our chances of escape, we had made a start with our preparations. We were at

work. We felt the exaltation of achievement, slight as it was. Besides, there must have been something inspiring to us, sailors nearly all, in the prospect of taking to the water again, even though our craft were rickety rafts navigating a tortuous, turbulent stream through the very heart of the unknown wilds.

THE RESCUE.

Next morning we were up early. Some of us were tinkering at the rafts; others were cooking the morning meal. We heard a loud yell, and around a bend of the river, running rapidly across the stony beach, charged a body of men. We dropped our work, and some of us cried out, "The savages! The savages!" Instinctively we began picking up stones with which to defend ourselves. Another yell from the advancing squad, and it seemed to me there was something familiar about it. The tones vibrated in my soul. I felt my flesh flush hot; my heart acted queerly; my muscles were a-twitching. A third yell! Yes, those are the voices of our countrymen; and now we were able to see the blue shirts and yellow khaki of the American soldiers as they swung down the beach.

"Americans, lie down!" they cried, rushing nearer and nearer. They thought we were under guard, and wanted us to get out of harm's way in case of battle. Heeding not their cries, we leaped toward them. We held out our hands; we embraced one another, rescued and rescuers. They eyed us curiously, because we were so pale, weak, and disheveled. We felt like children who had escaped danger and reached our father's knee. It seemed good to get close to them, to feel their strength, their protection. Colonel Hare put his arm around me, and I didn't want him to take it away. He called for three cheers for us. His lusty men woke the echoes there among the rocks. Their manly voices made music in our ears. I asked my men to cheer the soldiers: the volume of sound was now thin and weak by contrast, but the hearts of a score of grateful, happy fellows were in it. For some time we stood thus, shaking hands, exchanging inquiries, cheering now and then. I remember the regret I felt because I could not yell louder.

After the enthusiasm had to some degree subsided, my men and I were placed upon an immense bowlder that had rolled down from the mountain and rested near the tawny stream. At that moment I saw our friends the natives disappearing in the shady distance. One of the sailors pulled from his breast a small American flag which he and his comrades had made of pieces of red, white, and blue calico, purchased by dint of economy from their subsistence money. He tied the ensign to a stick, and passed it to me. As I raised the stars and stripes aloft from my perch upon the top of the bowlder, another mighty cheer went up. Lieutenant Lipop had a kodak with him, and just one film which he had saved for this very occasion.

THE SOLDIERS' STORY.

Then we sat down to have a real breakfast. The officers and soldiers shared their rations with us—hardtack, bacon, bean soup, tea. That was all, but for us it was a feast. Our rescuers laughed till they cried as they sat watching us eat and encouraging us to take more. Of course we were eager to learn how they had been able to find us, and little by little they told us the story. I had not known Colonel Hare's father, Judge Hare, in Washington, but the last thing the old gentleman said to his son when the latter sailed for the Philippines in March was: "Find Gillmore—find Gillmore and send him home." The colonel had always borne in mind his father's injunction, but it was not till December that he struck our trail. That was at Vigan. Colonel Hare and Lieutenant-Colonel Howze were ordered to follow the insurgents toward Bangued, and when this place was taken the Spanish prisoners told them how the natives had started us off to the mountains. Pursuit was instantly begun, but Colonel Hare could learn nothing of the direction in which we had gone. For three or four days Colonel Hare and Howze and their men marched from village to village north of Bangued, seeking news of us. Finally they came upon one of the beer man's legends chalked on a cliff, and with a shout the column started after us. By this time so many of the soldiers were ill through heat, exhaustion, and scant rations that it became necessary to call for volunteers. Every officer and man able to stand upon his feet offered to leap into the wilderness. Colonel Hare picked 150 men, and in light marching order, carrying almost nothing but rifles and ammunition, struck into the mountains. How they managed to follow us, how they climbed, crawled, pushed, swam, fought

DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

THE PROMISED LAND.

"We rounded a sharp curve, and through a narrow pass . . . just ahead we could see a beautiful valley."

their way through cañons, streams, forests, and jungles, encumbered as they were with weapons and camp equipment, must ever remain a mystery to me. But they did it, and as an American sailor I take off my cap to the American soldier; no more gallant lad than he walks the earth.

How to escape from the mountain fastness and reach the sea was the problem which now confronted us and which we most earnestly discussed. We agreed that it would be almost impossible to retrace our steps, and that the best way would be to follow the plan which I had already adopted—build rafts and trust ourselves to the river. So we at once set to work. The soldiers built more rafts, and soon our "bamboo navy," as we called it, was ready for the voyage further within the unknown country of the foe. There were thirty or forty rafts, each about twenty-five feet long and five or six feet wide, and carrying from three to four men. Camp equipment and guns were stacked up amidships, and at either end a man with a long bamboo pole was stationed.

It was December 18th that we set out upon the strangest voyage of my experience. The river was deep, the current was swift, the bed was filled with huge bowlders, much of the time the stream ran through a narrow cañon whose walls rose precipitously from the water's edge to a height of 200 feet or more. Here and there were breaks in the rocky walls—pebbly beaches reaching back into sloping groves of lofty palms, lemon, cocoanut, and banana trees, all half smothered in luxuriant tropical undergrowth. Flowers and birds were plentiful. The colors of the landscape, the white rocks contrasting vividly with the deep green, and blossoming trees dotting the hillsides with brilliant-hued clusters, were beautiful in our eyes. Further back rose range on range of lofty mountains. In nearly all of these open places we found native huts, most of them deserted by their owners at our approach. Finding nothing in the huts, we were compelled to go into the patches of rice and harvest for ourselves, pounding the grain in pig-troughs or whatever receptacle we could get hold of. Before some of these huddles of humble huts we found the natives assembled, showing signs of friendliness; and from those we were careful to take nothing we did not pay for. They brought us food, and in exchange we gave them money, buttons, bits of gilt braid, and safety-pins.

Navigation of this river was hazardous enough to please the most adventurous. The current swept us rapidly along—a great flotilla of awkward rafts manned by nearly naked, excited men. Now big bowlders rose before us, right in the center of the stream. Spray was flying all around them. The waters were boiling, seething over the stony rapids. "Steady! steady!" shouted the steersman on the foremost raft, and every man with pole in hand prepared for trouble. "Easy—easy!" cried the leader to his mate, and the bamboo poles were worked to starboard. "Now let her have it—now!" and in a twinkling the poles swung over to the port side, the leading raft just missed destruction upon the great rock, danced into the spray, disappeared in the mist of the shadows beyond, and then

from its pilots came back the reassuring shout, heard above the gurgle of the waters, "All right! Swing well out!" So raft after raft, skillfully guided by our men, leaped through the dangers and came out wet but sound in the pools below.

We were not always so lucky. Now and then a raft went crash against a rock, and men and cargo were thrown off into the torrent. Scarce a day passed without some heroic rescue. Captain Burroughs, the regimental adjutant, saved a Chinaman's life at the risk of his own. Frank Stone, of the Signal Corps, leaped into the stream and brought out a sergeant who had been stunned against a rock. I do not know whether it was courage or recklessness that sent us flying down through the unknown cañons, just missing bowlders, shooting from side to side as the swift stream turned its course, always in danger of shipwreck or upset, and never quite sure that a cataract did not lie just before us. Whatever it was, we did it; and rare sport it proved to be for those who were strong enough to take a hand in it. As for me, I was too weak and ill to do much but lie amidships and admire the nerve and skill of my pilots.

Losses of rafts were by no means uncommon. One day we lost ten, including the arms, clothing, and equipment of the men who were upon them. Christmas Day, Colonel Hare ordered a stop for the purpose of rebuilding our flotilla. Half the men were set at work cutting bamboo sticks and lashing them together, while the others gathered and pounded out rice. For our Christmas dinner we had rice, wild sugar-cane, and a few cocoanuts. By this time fully half of the men were without trousers or shoes. Many of them had fever, due to the exposure to water and sun and lack of proper nourishment. Nearly every one had swollen or wounded feet. Food was scarce these days, and we hastened on as rapidly as we could. Three days after Christmas two of the soldiers were taken down with measles; we rigged up beds for them on the rafts. Our prospects were gloomy enough now. For ten days we had been floating down this stream. Should we never reach civilization? How much further was it to the sea?

The evening of December 29th we rounded a sharp curve, and through a narrow pass in the mountain range just ahead we could see a beautiful valley. It was the promised land; we had left the wilderness behind. In the distance on the river bank stood a small house; before it a bamboo cross, and upon the cross a small white flag. This signal of welcome sent a thrill through our hearts. Getting a little nearer, we saw under the cross a native, and all about him peace-offerings composed of baskets of rice, tobacco, cocoanuts, and sugar-cane. The men cheered half-hysterically.

We passed the night at this village, where the natives were kind and hospitable. Next morning, with glad hearts, we set out for the sea, which they told us was four days distant. A level plain surrounded us; the mountains from which we had escaped rose dark and high in our rear. The river became wider, but the current was still swift, and there were many snags in the channel, making the navigation difficult. In one shipwreck Private Day, suffering with the measles, was thrown into the water; he died next day, and we carried his body with us. Lieutenant-Colonel Howze and a number of scouts now took canoes and started on for the sea, to summon assistance, the remainder of us following more slowly. The last night of the year we passed at a little village, where the people took us into their homes, out of the rainstorm, and gave us a good supper of chicken, rice, and pork. Early the next morning native boatmen took us in their large bancas, holding from twenty-five to thirty men each, and pulled us to Abulug, where we were met by Lieutenant McNamee and Assistant Paymaster Dyer, of the United States ship "Princeton." This ship was anchored off Aparri, ten miles away, and her commanding officer, Commander Knox, had been informed by Lieutenant-Colonel Howze of our whereabouts. We buried Private Day in the churchyard of the cathedral of Abulug. The morning of January 3d we were all placed in carts drawn by bulls and taken across to Aparri. As we approached the town, our little American flag flying from the first cart, a detachment of sailors and marines were drawn up to receive us. They met us with cheers, and in a few moments we were again on the deck of an American ship after nearly nine months of captivity and wandering.

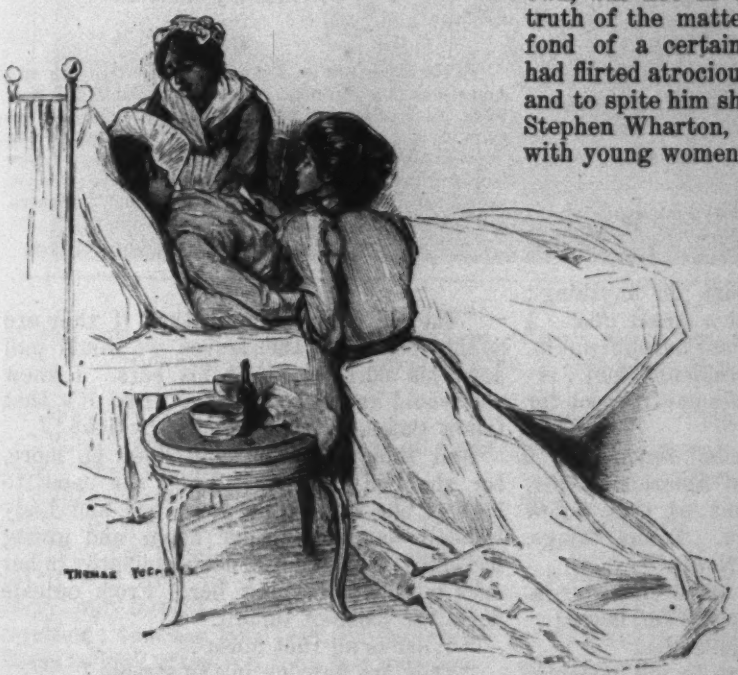
Two days later we were at Vigan. When Colonel Hare and his men stepped ashore, General Young met them. He shook hands with the colonel and exclaimed:

"God bless you, Hare. God bless you all. It was noble work; it was grand. And, Hare, I have recommended you and Howze for brigadier-generals, and all the officers and men for medals of honor."

A COMEDY OF REBELLION.

By Clinton Ross.

THE Earl of Rendell was one of the globe-trotting race; and when, through his marriage with Miss Mary Churchill of New York, his estate was restored, he was enabled to gratify to a nicety every whim in this direction. The Rendells went from Dan to Beersheba, and so it chanced that they turned up at San Fernandez during those events that are now a matter of the spasmodic history of that Central American Republic. Lady Rendell was accompanied by her sister, Miss Louise Churchill, lately engaged to Stephen Wharton of Baltimore; by his man Simpson, and Lady Churchill's maid, who fell ill of the fever, and whose services were supplemented by those of a Spanish-American girl called Gloria. The English Consul at San Fernandez happened to be at this time the Right Honorable James Forsyth, who was a warm friend of the Earl, and the party put up at the Consulate.



"WHEN SHE CAME TO HERSELF . . . LADY RENDELL WAS . . . GIVING HER SALTS, WHILE GLORIA, DEEP SYMPATHY IN HER DARK EYES, WAS FANNING HER."

This building faces the Cathedral, dating from the seventeenth century, and containing some excellent relics of Spanish colonial times, and a very good organ. That organ woke Miss Churchill at dawn, and put her to sleep at night. The organist seemed to be always playing, and the people always at their devotions.

San Fernandez is in every way a fine example of old New Spain—its streets, its varied population, its queer little soldiery, its Court, that of the President Señor Don José Gonzales, who had established himself through a successful revolution. Lady Rendell had met the President's wife in Paris, and so she called on her, and the Señora Gonzales was pleased to return the call; and the ladies saw much of society in a Spanish-American capital. Then they wandered about the place and collected things.

But Louise Churchill, for reasons of her own, was not in the best of spirits. The truth of the matter was that she had been fond of a certain Christopher Bates, who had flirted atrociously with a certain widow, and to spite him she had engaged herself to Stephen Wharton, as is sometimes the way with young women. At once she found she had been spiting herself; and she never felt this so much as when, coming into the Consulate one day from the cool recesses of the Cathedral, she heard, as she entered, some passages of the old Comedy.

The girl Gloria was talking to a little man in a sergeant's uniform. Miss Churchill understood Spanish very well, and in narrating this little drama I will make no distinction between tongues. She heard the little sergeant:

"Gloria, mine!"

"Ah, José Rubino, was the song under my window last night for Theresa?"

"The little coquette!" thought Miss Churchill.

"There are Theresas and Theresas," Rubino replied fervently; "but of Glorias——"

"But one, I suppose," said the girl.

At this Rubino tried to get her hand, but she pushed him away, and seeing Miss Churchill she became very demure, while Rubino hastened out of the door.

"Your lover, Gloria?" Miss Churchill said.

"He thinks he is, Señorita. But who knows? Yet he is a very good fellow and very prominent. He has charge of the guard at the prison."

Miss Churchill sighed, gave the girl some silver, and went to her room with a headache.

A few days after, there came rumors of an uprising of a certain Mendez against the President's authority; and then with the suddenness of a tropical storm came the events of the day of this drama, which Miss Churchill was never to forget.

She heard of it first at breakfast. The army of the rebellion, led by two English adventurers, were at the gates of the old walled town, and even now she heard the roaring of cannon. She clapped her hands.

"Why, this will be jolly—a real siege."

"You'll be safe here," said the Consul, a fair-haired man of forty. He was a widower, and had felt for some time that he was sure to fall in love with this interesting woman.

"Oh, yes, we are quite safe, quite safe," Lord Rendell said, with perfect faith in the flag that waved above him.

"Still, I should like to have an English or American ship in the harbor," Lady Rendell remarked.

"Why, Mary, they don't do anything; just run about, and shout a great deal. I have heard all about it," Miss Churchill put in.

"I have warned the President," said Forsyth, "and he has a wholesome respect for our guns."

"Oh, Louise," Lord Rendell remarked, "I was looking over the last American paper, and I saw the engagement of that fellow Bates to the little widow. Funny things, those American 'Society Notes.'"

Rendell dearly liked to tease his sister-in-law, who said nonchalantly, "Oh, indeed;" but she leaned low over the coffee.

The Cathedral bell began to toll, accentuating the roll of guns, while cries from the street reached them.

"I have much to do," Forsyth said, rising; "much. So I must be going. You all must keep close to the house."

A servant at this moment appeared at the door.

"Pardon, Excellency, His Highness the President to see your Excellency."

"Wonder what the old duffer wants of me—our protection, perhaps."

And he went out to his office, Rendell following him. The ladies at the window saw a little row of soldiers and the President's carriage.

Presently Rendell returned, all excitement.

"Forsyth is acting for Blunt, the American Consul, in his absence," he said. "The President doesn't want to offend us, you may fancy. He has captured three men, and purposes to shoot them, because he thinks they are two Englishmen who are directing Mendez's army. Now, this is the most extraordinary coincidence."

Lord Rendell lacked tact to the supremest degree. "Do you recognize the writing?" and he handed Lady Rendell a piece of dirty paper.

"Let me see," said Miss Churchill, looking over her sister's shoulder, and then she grew pale.

"It's very like Kit Bates's writing. Yes, it's his signature."

"Yes, it is," cried Lady Rendell.

They had read:

To the American or English Consul.—We are two Americans, landed from the yacht "Brünnhilde," New York Yacht Club, at Point del Norte. We did not know of the disturbances and were arrested as two Englishmen engaged in the rebellion, and are now lodged in prison, expecting every moment to be shot, as we have seen it done to twenty other prisoners. We ask your protection.

CHRISTOPHER BATES.

"The old chap thought that, if they are as they represent themselves, we would pull down his old town about his ears. I knew you would know the writing. And it's that fellow Bates. Extraordinary, by Jove!"

And then Miss Churchill knew no more, for she had fainted. When she came to herself, she was on her own bed, and Lady Rendell was holding her hands and giving her salts; while Gloria, deep sympathy in her dark eyes, was fanning her. From outside came the noise of tumult.

"What is all that noise?"

"They are fighting in the streets."

"Oh, I remember, and—— ?"

"Bertie has no more tact than a porcupine or he would have known——"

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"MISS CHURCHILL, STANDING ON THE CONSULATE BALCONY, SAW A WILD-EYED PRIEST COME OUT OF THE CATHEDRAL . . . WHILE A CROWD OF POOR FOLK THRONGED ABOUT HIM."

"What?"

"What I know, dear. But he is all right, dear. They wouldn't dare hurt them."

"And James Forsyth hasn't got them out?" the girl asked.

"They can't get to the prison, dearest, but it will only be a little time. Don't worry, only lie still until you get your nerves together; that's a good girl. I will leave Gloria to look after you for a few moments."

Miss Churchill tried to lie still after her sister had gone, then suddenly the organ pealed from the Cathedral, above the noise.

"They are praying in there, Miladi," Gloria said. "The church is crowded with people who are afraid."

And then, after some moments, she went on:

"Miladi?"

"Yes."

"You love him." She forgot herself.

"Yes, Gloria."

"I knew it, Miladi, as I love José Rubino, who is here."

"How comes he here, when——?"

"Humph! Miladi, José would be shot for no President—only for me. He ran away; but, Miladi——"

"Yes."

"I can send him back to the prison. He has the keys to a little back gate, and he can get them here."

"He can—but he does not want to be shot!" Miss Churchill cried in wonder.

"It would be for me—not for a President," said the girl, shrugging her shoulders. "And, Miladi, I love you."

Miss Churchill took the girl into her arms and kissed her.

"But I am not more to you, Gloria, than José Rubino."

"I love you, Miladi."

Miss Churchill walked rapidly to and fro. She looked at the girl and kissed her again. The situation made her desperate. It was a chance, and he might be shot at any moment.

"Gloria, if you do this you shall have a hundred American dollars, and you and José may be with me always. But can I——?"

"Miladi," said the girl, quickly, "don't think of me. I love José now, but I have had other lovers."

She spoke with an air of pride that left Miss Churchill smiling.

"Oh, I see. Poor José. But you will reward him."

"Certainly, Miladi."

To Gloria's eyes Miss Churchill saw she was like an angel, and José only like a lover.

"And, besides, we can't marry without money, Miladi," the girl continued.

"You shall have money—just for the offer, Gloria. And, Gloria—send him—send him. But, Gloria——"

She remembered what she had read that morning of Bates's engagement to the horrible widow.

"Yes, Miladi."

"No one must know that I ever made you do it. Swear by the Christ there, over the Cathedral door."

"I swear, Miladi."

"Send him, then, Gloria," Miss Churchill said, quickly.

"Oh, what have I done!" she cried, when the girl had gone.

"AH, THESE FOOLS OF ENGLISH!"

The tumult had died. Rumor had it the fight was going the President's way. Forsyth, the Consul, was busy and nervous. Anglo-Saxon interests were in his hands. But he had only the sentiment the flags inspired, and no war vessel to enforce his demands.

Miss Churchill, standing on the Consulate balcony, saw a wild-eyed priest come out of the Cathedral and raise his hands high, while a crowd of poor folk thronged about him. His voice was raised in deep earnestness.

"For the God of peace bringeth battle, and the God of battle, peace. And lo, he is one God, the God of all nations."

And the organ pealed in low response against the sound of distant fighting.

A messenger ran into the office of the Consulate.

"The American cruiser 'Triton' is in the harbor."

"Thank God!" cried the Consul. "We will have a Scotch on that, Rendell."

In the servants' quarters Gloria was talking to her lover, the little Sergeant Rubino.

"The Virgin be thanked, José mine, that you are not shot. The English Miladi—what a fool is she to think I would send you out to get a bullet. But we have our marriage portion, José mine. Ah, these fools of English."

The boyish ensign who commanded the blue-jackets that patrolled the streets of San Fernandez was in the saloon of the English Consulate that evening. And there were Mr. Christopher Bates and his friend Mr. Niles, and Lady Rendell, and the others. The little ensign was quite your hero, though he didn't so consider himself at all. He had made a little charge and cleared the streets; and lo, the rebellion and its threat to foreign interests had ceased, as if by magic—the magic behind the good ship "Triton's" guns.

Miss Churchill was fidgeting, and went out on to the veranda, where the moon streamed peacefully and sentimentally.

What if he knew? What if Gloria had told?

Bates followed her.

"It's odd, isn't it—our meeting here?"

"Very."

"And all this little fiasco of a rebellion."

"Quite ridiculous and interesting. But how could you leave Mrs. Chester so long?" she asked.

"You read that?"

"Yes, and I congratulate you."

"And I you—on yours."

"Oh, do you—do you? Thank you."

It was very hot. What if Gloria had told? What if he knew how she had fainted?

"But——"

"Well?"

"It was only a newspaper report, Louise, and I am down here on the 'Brünnhilde.' I heard you had broken with Wharton, and I wish to Heaven those chaps had shot me if you are going to send me away," the young fellow blurted out.

She turned to him and put both her hands in his.

"Christopher Bates, you are the very nicest person I know—and—and—ah, what makes you make me tell you? Yes, I do love you, and I have been so miserable."

That night Gloria asked her mistress:

"'IT'S ODD, ISN'T IT—OUR MEETING HERE?'"

"And the marriage portion, Miladi?"

"Gloria," Miss Churchill cried, "you shall have a thousand American dollars—not a hundred—and the prettiest wedding San Fernandez can furnish."

"You are an angel," quoth Gloria; and she told it all over to the Sergeant Rubino in high glee.

So, through the rebellion of Mendez were these two love affairs brought to their proper end, and President Gonzales ruled in San Fernandez until he decamped with the treasury. Since that occurrence he has resided in Paris.

THE LAST CHARGE.

By Thomas Tracy Bouvé.

TRUMPETER, blow on, terrific and thunderous,
Blow till thy bugle outring the wild gales;
Spare not the wounded that writhe and wind under us,
Drown in our ears all their piercing death wails.
Steady, dragoons! Get together your forces;
Aim at the breast, for that makes the best targe.
Now let us fly like a whirlwind of heroes—
Ride like your forefathers! *Cavalry, Charge!*

Trumpeter, sound me a dread note and dangerous;
Blow to the end of thy desperate breath!
Blow till the cry of it, clinging and clangorous,
Call back the squadrons that rode to their death.
Close up, dragoons! and ride forward the guidon.
Trumpeter, blow me once more, loud and large!
This is not earth, but dead men, that we ride on—
They were your brothers once! *Cavalry, Charge!*

Trumpeter, sound a note tender and tremulous;
Wail for those lost to us, sob for our dead!
Cry loud for vengeance! Oh, let your note, emulous,
Rival the roar of the souls that have fled!
Ready, dragoons! Ye are fifty that follow;
Burst as a river bursts over its marge!
Who first can fling his horse into their hollow?
On, up and over them! *Cavalry, Charge!*

AN HISTORIC SALE OF UNITED STATES BONDS IN ENGLAND.

By Hon. George S. Boutwell,

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury.

IF there should be any considerable interest in the history of the funding system of the United States, the interest would be due to a sale of bonds some thirty years ago and certain incidents which could not have been anticipated, which arose from the execution of the trust.

In the month of July, 1868, a bill for funding the national debt which had passed the Senate of the United States was reported, without amendments, to the House of Representatives by the Committee on Ways and Means.

When the bill was under consideration in the House, I proposed a substitute. In the debate of July 21st I made a statement of the nature of my substitute, and I reproduce an extract which sets forth the first step in a policy which culminated in the Act for Funding the Public Debt, and which was approved by President Grant July 14, 1870:

"The amendment to which I wish to call the attention of the House provides for the funding of $1,200,000,000 of the public debt, $400,000,000 payable in fifteen years @ 5 per cent. interest, $400,000,000 payable in twenty years @ 4½ per cent. interest, and $400,000,000 payable in twenty-five years @ 3.65 per cent. interest, the latter sum of $400,000,000 payable, principal and interest, at the option of the takers, either in the United States, or in London, Paris, or Frankfort."

At that time I had not entertained the thought that I might come to be the head of the Treasury Department. Indeed, I had no other purpose in public life than to remain in the House of Representatives.

I had had experience on the executive side of the Government and also on the legislative side, and I had a fixed opinion in favor of the latter form of service.

As Secretary of the Treasury, I proposed a bill in 1869 in the line of the substitute for the bill of the Committee on Ways and Means which I had challenged in July, 1868. The bill proposed an issue of three classes of bonds, each of four hundred million dollars, which were to mature at different dates, and to bear interest at the rates of 5, 4½, and 4 per cent. It was further provided that the principal and interest of the bonds bearing the lowest rate should be made payable either in the United States, or at Frankfort, Paris, or London, as the takers might prefer. The provision was rejected through the influence of General Schenck, who had then returned recently from Europe, and with the opinion that the concession involved an impairment of national honor. As a substitute for the feature so rejected, I originated a plan for the issue of registered bonds, upon the condition that the interest should be paid in checks to be forwarded by the mails to the holders of bonds at the places designated by them in any part of the world. This plan is far superior to the first suggestion, as it is susceptible of a much wider application.

I have received from Mr. Roberts, the Treasurer of the United States, the following letter and statement:

Statement Showing the Proportion of United States Bonds Outstanding January 25, 1900, on Which Interest is Paid by Check.

Title of Loan.	Total Issue.	Registered Bonds on which interest is paid by check.	Percentage of Bonds on which interest is paid by check.
Funded Loan of 1891 continued @ 2 per cent...	$25,364,500	$25,364,500	100.00
4 Per Cent. Funded Loan of 1907.....	545,342,950	478,195,600	87.69
5 Per Cent. Loan of 1904.....	95,009,700	64,615,650	68.01
4 Per Cent. Loan of 1925.....	162,315,400	117,997,200	72.70
3 Per Cent. Ten-twenties of 1898.....	168,679,000	109,450,060	55.09
Totals.....	$1,026,711,550	$795,623,030	77.49

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

OFFICE OF THE TREASURER,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
January 25, 1900.

HONORABLE GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,
Boston, Massachusetts.

My Dear Mr. Secretary: It gives me pleasure to enclose to you a table showing by classes of bonds the percentage of interest paid by checks. The interest on all registered bonds is now so paid. Only the coupon bonds, by their nature, are differently treated.

Your plan has worked admirably, and the drift is slowly from the coupon to the registered form, and so to an increase of the payment of interest by checks.

With kind regards,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) ELLIS H. ROBERTS,
Treasurer of the United States.

This plan has been adopted by corporations that are borrowers of large sums of money upon an issue of bonds, and the use of the system is very general in the United States.

In my report to Congress in December, 1869, I made a recommendation of the Funding Bill, and I placed copies of the bill that I had prepared in the hands of the Finance Committee of the Senate, and in the hands of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives.

When the bill became a law, the authorized issue of 5 per cent. bonds was limited to two hundred million dollars, and the issue of 4 per cent. was raised to twelve hundred million. Simultaneously with the passage of the Funding Bill of July, 1870, the war between France and Prussia opened, and the opportunity for negotiations was postponed until the early months of the year 1871. In these later years, when bonds of the United States have been sold upon the basis of their par value at 2 per cent. income, it is difficult to realize that in 1869 the 6 per cent. bonds of the United States were worth in gold only $83\frac{5}{10}$ cents to the dollar. The first attempt to dispose of the 5 per cent. bonds was made by the Treasury Department through an invitation to the public to subscribe for the bonds, payment to be made in the currency of the country, or by an exchange of outstanding five-twenty bonds which bore interest at the rate of 6 per cent. The subscriptions reached the sum of sixty-six million dollars, of which the national banks were subscribers to the amount of sixty-four million, leaving two million only as the loan to the general public. A portion of the amount taken by the banks was for the account of patrons and clients. This experience justified the opinion that future efforts with the general public would be unsuccessful, while the credit of the country was not established and placed beyond the influence of cavillers and doubters.

It was under such circumstances that the aid of banks and bankers became important for the furtherance of subscriptions, in view of the fact that they could give personal service of a nature not possible in the case of salaried officers of the Government, nor compatible with their daily duties.

It is not easy, in this age of comparative freedom and power in financial affairs, to comprehend that in the year 1871 the long established bankers of New York, Amsterdam, and London, either declined or neglected the opportunity to negotiate the 5 per cent. coin bonds of the United States upon the basis of their par value. It may not be out of place for me to mention Mr. Morton, of the house of Morton, Bliss & Co., as an exception to the bankers of Europe and the United States.

It was in the same months of 1871 that I recommended the issue of a 4 per cent. fifty-year bond as the basis of the currency to be issued by the national banks. This proposition, which would have been advantageous to the banks, in an increasing ratio as the value of money diminished, was defeated by the organized opposition of the banks through an effective lobby that was assembled in the city of Washington. Such was the public sentiment in the year 1871, even in the presence of these important facts, that in the month of December I was able to say in my annual report that the debt had been diminished during the next preceding year in the sum of ninety-four million dollars, and that the total decrease from March 1, 1869, to December 1, 1871, was over two hundred and seventy-seven million dollars.

It was in this situation of affairs that Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co. proposed to undertake the sale in London, by subscription, of one hundred and thirty-four million 5 per cent. bonds then unsold. Authority was given to Cooke & Co. to proceed with the undertaking, and when the books were closed, September 1st, I was informed that the loan had been taken in full. By the terms prescribed by Cooke & Co., the subscribers deposited 5 per cent. as security for the validity of their subscriptions. The bonds were to be delivered the first day of December.

Upon the receipt of the information that the undertaking had been a success, the bonds were prepared, and the Hon. William A. Richardson, then an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was designated as the agent of the department for the delivery of the bonds. The bonds were placed in safes, on each of which there were three locks. The clerks were sent over in different vessels, and the keys were so distributed among them, that there were not keys in any one vessel by which any one of the safes could be opened.

The success of the subscription gave rise to an unexpected difficulty.

At that time there were outstanding one hundred and ninety-four millions of ten-forty United States bonds that carried interest at the rate of 5 per cent.

It was a singular coincidence, and a coincidence probably not due to natural causes, that some 5 per cent. bonds, having fifteen years to run, should be at par, and that other 5 per cent. bonds that might run thirty years should fall below par in the same market. In the three months from August to December, these ten-forties were quoted as low as 97, or even for a time at 96. Cooke became anxious, if not alarmed, lest the rate should fall below 95, and consequently lest the subscribers should refuse to meet their obligations. Early on the morning of the first Monday in December, I received the information that the bonds were taken as soon as the offices were open. I may mention in passing that Cooke and Co. paid for the bonds as they were delivered, either in coin or in five-twenty bonds.

As bonds were taken, and as payments were made, a difficulty appeared which had been anticipated, but not in its fulness. The proceeds from the sales of the 5 per cent. bonds were pledged to the redemption of 6 per cent. five-twenty bonds, reckoned at their par value.

It was provided by the statute that whenever five-twenty bonds were called, a notice of ninety days should be given, when interest would cease. Thus it happened that whenever a bond was called it was worth par and interest to the end of the ninety days. Of the called bonds some were in America, and the owners did not choose to present them in London in exchange for 5 per cent. bonds, nor for coin. Hence it happened that of the total proceeds of the 5 per cent. bonds, about twenty million dollars were paid in gold coin by Cooke and Co. This coin was deposited in the Bank of England, but upon such terms as were imposed by the governors:

(1) The deposits must be made in the name of William A. Richardson. This was done, but a statement was made by Judge Richardson that the deposit was the property of the United States.

(2) The gold was not to be taken out of the country. This stipulation was in the line of our policy, which was to invest the entire sum in five-twenty bonds, whenever they could be bought at par. The opportunity came in a manner that was not anticipated. The documents referred to are of historical value, and they are therefore inserted as follows:

(*a*) A declaration of trust by William A. Richardson, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, dated at London, December 28, 1871.

(*b*) Letter of William A. Richardson, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, to John P. Bigelow, Chief of the Loan Division of the Treasury, dated also at London, December 28, 1871.

(*c*) Letter of George Forbes, Chief Cashier of the Bank of England, to Judge Richardson, dated January 4, 1872.

(*d*) Letter of Judge Richardson to George Lyall, Governor of the Bank of England, dated January 15, 1872.

(*e*) Reply to the same by George Forbes, Chief Cashier, dated January 17, 1872.

(*f*) William A. Richardson's report of January 25, 1872.

(*a*) DECLARATION BY WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON.

Whereas, I have this day deposited in my name, as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, U. S. A., in the Bank of England, two millions five hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, and shall probably hereafter make further deposits on the same account:

Now I hereby declare that said account and deposits, present and future, are official and belong to the Government of the United States, and not to me personally; that the monies so deposited are the proceeds of the sale of 5 per cent. bonds of the "Funded Loan": that whatever money I may at any time have in said Bank under said account, will be the property of the United States Government, held by me officially as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, acting under orders from the Secretary: that the same is, and will continue to be subject to the draft, check, order, and control of the Secretary of the Treasury, independently of, and superior to my authority, whenever he so elects, and that upon his assuming control thereof, my power over the same will wholly cease. In case of my decease

before said account is closed, the money on deposit will not belong to my estate, but to the Government of the United States.

Witness my hand and seal,

(Signed) WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON,
Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, U. S. A.

LONDON, ENGLAND, *December 28, 1871.*

Witnesses: JNO. P. BIGELOW, E. W. BOWEN, GEO. L. WARREN.

(*b*) JUDGE RICHARDSON TO JOHN P. BIGELOW.

41, LOMBARD ST., LONDON, ENGLAND,
December 28, 1871.

To JOHN P. BIGELOW, *Chief of the Loan Division, Secretary's Office, Treasury Department, U. S. A.*

I have this day deposited in the Bank of England, in my name as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, two million five hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling money, belonging to the United States, received in payment of 5 per cent. bonds of the Funded Loan delivered here in London.

All money hereafter received for future delivery of bonds will be deposited to the same account.

Herewith I hand you a declaration of trust signed by me declaring that said account and monies belong to the United States, and not to me personally, also the Deposit Book and a book of blank checks numbered from 35,101 to 35,150, both inclusive, received from said Bank, all of which you will take into your custody and carefully keep in one of the iron safes sent here from the Department in the same manner as the books are kept.

This money, and all the money deposited in said bank on the account aforesaid, will be drawn and used only in accordance with the orders of the Secretary of the Treasury to redeem or purchase five-twenty bonds and matured coupons, or such other and further orders as he may make in relation thereto.

When money is to be drawn to pay for bonds or coupons, it must be drawn only by filling up a check from the book of checks above referred to, and you will open an account in which you will enter the amount of all deposits, the number and amount of each check drawn specifying also to whom the same is made payable and on what account it is drawn.

The checks will be filled up by Mr. Prentiss of the Register's Office, who will place his check mark on the upper left corner, and will enter the same in the book. You will then carefully examine the check, see that it is correctly drawn for the amount actually payable for bonds or coupons received and properly recorded, and you will, when found correct, place your check mark on the right hand upper corner before the same is signed by me. All checks will be signed by me with my full name as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, as this is signed.

(Signed) WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON,
Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, U. S. A.

(*c*) MR. FORBES TO JUDGE RICHARDSON.

BANK OF ENGLAND, E. C.,
January 4, 1872.

HON. W. A. RICHARDSON, *Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States*, 41, *Lombard Street.*

Sir: To preclude any possible misunderstanding hereafter as to the character of the drawing account opened in your name, I am instructed by the Governors to communicate to you in writing that, in conformity with the rule of the Bank, the account is considered a personal one; that the Governors have admitted the words appended to your name merely as an honorary designation; and the bank take no cognizance of, or responsibility with reference to the real ownership, or intended application of the sums deposited to the credit of the account.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) GEORGE FORBES,
Chief Cashier.

(*d*) JUDGE RICHARDSON TO MR. LYALL.

41, *Lombard Street, London, England,*
January 15, 1872.

GEORGE LYALL, ESQ.,
Governor of the Bank of England.

Dear Sir: Referring to the several conversations which I have had with you, and with your principal cashier, Mr. Forbes, relative to the manner and form of keeping the account which I desire to have in the Bank, I beg leave to renew in writing my request heretofore made to you orally, that the account of money deposited by me may stand in the name of Hon. George S. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury, U. S. A., and myself, Assistant Secretary, jointly and severally, so as to be subject to the several draft of either, and of the survivor, in case of the death of either one.

I suppose I must regard the letter of Mr. Forbes to me, dated January 4, 1872, and written under instructions from the Governors of the Bank as expressing your final conclusion that the account in whatever form it may be kept, must be considered a personal one.

You know my anxiety to have my deposits received by the Bank, and entered in such way that in case of my death the balance may be drawn at once by the Secretary of the Treasury or some other officer of the Government, and although you are unwilling to regard the account as an official one, I hope that on further consideration you will allow it to be opened in the name of Mr. Boutwell and myself jointly and severally as above stated.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON,
Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury Department.

(*e*) MR. FORBES TO JUDGE RICHARDSON.

BANK OF ENGLAND, E. C.,
January 17, 1872.

HON. W. A. RICHARDSON,
Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, 41, *Lombard St.*

Sir: I am directed by the Governor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., requesting that the account of money deposited by you in the Bank may stand in the name of the Hon. George S. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury, U.S.A., and yourself, the Assistant Secretary, jointly and severally, so as to be subject to the several draft of either, and of the survivor in case of death of either one.

I am to inform you that the Bank is prepared to open an account in this form, as a personal account; but it is essential that Mr. Boutwell should join in the

request and concur in the conditions proposed before either party can in that case draw upon the account.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) GEORGE FORBES,
Chief Cashier.

(*f*) JUDGE RICHARDSON'S REPORT.

41, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON,
January 25, 1872.

HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Dear Sir: It is my purpose in this letter to give you an account of the way in which I have kept the money arising from the sale of the Funded Loan, and the manner in which it has been drawn from time to time to pay for bonds purchased and redeemed.

Immediately after the first of December, 1871, the money began to accumulate very rapidly. Up to the first of December no money whatever had been received, all bonds delivered having been paid for by the called bonds and coupons or secured by deposit of other bonds; but on the second day of that month nearly two and a half millions of dollars cash were paid to me; then on the fourth, nearly five millions of dollars more; and on the fifth, above three millions, and so on in different sums till the present time.

Of course it was wholly impracticable to receive, handle, count and keep on hand such large amounts of gold coin, weighing between a ton and three-quarters and two tons to each million of dollars. At one time my account showed more than sixteen millions of dollars on hand, and to have withdrawn from circulation that amount of coin would have produced a panic in the London market; and the risk in having it hoarded in any place within my reach would have been immense, especially as it would have soon been known where it was.

I ascertained that there would be some difficulty in keeping an official government account in the Bank of England, and I did not feel authorized, or justified in my own judgment, in entrusting so much money to any other banking institution in this city. I found, also, that the Bank of England never issues certificates of deposit, as do our banks in the United States. But it issues "post notes," which are very nearly like its ordinary demand notes, but *payable to order*, and on seven days' time, thus differing only in the matter of time from certificates of deposit. Availing myself of this custom of the Bank of England, I put all the money into post notes, and locked them up in one of the safes from which the bonds had been taken. This I regarded as a safe method of keeping the funds, and I anticipated no further difficulty.

But when the Bank made its next monthly or weekly return of its condition, and published it in all the newspapers as usual, the attention of all the financial agents, bankers, and financial writers of the daily money articles in the journals was immediately attracted to the sudden increase of the "post notes" outstanding, and the unusually large amount of them, so many times greater than had ever been known before. They were immensely alarmed lest the notes should come in for redemption in a few days, and the coin therefor should be withdrawn from London and taken to a foreign country; and lest there should be a panic on account thereof. Some of the financial writers said they belonged to Germany, and that they represented coin which must soon be transmitted to Berlin. The Bank officers themselves, although they knew very well that these notes belonged to the United States, were not less alarmed because they feared that I would withdraw the money to send it to New York, which they knew would make trouble in the London Exchange. Money, which for a short time before had been at the high rate of interest, for this place, of 5 per cent., had become abundant, and the people were demanding of the Bank a reduction in the rate; but so timid were they about these post notes that they did not change the rate until I took measures to allay their fears. This I did because I thought it would be injurious and prejudicial to the Funded Loan to have a panic in London, in which the market price of the new loan would drop considerably below par just at a time when its price and popularity were gradually rising, and just as it was coming into great favor with a new class of investors in England, the immensely rich but timid conservatives.

I determined to open a deposit account with the Bank of England, and in doing so experienced the difficulties which I anticipated. I assured the officers that the money was Government (U. S.) money, which I did not intend, and was not instructed to take home with me; but which I should use in London in redeeming bonds and coupons, and should leave in the Bank on deposit unless, by the peculiarity of their rules, I should be obliged to withdraw it. They objected to taking the money as a Government deposit, or as an official deposit in my name, having some vague idea that if they took it and opened an official Government account they should be liable for the appropriation of the money unless documents from the United States were filed with them taking away that liability, but they could not tell me exactly what documents they wanted nor from whom they must come. They did, however, agree to open an account with me, and that was the best I could do. In signing my name to their book, I added my official title, and when, some time after, I came to drawing checks, I signed in the same way. This brought from the officers a letter which I annex hereto, saying that my deposit would be regarded as a private and personal one.

What I was most anxious to provide for was the power in some United States officer to draw the money in case of my death (knowing the uncertainty of life), without the delay, expense, and trouble which must necessarily arise, if it stood wholly to my personal credit. I asked the officers to allow it to stand in your name as Secretary and mine as Assistant Secretary, jointly and severally, so as to be drawn upon the several check of either, and by the survivor in case of the death of either one. I suggested other arrangements which would have the same result, but they said their rules prevented their agreeing to my requests, that they were conservative and did not like to introduce anything new into their customs.

On the 15th day of January, 1872, I renewed my request in writing, after having had several conversations with the officers on the subject, and received an answer which, with the letter of request, is thereto annexed.

In this, their most recent communication, they express a willingness to enter the account in our joint names as I suggested, regarding it, however, as a "personal account" and requiring that you should "join in the request and concur in the conditions proposed before either party can in that case draw upon the account."

As I must now almost daily draw from the account for money with which to pay bonds, I cannot join your name therein until you have sent me a written compliance with the conditions which they set forth, because to do so would shut me out from the account altogether for several weeks.

Besides, having no instructions from you on the subject, I don't know that you would care to give written directions as to the deposit. I know very well that, in case of my sudden decease, you would he glad enough

to find that you could at once avail yourself of the whole amount of money here on deposit, and so I should have joined your name as I have stated. Now you can do as you please. I have taken every possible precaution within my power, and have no fear that the arrangements are insufficient to protect the Government in any contingency whatever. With the correspondence which has passed between the officers of the Bank and myself, and our conversation together, the account is sufficiently well known to them as a U. S. Government deposit, and is fully enough stamped with that character, as I intended it should be, however much they may ignore it now.

But for still greater caution, I made the written declaration of trust on the very day of the first deposit, signed and sealed by me, declaring the money and account as belonging to our Government, and not to me, a copy of which is hereto annexed.

I also gave written instruction to Messrs. Bigelow and Prentiss to draw all the checks, and how to draw them and keep an account thereof. As I make all my purchases through Jay Cooke, McCullough & Co., every check is in fact payable to that house, so that the account is easily kept, and the transactions cannot be mingled with others, for there are no others. I annex a copy of these instructions.

This, I believe, will give you a pretty correct idea of the difficulties which have been presented to me in the matter of taking, keeping, and paying out the money arising from the sale of the bonds, and the manner in which I have met them.

I may add that when the officers of the Bank were satisfied that I was not to withdraw the money and take it to New York, they reduced the rate of interest and there has been an easy market ever since.

There are now on deposit more than twelve millions of dollars: but I hope it will be reduced very fast next month. Had you not sent over the last ten millions of bonds, we should have been able to close up very soon. I hope now that you will make another call of twenty millions at least, because I think it would enable us to purchase more rapidly.

I annex:

(1) Copy of declaration of trust.

(2) Copy of instructions for drawing checks.

(3) Copy of letter from Cashier of Bank of England, stating that the account would be considered personal.

(4) Copy of my letter to the Governor of the Bank, asking that your name might be joined.

(5) Copy of reply to last mentioned letter.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON.

When Cooke & Co. had completed their undertaking, the deposits in the Bank of England exceeded fifteen million dollars, and for three months they were for the most part unavailable, as the five-twenty bonds which had not matured under the calls that had been made were above par in the market. It was a condition of the loan that the five-twenty bonds redeemed should equal the 5 per cent. bonds that had been issued, both issues to be reckoned at their par value.

In the month of April, 1872, the Commissioners who had been designated under the Treaty of Washington of 1871 to ascertain and determine the character and magnitude of the claims that had been preferred by the United States against Great Britain, growing out of the depredations committed by the "Alabama" and her associate cruisers, were about to meet at Geneva for the discharge of their duties.

The administration had appointed the Hon. J. C. Bancroft Davis, the most accomplished diplomatist of the country, as the agent of the United States, and the preparation of "the Case of the United States" was placed in his hands.

The British Ministry discovered—or they fancied that there was concealed in covert language—a claim for damages, known as "consequential or indirect damages." Mr. Sumner had asserted a claim for "consequential damages"—in other words, a claim to compensation for the value of American shipping that had been driven from the ocean and made worthless through fear of the cruisers that had been fitted out in British ports.

This claim, in the extreme form in which it had been presented by Mr. Sumner, had been relinquished by the Administration, and a present reading of "the Case of the United States" may not justify the construction that was put upon it by the British Ministry.

Nevertheless, the Administration received notice that Great Britain would not be represented at the Geneva Conference.

The subject was considered by the President and Cabinet on three consecutive days at called sessions. At the final meeting I handed a memorandum to the President, which he passed to the Secretary of State. The memorandum was not read to the Cabinet.

Mr. Adams, the Commissioner for the United States, had not then left the country. By a despatch from the Secretary of State Mr. Adams was asked to meet me at the Parker House, in Boston, on the second day after the day of the date of the despatch.

What occurred at the meeting may be best given through an extract from the diary of Mr. Adams, which has been placed in my hands by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., with the privilege of its full and free use by me.

The first entry is under date of Saturday, April 20, 1872, and is in these words: "Charles brought me a telegram from Governor Fish, desiring me to meet Mr. Boutwell, who will be at the Parker House at eleven o'clock on Monday." The second entry is under date of "Monday, 22d of April."

"At eleven o'clock called on Mr. Boutwell,

the Secretary of the Treasury, at Parker's Hotel, according to agreement. Found him alone in his minute bedroom. He soon opened his subject—handed over to me a packet from Governor Fish, and said that it was the desire of the Government, if I could find it consistent with what they understood to be my views of the question of indirect damages, that I would make such intimation of them to persons of authority in London as might relieve them of the difficulty which had been occasioned by them. I told him of my conversation held with the Marquis of Ripon, in which I had assumed the heavy responsibility of assuring him that the Government would not press them. I was glad now to find that I had not been mistaken. I should cheerfully do all in my power to confirm the impression consistently with my own position."

Thus, through Mr. Adams, the claim for "indirect damages" was relinquished. When the fact of the disturbed relations between the United States and Great Britain became public there was a panic in the London stock market; and in the brief period of eight and forty hours our deposit of twelve million or more in the Bank of England was converted into five-twenty United States 6 per cent. bonds, purchased at par.

In my annual report for December, 1872, I was able to make this statement:

> Since my last annual report the business of negotiating two hundred million of 5 per cent. bonds, and the redemption of two hundred million 6 per cent. five-twenty bonds has been completed, and the accounts have been settled by the accounting officers of the Treasury.
>
> Further negotiations of 5 per cent. bonds can now be made on the basis of the former negotiation.

THE SHALLOW SPIRIT OF JUDGMENT.

THREE STORIES OF CONTEMPORARY CHICAGO LIFE.

By Edith Wyatt.

With Pictures by Frederic R. Gruger.

STILL WATERS.

CHARLES PAINE, a man of sense, wit, and feeling, was the second son of Henry W. Paine of the Illinois Circuit Court. Charles was a person of hot prejudices and firm convictions; cock-sure in all his opinions, able in athletic sports, and rather good-looking, with three-cornered blue American eyes, a high color, a high nose, and a very kind smile.

Among his many friends none was more blindly admired by him than a man of quite opposite temperament, Mr. Richard Elliot, a writer and critic. Richard Elliot was a person of correct opinions, approved convictions, and refined prejudices; among these last was his admiration for a young lady who occasionally visited at the house of a friend of his mother's. She was a Miss Margaret Alden, an extremely pretty girl, of "Mayflower" immigrant tradition, with straight features, light, smooth hair, gracefully arranged, and a rather scornful expression. She had no conception of anything in creation but character: personality, beauty, wit, art, trade, even happiness and pain themselves, were to her vision all inconsiderable as compared with character; and she spent all her time either in observing other people's or in developing her own. She developed her own by thinking almost all other people far too unscrupulous and by keeping a diary of the following kind:

> June 1st.—Oppressively warm yesterday evening. But I determined not to succumb to the heat, and gave up my afternoon nap. I dressed in my blue organdie, and was reading in the library when Richard Elliot and Mr. Paine were announced.
>
> We had some conversation on modern literature. Mr. Paine talked a great deal, rather loudly and diffusely. He seems to like almost everything, and praises without restraint.

R. E. appeared slightly amused by Mr. Paine. He himself said almost nothing. But I could see plainly by little things, a lifting of the eyebrow or a meaning silence, that on every subject we mentioned he had thought more, and thought more deeply than Mr. Paine. Here, again, is a habit of mind I should like to acquire. I think *enough*, it is true, but not *deeply* enough.

Mr. Paine brought me the "Adventures of Huck Finn," because I told him the other day I had never read it. After his usual extravagant way, he said it was his favorite work; that he derived the purest joy from it, and was never more happy than when he was in the author's power. He had liked it from the first moment he laid eyes on it, when he was seven years old.

He read out favorite portions, and several times shouted aloud with laughter. I was not especially amused, neither, I believe, was R. E. When Mr. Paine finished and handed me the book, R. E. remarked, however, with the quietest genial tact and reserve: "I am one who approves of humor. It has its place. Shakespeare knew this; and the best of us need a little laughter now and then."

He certainly has the most wonderful poise. I have read the book since, but have not exactly made up my mind about it—am going over it again. I cannot quite place it in modern art, and so cannot regard it as especially significant. Just *what* is its message to progress? Mr. Paine says that it has the finest democracy, but I cannot find where the author mentions democracy or reform at all.

To return to Mr. P., I do not understand, nor, to be candid, like his being devoted at seven and at twenty-seven in the same way to the same book. This, of course, would not be possible to a man developing very eagerly, or living very strenuously; and sometimes I wonder if I am quite sincere in letting him continue my friend, but hardly know how to approach him on the subject.

"Mr. Paine talked a great deal. . . . R. E. appeared slightly amused by Mr. Paine."

It has been said that Richard Elliot bestowed on Miss Alden a judicious and tempered admiration; and no doubt, in that they were both as serious as the tomb, they found a common meeting-ground. But why Charles should have cast his affections on Miss Alden, his family often wondered. His cousins nearly cried when they discovered his entirely obvious feeling. They said that if Charles were married to Margaret Alden, his life would be one long grind; that not only would he have a horrid time, but, as he was worked upon very easily through his affections, Miss Alden would soon change him into a miserable, self-improving egoist. They worked themselves up to the highest pitch of impatience.

If they had been more modest for Charles, or better acquainted with Miss Alden, they need not have been so disturbed. The fancy of that young lady could never have been touched by a man as open as the day and as simple as a fairy-tale, however generous his excellence; further, there was the glamour of "R. E.'s" reserve and intricacy to lend positiveness to her refusal of Charles, who was, at the time, quite incapable of appreciating his good fortune. If he could have known that he failed to please because he was patently good and able and funny, instead of non-committally weak and dependent and solemn, perhaps he would not have been soothed.

As it was, providence manifested itself. No one could have supposed Margaret Alden's dismal stupidity an instrument of

happiness. Yet by this very means Charles was left free for a happy marriage, within a few years, to a good girl, a golf champion, who shared almost all his prejudices.

TWO CITIZENS.

THERE was once a rich German alderman, a saloon-keeper, who lived in a double red-brick house in Chicago. For his business, he sold beer and distributed jobs in return for political influence. He appropriated a suitable percentage on these jobs, and he conducted their sale on the just and straightforward principles of a commission merchant. For his pleasure, he had around his house a large yard; and in summer this yard was filled with little flower-beds shining with petunias, portulacas, and zinnias. In their center was a sputtering little fountain, and near the fountain were two artificial deer and a small summer-house. In front of the summer-house was the saloon-keeper's name, "J. Hoffman," done in foliage plants.

On Sundays Mr. Hoffman used to sit in his summer-house doorway, completely filling it, for he was a leviathan of a man, smoking a meerschaum pipe, and wearing a gay red velvet smoking-jacket and cap, deeply bordered with bright silk flowers, beautifully embroidered by his daughter. His daughter's music-teacher, a thin, dark, little German, sat at one side of the summer-house, smoking a long pipe; and his many fat little boys played and showed off noisily around the yard.

They used to feel very proud when they noticed the attention their surroundings attracted from the passers-by, and they were especially proud that the observant could see plainly in the foliage-plants at their father's feet his name, as he sat grandly in the midst of his artistic fancies. Often they could be heard reading the name aloud, and this filled the little boys with a peculiar ecstasy.

Besides his garden, his deer, his fountain, and his little boys, J. Hoffman had an industrious and amiable German wife and a beautiful German daughter. Lulu Hoffman was, indeed, a child to delight the heart of any parent. Although she was only sixteen years old, she wore long dresses, and her hair coiled in beautiful thick yellow braids at the back of her head. She had large, gay blue eyes, fresh pink cheeks, and dimples. To these gifts of nature she had added the most happy attainments of art: for she sang and played upon the piano, both by ear and by note. By note she played "Songs without Words," and compositions like "Silvery Thistle" and "Rippling Waves." For her teacher encouraged in her a taste for crystal runs and tinkling-bell effects. By ear, she played compositions like the "Douglas Two-Step," so rhythmically that, as soon as she began, all her little brothers went tooting and prancing about the room. Besides this, she could bake coffee-cake, crisp, brown, and shining outside, and feathery as a marshmallow inside; and little frosted German spice-cakes, rich and heavy, filled with citron and walnuts and raisins, and flavored with wine.

In the same city with J. Hoffman, Richard Elliot lived in very moderate circumstances. His business was writing, in a conventional and academic style, critical reviews, expressing conventional and academic ideas. In these reviews he divided all authors into classes, schools, and period. When he found an author who had no period, and who could not be put into a class or a school, he did not write about him, unless he became, even in academic circles, a great favorite. In that case he mentioned that the author was delightful.

As he could not, for obvious reasons, think of himself as famous or great, he thought of himself as delightful. And for consistency with this opinion he used to disguise his most conventional and approved ideas under an assumption of amiable staunchness and independence. "Dear old Homer," he exclaimed in a determinedly light essay called "A Loaf of Bread, A Jug of Wine," "even in this degenerate day and age there are some of us who love your very nods."

His pleasure was less definite and material than J. Hoffman's. It consisted really in being refined. It may as well be admitted that he was far more refined than J. Hoffman. However, the pleasure he derived from what was refined was not so intense as the pain he suffered from what was not refined. And as there are such numbers of large and coarse things in the world, this susceptibility gave him a wide scope for suffering.

On one Sunday afternoon, as he was taking a walk with a congenial friend, also a refined man, he passed the house of J. Hoffman. J. Hoffman and the Professor were smoking their pipes at the summer-house, the flowers were all blooming and shining, the little boys were playing noisily on the grass, and through the window the notes of the "Douglas Two-Step" were sounding clearly and cheerfully.

"Listening happily to the 'Douglas Two-Step.'"

Richard Elliot felt sickened when he observed all this. "The life of the middle-class American is sometimes painfully hideous, is it not?" he said to his friend.

"Yes," replied the friend, "that kind of thing is pretty bad."

"However," continued Richard Elliot, "most middle-class Americans are foreigners." This was his idea of being delightful. "We are ruled and governed by that kind of person," he pursued. "They hold all our city offices."

"It gives the other kinds of men time for other kinds of things," answered the friend.

That is what they said. What they thought was that it was a pity such men as themselves should not be the rulers and governors, instead of such men as J. Hoffman.

Richard Elliot would have been still more displeased with the middle-class American, if he could have known that, at the instant of his passing the object of his witty remarks, his own younger brother was sitting in the Hoffmans' parlor, listening happily to the "Douglas Two-Step." This younger brother had not had as many advantages as Richard, so that he had a much more limited scope for suffering, and the atmosphere so noxious to his brother was pleasing, and even exhilarating, to himself. He had met Lulu at a Sunday-school picnic, which he had attended in performing the duties of his office as newspaper reporter, and which Lulu had attended in performing her duties as a caretaker of her little brothers. He had been attracted to her at first by her large, kind blue eyes and yellow braids, and by her warm devotion to her excited little brothers. He spent the greater part of the afternoon in talking with her, so that his newspaper article, headed, "Lutheran Tots Frolic in Garfield Park," had to be such as might not be unsuitable for any Sunday-school picnic.

Soon after this occasion he went to see her, on the pretext of returning an umbrella he had found leaning against a tree in the park—one which, as it was his own, could not possibly be hers. On this visit he walked around the little gravel-paths among the flower-beds, with Mr. Hoffman and the Professor, and he showed a just appreciation of the fountain and the deer. "This is evidently your own idea, Mr. Hoffman," he would say. "Something quite out of the common."

In making these remarks he expressed less his own thoughts than what he divined to be his host's feelings. In the house he interested himself deeply in the Professor's rendering and explanation of "The Storm in the Alps," a very intricate musical composition in which the flashes of lightning were expressed, musically, by shrieking chromatic scales, and the clattering hoofs of the alarmed chamois by a rapid staccato polka. An Alpine horn sounding *reveillé* was occa-

sionally recognizable, among the crashes of thunder in the bass notes; and the mournful song of a young Swiss peasant girl, in the highest treble, and with a great deal of soft pedal, was effectively introduced immediately after the thunder.

Otto and Maxie, the oldest of the little boys, during this performance stood pressed so closely against the piano that they obstructed the Professor's rapid execution as his flying hands separated further and further in the combined thunder and lightning, and they were obliged to leave their places and content themselves with making their ears ring by placing them against the sides of the piano.

Tom showed his appreciation of all these things so delicately that Mr. Hoffman urged him to come again and smoke with him in, or, rather, outside of, his summer-house; and in this way Tom fell rapidly into the way of making weekly visits at the Hoffmans'.

He liked to walk about among the flower-beds and the little boys with the Professor and the enormous, richly embroidered Mr. Hoffman; and he liked to go into the Hoffmans' large, vividly clean parlor, shining with a red carpet and bright blue wall paper, and filled with little glittering ornaments like Christmas-tree decorations, and there drink thick, rich chocolate, and eat little frosted German cakes, while he listened to the Professor playing or to Lulu singing German songs.

But what he liked most was the Hoffmans' easy and affectionate goodness. He had seen a great many households where goodness was made a point, but it had been more obtrusive and awkward; often it was blunted into an insulting benevolence. The Hoffmans were unassertive, unpuritanic, and simple, like the natural and unsought goodness of the Golden Age.

As for Lulu, he had known almost from the first that he was in love with her. She treated him always with a bashful respect, as if he were years older than herself; and this might have hurt him, if she had not blushed whenever she found him looking at her, and whenever she blushed he felt hallowed. In her presence the young man's every nagging discomfort and worry vanished. When he was with her, he experienced a complete happiness; and he felt a deeper reverence for her than for anything else he had ever known. Her spirit was as fresh and beautiful as the azure depths of the sky. She lived to be happy and to give happiness, to delight the hearts of the people she loved. She was as incapable of giving pain as the sun would be of radiating coldness instead of warmth.

When Tom Elliot offered to take his brother with him to see Lulu Hoffman, it was not because he expected such a visit to be a social success, but because he would have liked to make every one bow down before her, and his brother seemed to him the least likely to bow.

Richard, however, was unexpectedly willing to call on the Hoffmans. He did not know

"He spent the greater part of the afternoon in talking with her."

that theirs was the house he had passed on Sunday, and the truth was that he saw plainly enough that his brother was in love, and he hoped to cast some cold water on an enthusiasm, presumably unworthy, by the effect of his own and the Hoffmans' contrasting presences. There certainly was a great contrast between his own and the Hoffmans' manners.

Mr. Hoffman showed him the garden, walking grandly and hospitably before him, and puffing his long pipe majestically; and Richard walked behind Mr. Hoffman, and talked with him much as one might walk and talk with a leper. His desire to get away was so keen that it must have pierced any vanity more superficial or more grudging than Mr. Hoffman's.

Inside the house Mrs. Hoffman, the Professor, Lulu, Otto, Maxie, and the rest all appeared to him as other lepers. He sat on his chair in a tentative way, and answered the Hoffmans' simple and genial remarks with "Indeed" and "Ah, I see," in a cautiously uncompromising manner and with studied inattention.

The Hoffmans thought he was quiet and shy. To understand that he wished to snub them on account of his superior social advantages would have been as impossible to them as it would have been to kittens or to angels.

This was the balm with which Tom quieted his spirit at those moments of the call when he most wished to throttle his brother. He went back to the Hoffmans' on the very same evening, and took Lulu for a long drive. This was rather surprising to Mr. Hoffman. It has been hinted that he was not embarrassed by modesty; and he had always received Tom rather as a visitor of his own than as a friend of Lulu's. He had supposed that Tom had some vaguely official connection with the Lutheran Sunday-school, and he had regarded his presence in the house much as he regarded the Professor's. He was slightly puzzled now, as he might have been if Tom had come with a horse and carriage to take Otto or Maxie out driving. Indeed, he could not have been more surprised if Tom had asked for the hand of Maxie than when he came to the city hall and asked if he might marry his daughter. She had admitted, Tom told him, that she loved him; and though he, Tom, was not worthy to unlatch her shoe-strings, he believed he could make her happy. He loved her as much as it was possible for one person to love another.

After Mr. Hoffman had recovered from his first shock of surprise, he took Tom to his large bosom and kissed him. He smiled paternally on Tom's hilarity at this last demonstration, and they parted on congenial terms at the office door.

Richard Elliot was even more startled at his brother's engagement than Mr. Hoffman had been; it had been so opposite an effect from that he had intended his visit to have.

THE JOY OF LIFE.

NEAR the Lake, at the eastern edge of the North Side, there is a small lagoon with a white stone curb, and a rounding, verdant bank planted with a young birch grove of feathery delicate foliage and white, streaked tree-trunks. A high bridge spans the lagoon, and joins its green western shore with the cement and cobbled esplanade that borders the lake.

Standing on the top of the bridge one may see, close beside, the lawns and grassy slopes of the park, and the stretching lines of white street wainscoted with dark buildings and fringed with the dusky hanging shade of green trees. Beyond, the city spreads in a buff and lavender distance of smoky chimneys and roof-tops.

On a cool, sunlit morning of early summer, a young German girl was standing on this bridge and looking out at the gay, various scene all green and white in the fresh air and the clear light of a fine day. Her face was lovely with blushing color and an expression of complete and gay good nature. She was about eighteen years old. She wore a leghorn hat trimmed with bright flowers, and an elaborate, hem-stitched shirt-waist; and she carried a straw work-basket. Lulu Elliot, not long ago Lulu Hoffman, was walking up from her flat near the city to spend the day at her father's house, and carrying in her basket some linen to hem-stitch, a coffee-cake loaf for her mother, some little German china animals for her brothers, and some songs to practice. She was in no hurry. She rested her basket on the bridge, and looked out over it. Without any conscious admiration, she was enjoying with a perfect and humble happiness the brilliant, luminous colors around her, the warm sun shining on her arms and shoulders, the blowing fragrance of the newly mown park, and the light lapping of the lake against the breakwater.

She was so absorbed that she did not for some time observe walking over the bridge another young woman, dressed with distinction and suitably in a walking-skirt and hat, and stepping along correctly, with chest expanded, treading on the ball of the foot. Margaret Alden was taking her morning walk for exercise and reflection, on the lake shore; and she was almost upon Lulu before she recognized in her an acquaintance, the sister-in-law of Richard Elliot, a writer, and the wife of his unworthy, easy-going brother, a sporting reporter.

"Lulu Elliot, not long ago Lulu Hoffman."

Lulu now too saw Miss Alden, and recognizing in her one of her very few acquaintances, she went toward her, saying, "How do you do? Isn't it lovely here? Are you going my way?"

When Miss Alden replied with some reserve that she was going north only as far as the end of the esplanade, Lulu picked up her basket and cordially started to accompany her. She had always lived in an atmosphere of unexacting affection and admiration, and never having in her whole life been consciously disliked by any one, she had now no idea but that Margaret Alden would be pleased with her presence. She naturally supposed that everybody liked her; she, for her part, liked everybody. She had absolutely no sense of disapproval and no idea that she was ever disapproved of.

Margaret Alden, on the other hand, had more sense of disapproval than of anything else, and now she disapproved of her companion for loitering on a public bridge, for her dress, her basket, her evident ignorance, and her gay, expansive smile. Beyond inquiring after Richard Elliot and his brother, and remarking, as she observed the city, that the smoke nuisance was worse every time she came on from Portsmouth, she said as little as possible while they walked on together. She was relieved when, within a few minutes, Lulu turned off to go west and she was left to walk alone.

On the occasion of his next visit, she mentioned to Richard Elliot that she had met his sister-in-law on the lake shore.

"Yes," he said. He continued, ruminatively, "*You met my sister-in-law*," as though there had been something of uncommon significance in this.

While Margaret Alden was trying to understand him, he pursued, "My sister-in-law represents a large class of women. I wonder what that meeting meant to her—I wonder."

"I could not have said," replied Miss Alden. "She—you will take my question well, I know—is she a woman who thinks much?"

"No," said Richard Elliot, confidently.

"But why?"

"Why? Partly temperament, partly environment." This seemed to cover all possible ground.

"Past environment, perhaps," said Margaret Alden. "But what of the present? I have seen very little of your brother. I know he is not like you. But has he *no* intellectual interests?"

"My brother," said Richard Elliot, dropping his glance a little, "is not a thinker."

Margaret Alden looked slightly pained; then she said, with sympathetic pity: "But people who don't think—how much pleasure—how much joy in life they must miss."

"One of the saddest things in life is the people who don't think."

"How true that is," murmured Margaret Alden. "Do you know what a wonderful thing that was you said then?"

Richard Elliot tried not to look as though he thoroughly agreed with her, and continued: "And those people who don't think are the very ones hardest to reach and to stimulate. What can we do for them? Talk a little to them, perhaps—write a little for them—that is all."

"Yes, but that is a great deal. Every one cannot write a little," she suggested delicately.

Again Richard Elliot tried not to look as though he thoroughly agreed with her. "But they are problems," he continued. "My sister, now—what could reach her? What could make her wish to think?" Lulu had really never occurred to him as a problem before; but as he was having great fun talking in this line, he went on: "I wonder if your meeting was at all stimulating to her? It would be so interesting to know."

"I could hardly tell," said Margaret Alden. "I should like to see her again."

"Perhaps you will," said Richard Elliot a little lamely. The truth was that it was growing rather hard for him to think up, on the spur of the moment, oracular reflections on Lulu as a problem.

"I will go to see her," said Margaret Alden beautifully. "If I can be stimulating to her, I will. As you say, it is all one can do for people who don't think—talk a little to them, at least, if we cannot write a little for them. I will go to her."

"This is like you," said Richard Elliot. Both for the moment felt uncommonly noble. They had certainly spent an evening delightful to both.

"She had shown her pictures of all the family."

It was in consequence of her enjoyed dialogue with Richard Elliot that Margaret Alden rang the bell of Tom Elliot's first-floor flat on Dearborn Avenue one morning. As she stepped into the vestibule she heard Lulu's voice, practising in the parlor:

Crystal water every day
I may drink upon my way,
Fresh as dews of star-eyed Spring,
Cool as airs the light winds bring—
Child of Dust though I may be,
Here is joy, is meant for me.

Lulu came to the door, slightly flushed with the interest of her practising, and admitted Margaret Alden. Although a little surprised, she was pleased to see Margaret. She knew there was no very urgent reason for her coming; she felt the occasion a rather special one, and she began to devise entertainment for her guest. After she had shown her pictures of all the family and her own wedding photographs, and had talked a little with her on such indifferent topics as the weather and the street-car service, she asked Miss Alden whether she played and if

she were not fond of music. When Margaret said she was, Lulu instantly offered to play and to sing for her. "What kind of music do you like best?"

"I enjoy any classic music," said Margaret, in the hope of being stimulating.

This gave, at least, a wide choice, and Lulu played one of the "Songs without Words."

Margaret was not really fond of music; she even slightly disapproved of it, except for the most cultured people. Further, she had not come to hear Lulu play or sing, nor for social enjoyment of any kind, but to be stimulating; and she now sat rather at a loss.

After Lulu had finished playing, she said she would sing. She was really proud of her singing. She had a good voice, a contralto, strong and sweet, and she loved singing. At home her family had always enjoyed hearing her; and after her marriage, Tom so liked her music that she worked over it even more than she had before. She began now the accompaniment of what she had been practising when Margaret came in. It was a favorite of Tom's, less for itself than because he considered it exactly suited to Lulu, and really, in some sort, like her. Besides, while she read all her music with intelligence, this song she sang with an especial understanding and beauty:

Every day fresh bread and meat
Gladly, thankfully, I eat;
Juicy roast, and crumb and crust
Given me, a Child of Dust—
Child of Dust though I may be,
Here is joy, is meant for me.

Crystal water every day
I may drink upon my way,
Fresh as dews of star-eyed Spring,
Cool as airs the light winds bring—
Child of Dust though I may be,
Here is joy, is meant for me.

Every night the arms of sleep
Take me to a refuge deep,
Some far off and silent place
In the utmost caves of space—
Child of Dust though I may be,
Here is joy, is meant for me.

Though I still must strive and cry
For some lot more fine than I,
Some far crown of mist or gold,
Here are gifts of kindly mold,
Gifts to take on bended knee—
Joy I know is meant for me.

Lulu finished with the last chords of the accompaniment. She could not have sung anything different immediately afterward; and she now sat down by the window, looking almost affectionately at Margaret, she felt so happy herself, so admiring of the whole world. She knew that she had sung well, and she thought, with innocent vanity, that Margaret must be having a lovely morning listening to the music, though she was so very quiet.

Margaret, meanwhile, tried to think of something stimulating to say. Finally she observed: "What are you reading now?"

"Why, nothing just now."

"You don't read very much, do you? Mr. Elliot doesn't care much for reading, his brother says; so perhaps that accounts for it."

"Tom? Why, he loves to read! My father says he is a perfect bookworm. Tom is a literary man himself, you know. Didn't you know that? Oh, yes, he enjoys reading. Why, we laugh so sometimes over 'Fliegende Blätter,' we almost cry. Do you take it?"

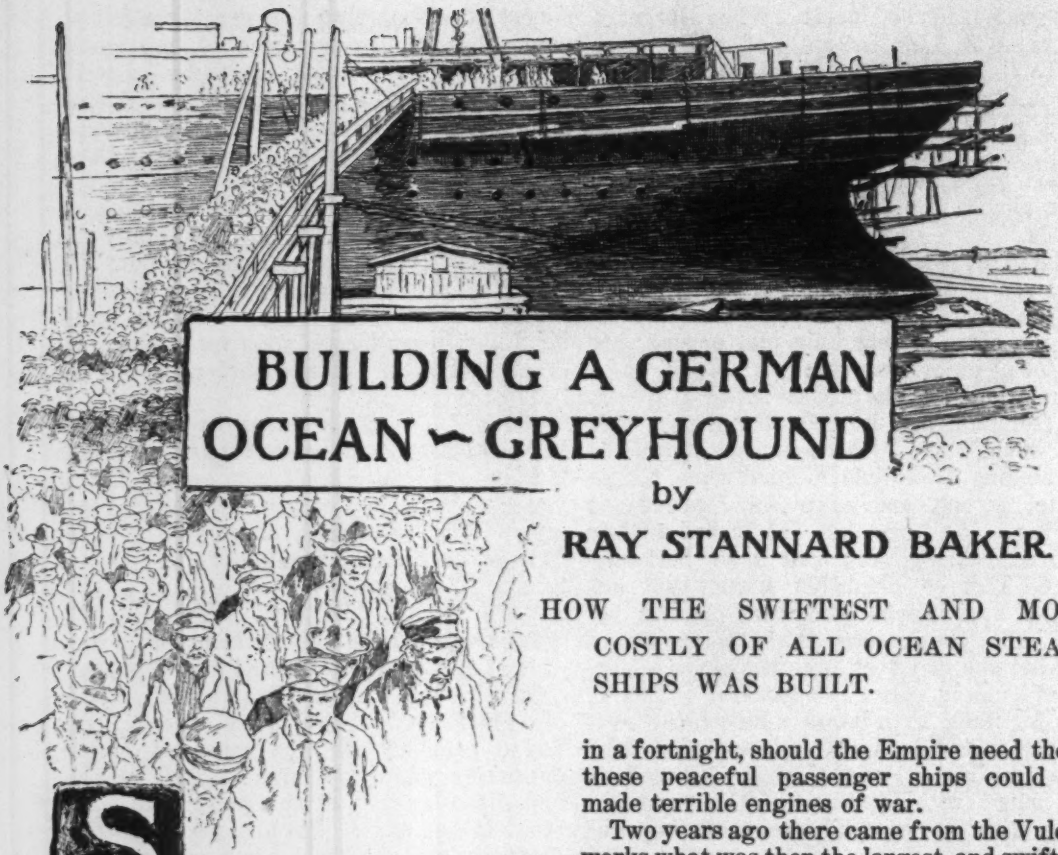
"No."

Lulu would have liked to bring out a copy of "Fliegende Blätter" and show Margaret a favorite jest of hers, a series of pictures of a Dachshund turning into a sausage. She had a peculiar Teutonic sense of humor, consisting mainly in high spirits, and she had often laughed at this picture till tears stood in her eyes. But she perceived from Margaret's tone that her guest found nothing in "Fliegende Blätter," so she merely said, with sympathetic intent, "Many people do not care at all for reading. I myself am not so fond of it as Tom. Why, he has several books he has read twice—'The Woman in White' even three times."

Margaret tried harder than ever to think of something stimulating to say, and being quite unsuccessful, she now rose, observing that it was growing late and she must go.

"Must you? Well, I am glad you came. I will go over to see you soon."

"Thank you," said Margaret; and she went out of the room, considering the truth of Richard Elliot's saying, that the people who don't think are the very ones hardest to reach and to stimulate. When she reached the corner, Lulu had already gone back to her singing. She pushed up the window a little farther, looking out at the lucent air and the lovely day, and watched Margaret Alden walking down the green and white sunny street. She wished Margaret could have stayed a little longer, but, after all, now she would have all the more time for practising on her song.



BUILDING A GERMAN OCEAN-GREYHOUND

by

RAY STANNARD BAKER

HOW THE SWIFTEST AND MOST COSTLY OF ALL OCEAN STEAMSHIPS WAS BUILT.

STETTIN, Germany, is famous for the greatest shipyards on the European Continent. One visiting the Vulcan works in April of this year might have seen nine huge vessels in course of construction, seven yet on the ways, and two in the water. Of the nine ships, seven were for German companies—one of them a ship of the line for the German navy. The other two were a cruiser for Russia, and the "Yakuma," then just completed, for Japan. Of the German liners, two will be the greatest ships in the world, with a single exception, and will both have a greater speed than any other merchant ship. These splendid vessels, although intended for the Atlantic passenger service, to be fitted with a degree of luxuriousness hitherto unapproached, are all built under the requirements of the German navy. On the deck there are beds for the mounting of great guns, the rudder and screws are especially protected from the possible harm of shots, and apparatus is provided for steering below decks in case the upper works are carried away. Guns are ready at Hamburg or at Kiel, the crews are already organized; and in a fortnight, should the Empire need them, these peaceful passenger ships could be made terrible engines of war.

Two years ago there came from the Vulcan works what was then the largest and swiftest of all ocean steamships, the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse." Prophets of evil predestined these ships to failure. In vain. The great success of the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" did more than any other one thing, perhaps, to establish the world fame of the German shipbuilder. Hardly had she been well tested when a still greater and still swifter ship was planned—the "Deutschland," recently in commission. The "Deutschland" is not so long nor quite so broad as the "Oceanic," so recently from the yards of the Irish builders at Belfast, but she will be next to her in size, and much swifter.

On the ways of the Vulcan works there is a long brown spine of steel, knobbed with rivets and almost ready for the ribs. It is the keel of an unnamed ship which will be as large as the "Deutschland," and another is being planned to surpass the "Oceanic." A few years ago builders said confidently that the limit of size had been reached; now there is none who would venture to name a limit.

The time has come in shipbuilding when the addition of half a knot of speed is an epoch. The builder is so hemmed in and set about with problems that the half knots beyond

twenty-two—and there are only a few twenty-two-knot merchant ships—mean a vast outlay of money, time, and skill. And yet these fractional knots are paying investments. A vessel that steams, say, 565 miles a day, while her nearest rival makes only 502 miles, will arrive in New York from Cherbourg nearly a full day ahead—and a day in the life of a man whose minutes are counted in hundreds of dollars is not to be despised.

It is probable that if a great steamship company should order a 750-foot ship, to make thirty knots an hour, the builders would take the contract—eagerly, too. But it would be in a spirit of solemnity. The steamship companies are not ready, however, to go forward so rapidly as that; the money involved is too great. Yet in the "Deutschland" they have built a vessel 686½ feet long, sixty-seven feet broad, and forty-four feet deep, with a contract speed averaging at least twenty-two knots (about twenty-six miles) an hour during the entire voyage, and with a probability of twenty-three knots or more an hour. In order to force such an enormous mass of steel, machinery, and coal through the water, the builders must of necessity construct engines such as no other ship ever had—indeed, the greatest engines in the world, either on land or on sea. It requires a 33,000 horse-power to drive the "Deutschland."

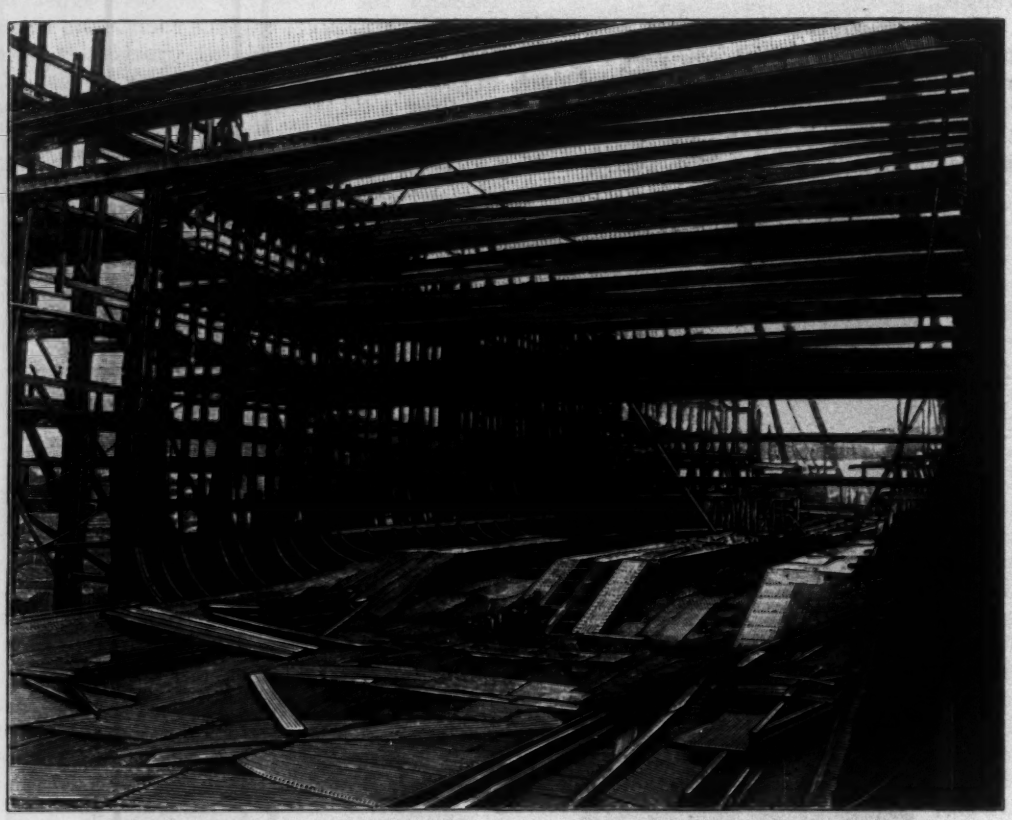
The greatest German warship, the "Kaiser

IN ONE OF THE VULCAN SHOPS.

Here the steel ribs of the vessel are bent into shape. A sixty-foot bar of metal is dragged white-hot from the furnaces, crowded against the pegs that plot its curve on the iron floor, and in two minutes is made ready for service.

Friedrich III.," has only 18,000 horse-power; the "Oceanic," the greatest of ships in size, has only 27,000 horse-power; the "Campania" has 30,000 horse-power. It was therefore unknown ground that the Vulcan builders covered when they undertook to build the world's greatest engines. But there was no uncertainty about it. Indeed, in shipbuilding almost everything depends on experience. The builders knew to almost the last detail just what was necessary to the construction and operation of such enormous machinery: the strength of every bit of metal; the sizes of the parts that would give the greatest efficiency, and yet occupy the smallest space; the proper location in the ship of the vast weights of the boilers, the coal bunkers, and so on—all of these facts had been established by years of experience with smaller craft. It required the continuous work for six months of over a score of draughtsmen to make the plans, to say nothing of the greater work of the men in whose brains the beautiful lines of the ship were first traced, and who had planned the engines and solved to a nicety those wonderful problems of strains and of vibration and balance, a single mistake in which might have ruined the entire creation.

As in other branches of art, the shipbuilder must work within certain circumscribed limits. For instance, if he could make his vessel of any depth, he might build much larger, and there would be practically no limit to his speed—forty knots would be almost as easy as twenty-three. But he must construct his ship so that it will float into the harbors at New York and Liverpool and Hamburg, where the channels are hardly beyond thirty feet in depth. At the same time, if he would have her make a high speed, he must fit her with enormous engines; and yet if his engines are too large, his vessel will not carry enough coal to get her across the Atlantic and leave any room for passengers. If he increases breadth to make her carry a larger load—in other words, if he makes her "tubby"—he cannot



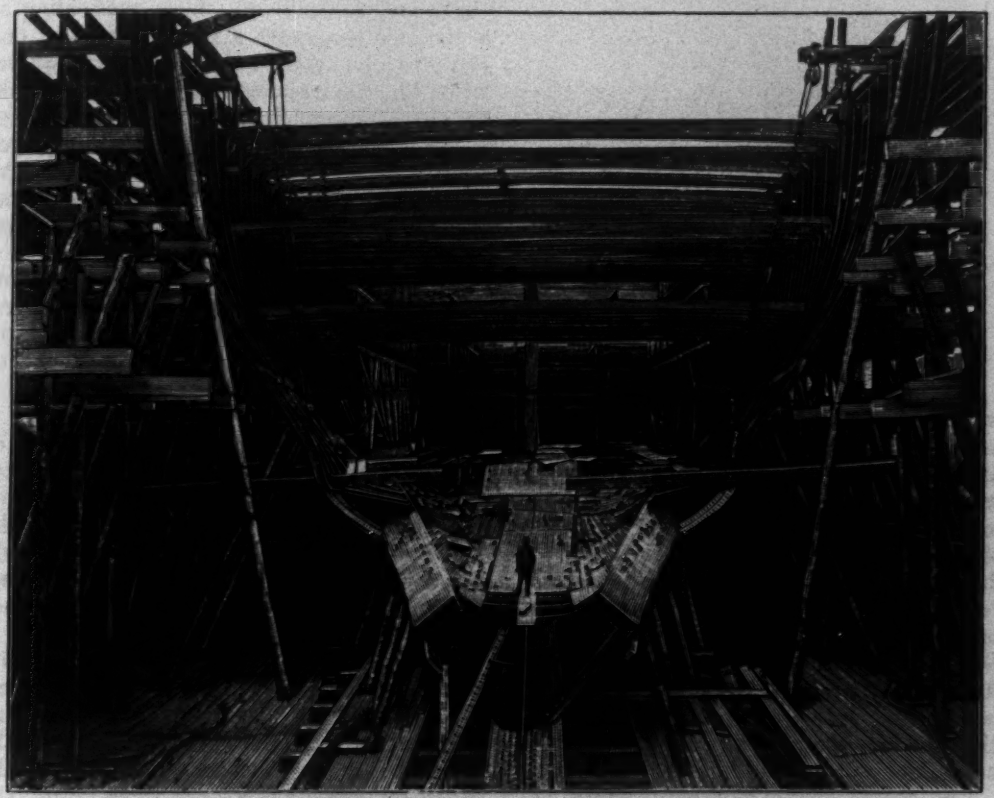
THE SKELETON OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

This picture gives some conception of the enormous capacity of the "Deutschland"; she has a displacement of 23,300 tons, and will provide accommodations for 1,750 passengers and a crew of 550.

drive her through the water at the required speed. On the other hand, if he makes her too long in proportion to her breadth and depth, she will break her back with the enormous weights which she carries and the thrust of her machinery.

These are only a few of the difficulties with which the builder must wrestle, but they will serve to indicate faintly the delicacy and intricacy of the art—the necessity of striking just the proper proportions of depth, length, breadth, weight, so that the vessel will derive the greatest possible speed from the work of her engines.

After these problems of size and proportions are settled, there is the further difficulty of the balancing of the great ship. Here are engines and boilers weighing thousands of tons; here are bunkers which must be loaded with other thousands of tons of coal; here are hundreds of tons of other machinery, water-tanks, cargo, and so on. They must all so be arranged in the long, narrow shell of the ship that she lists neither to right nor to left, and so that throughout her whole 700 feet of length, more or less, she never sinks more than a few feet deeper at one end than at the other. Then there is the problem of preventing the vibration of the propellers as nearly as may be from shaking the ship; of ventilation, and of providing strong draughts of air to the furnaces forty or fifty feet below the upper deck. Then there are other handicaps. The marine insurance companies—the Lloyds—must be placated to the last degree, for their men are on hand to watch every step in the building of the ship. She must conform, for instance, to the hundred and one rules of safety—her forward ribs must be especially strong to resist ice or collision; she must have so many pumps, so much fire-fighting apparatus, so many water-tight compartments, and so on, else insurance cannot be obtained for her. Next, there are two governments to step in and make further regulations which must be obeyed. Few people realize with what jealousy a government



THE "DEUTSCHLAND" SIX MONTHS AFTER HER KEEL WAS LAID.

Showing the keel, ribs, the second, or "false," bottom, and the girders which are to support the decks. On the right and left is the scaffolding, or cradle, erected before the frame, within which the frame is built.

A TYPE OF GERMAN WORKMAN.

Drawn from life.

watches its shipbuilders to see that proper accommodations are made for passengers and crews, and that the vessel is provided with safety appliances. The laws of Germany on this subject fill a small book, and the regulations are iron-clad, even to minute details. These provide for safety and comfort of passengers and for the possible use of the vessel as a warship. When all the German regulations are complied with, the American laws go still further, and demand hand fire-pumps, and a drifting anchor so that the ship may be steered if she loses her propellers and her rudder.

The casual visitor at a great shipbuilding establishment is rarely aware of the importance of this preliminary work in which the genius of the supreme craftsman has its keenest expression. He sees a few absorbed men in a loft, bending over desks and drawing-tables or making computations. They are not particularly impressive, especially when his eyes still see green from the light of great forges and his ears still ring with the thunder of sledges. And yet it is here that the ship is first built—finished to the last rivet in plan and blue print before the first block of the bed is laid in place. A score of men, directed by the brains of the master engineers and designers, have created a ship in six months which will require the labor of 1,500 men for nearly two years to body forth in steel.

The River Oder at Bredow is only a narrow stream without tides or perceptible current. When we saw it first, the water was a murky brown, blotched with bits of rotten ice. Where the Vulcan works spread along its shore, the bank rises at a gentle slope, and here stands the scaffolding for seven ships. So narrow is the river that three of these cradles have been placed at a sharp angle to the water in order that when the greatest ships are launched they may not crush into the opposite bank. A ship's scaffolding at a distance resembles a gigantic basket, one end of which rests in the edge of the water, while the other reaches high up on the bank. On nearer approach the sides of this basket resolve themselves into an intricate maze of timbers of enormous proportions. Here the ship is born. The interior of the basket has been cunningly fashioned by the artificer until it follows the lines of the future vessel—a sort of huge wooden mold. At the bottom runs a long, low ridge of stout timbers, called the bed, sloping down to the water edge. This is to support the backbone or keel of the ship.

In one of the cradles the keel pieces of a new warship had just been laid. A crew of riveters were at work fastening the vertical keel pieces to the horizontal keel. Imagine a machine as tall as a man and having the shape of your thumb and finger when fashioned in the form of a C. A boy at a hand forge throws a bursting red rivet. Another workman seizes it with tongs and drops it into a hole in the ship's spine. There is a shout and a quick signal; the giant thumb and finger of the machine close in and come deliberately together, one at each end of the rivet. There is no sound; but when the machine opens again and draws away, the lower end of that rod of iron, as thick as a man's two thumbs, has been crushed like so much putty into a rounded head. This rivet shrinks in cooling, and draws the beams of steel together until they are like one solid piece. And that is the daily work of the pneumatic riveting machine.

The ribs of the ship come from the mills in long, straight, L-shaped beams which must be bent to the delicate curves of the ship's body. A wide iron floor, full of equidistant holes; a furnace sixty-five feet long—of a length great enough to hold and heat the ship's longest rib; a force of workmen waiting for the furnace door to open—that is where the ribs are shaped. The master workman has pegged out the curve of a rib by fitting iron pins in the holes of the floor.

When the signal is given, the furnace door bursts open, emitting a blinding glare of light and fervid heat. A single dark figure, black against the glow, grapples with huge pincers in the furnace mouth; the workmen, hammers, driving other pegs, straining at levers, and smiting again. Once the steel wrinkled in bending like a blotting pad, as if reluctant to submit. In two minutes' time a simple L of iron had become a ship's rib,

SHIPPING THE RUDDER.

The size of it and of the propellers may be realized by comparison with the workmen who are fixing it in its place.

but a moment before standing inert and lax of muscle, now bend their shoulders to a hawser, and the bar of metal, so hot that its edges bear no definite outline, is dragged forth. With infinite deftness and fearlessness, with swiftness and yet without hurry, this flaming bar is crowded against the pegs of the curve, the workmen smiting it with curving in the shape of the hull, and ready, except for rivet holes, for service.

In ways just as fascinating the steel plates which are to form the skin of the ship are fashioned. Here is a pair of enormous rollers of steel, like the rollers of a laundress's wringer. Between them a plate of steel as large as two dining-tables is fed, leaving

part of it sticking straight out. Just at the proper moment a third roller rises from below, pushed upward by the resistless force of hydraulic pressure. When it reaches the plate, we start back, expecting to see the cold steel snap like glass; but, instead, it bends upward as easily as though it were pasteboard, until it is almost L-shaped. Then the noiseless but mighty roller that has done the work slips back again.

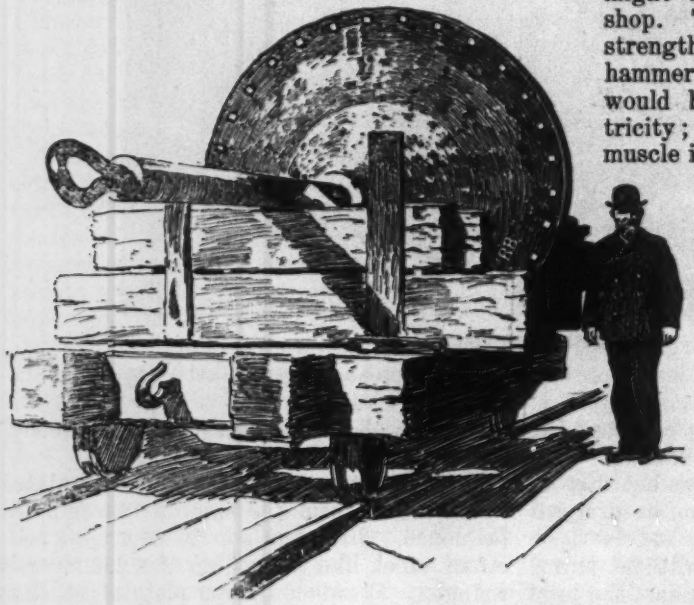
Around the head of each cradle at the Vulcan yards there is a cluster of machines covered with umbrella-like canopies of corrugated iron. There are thick, saw-like shears that trim the steel plates, three-quarters of an inch thick, as a little girl would snip the corners of a bit of calico cloth. Other machines there are that bore endless numbers of rivet holes in beams, girders, and plates; others countersink these holes; still others level off the edges of the plates, and then a huge crane lifts them over into the scaffolding, dangles them, though they weigh ten tons each, just where they are to be placed, and the workmen fit and fasten them in.

One year from the time that the keel of the "Deutschland" was laid, her hull was finished. It loomed huge and brown through the scaffolding which still protected and supported it, and it was ready to take the sea. In January, 1900, the Emperor came up from Berlin with a brilliant guard of officers. Count von Bülow pulled the silken cord, champagne was spattered on the great ship's stern, and she shot forward into the water. This shell of steel weighed upward of 9,200 tons, and had cost all of a million and a quarter of dollars. There were yet to be added the engines and the fittings, which would bring her total weight to over 16,500 tons, and her total cost to over $3,000,000.

In a great shipyard one tool stands supreme in importance over all others. It goes by the highly expressive title of "shear-legs," a kind of crane. From the top hangs heavy chain tackle which will lift a hundred tons—200,000 pounds—as easily as a boy would pick up a penny. And this is the way all of the heavy interior fittings—the engines, pumps, boilers, stacks, masts, and so on—are placed in the ship.

With Captain Albers, to whom fell the honor of taking the "Deutschland" on her first voyage, we went up the broad plank gangway which led from the river bank to the promenade deck of the vessel. Fifteen hundred men were there at work on her, hammering, sawing, planing, fitting, and yet so huge was she that the force seemed small, and there were areas where not a man was to be seen.

These men of the Vulcan works possess their own peculiar interest to the American visitor. They are not quite so foreign as he expects; he sees the strong cousinship of sweat and grime and strength. But for a little more, perhaps, of stoop and stolidity, a little more of patience in their faces, these might be the men of an American shop. There is work done here by strength of shoulder, heaving and hammering and lifting, that in America would be done by steam or electricity; and yet as long as human muscle is cheaper than steam, so long will it be employed. In dress, the German workmen strongly resemble the American, except in their shoes, many of which are heelless, with their wooden soles, the clacking of which on cobble pavement and iron flooring gives a distinctive and unaccustomed sound to the works. There is also the unfamiliar German blue blouse, falling from a yoke at the shoulders and hanging loose around the waist, which some of the workmen wear. The



ONE OF THE PISTON HEADS OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

German works longer hours and earns much less money than the American; but while food commodities are higher for the most part in Germany than in the United States, he lives much more cheaply than the American because he is willing to live on poorer fare and in homelier quarters. He does not, as a rule, save money, for he must have his beer and his lottery ticket; but he pays regularly to the *Sterbekasse* (death-cashier), so that he may be buried decently when he dies. And yet he is industrious, skillful, painstaking, and even duly ambitious.

One is impressed with the comfort which the German workman gets from his meals; indeed, he seems to be eating all the time. Before he leaves home in the morning he has black coffee and rye bread. At eight o'clock he stops work for a few minutes for more black coffee and a few thick slices of rye bread with sausage or cheese. And then comes the long nooning of an hour and a half. That is a sight to dwell upon—when the thousands of workmen pour from the Vulcan yards at noon. For fifteen minutes before the whistle sounds, plump and comely women in short skirts, boys and girls and old men, have been gathering with baskets and bottles; and at the striking of the hour they all rush forward into the yards and are swallowed up in the outward current of men. A little later the men may be seen sitting along the sunny sides of neighboring buildings, each with a woman beside him, eating his rye bread, in silence for the most part, and yet with contentment. Again at four o'clock in the afternoon the whistle blows, and the men set their little blue pots in the edge of the forges and bring out a thick slice of bread covered with lard. This pause of fifteen minutes is called *vespers;* and the sudden lull of the clangor of the great works, the quiet, and the comfort of the men sitting thus at the close of the day, recall our own meaning of the word *vespers*. At night, after reaching home, there is a fifth meal of coffee, smoked fish, rye bread, and possibly a bit of cheese; and after that, if there are *pfennigs* left, beer. It is eleven hours or more of work, and after that the deadness of sleep; then work again, for there are always many mouths to feed in a German family.

CAPTAIN ALBERS OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."
Drawn from life by George Varian, April, 1900.

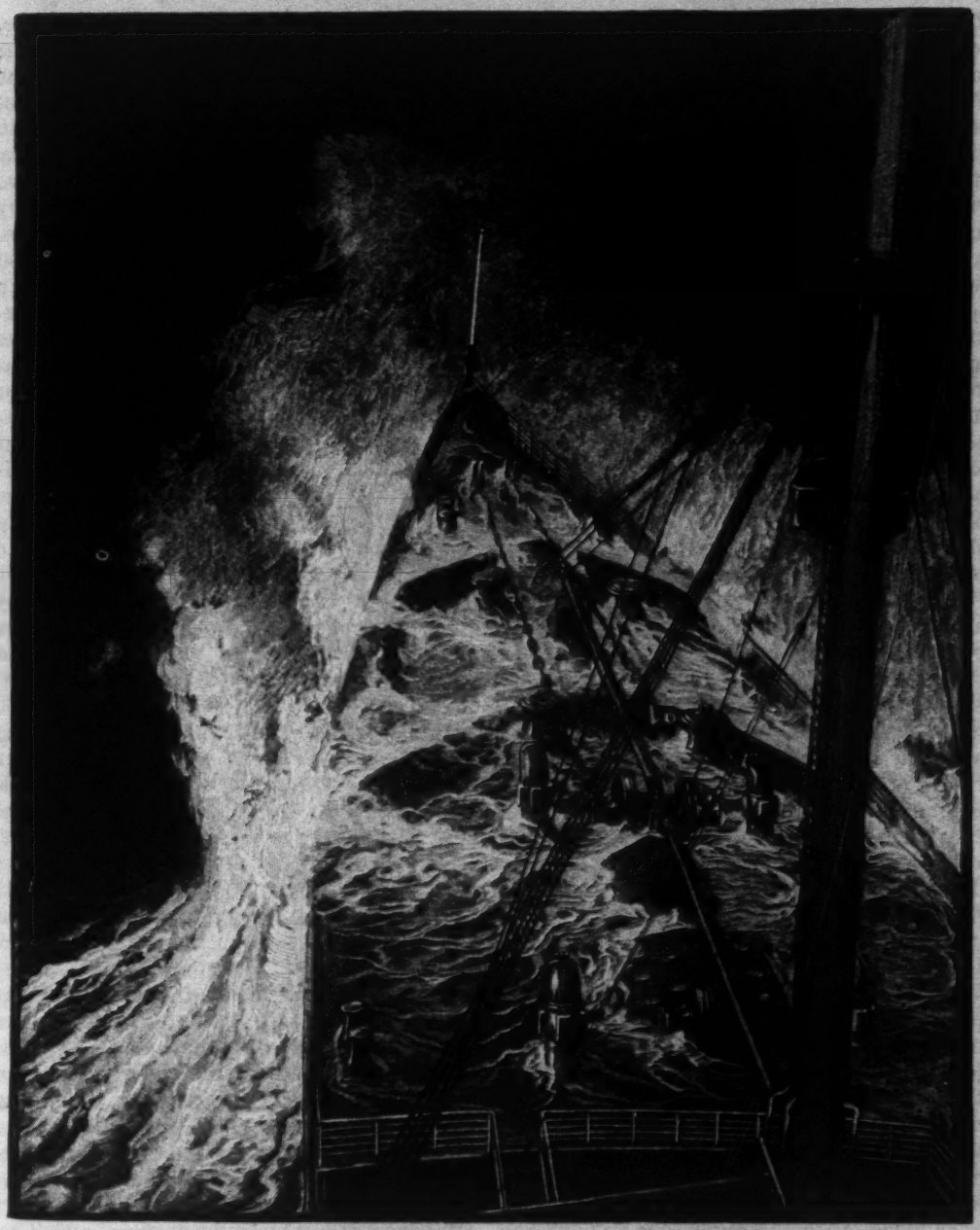
The space over the "Deutschland's" engines still gaped wide open at the time of our first visit, suggesting from the upper deck an enormous grimy pit. The cylinders for the main engines were still open at the top, the largest being nearly nine feet in diameter, with a weight of forty-five tons, larger than the funnels of many a large steamer. Having gone down three stories of decks, we descended a ladder fully sixty feet long into the depths of the vessel. One may read indefinitely the cold figures relating to the size of the engines and boilers in an ocean steamer, and still he will not realize their greatness. But let him get down, pigmy-like, among the machinery itself, and look up into one of the great twin engines, and he will receive an impression of size and power such as he will never forget, especially if he visits this greatest of all engines. There are 128 cylinders in the engines, and the ship has nearly a third of a mile of railroad track for carrying her coal from the bunkers to the furnaces.

It was interesting to hear Captain Albers explain how the great ship was balanced—the engine just aft of amidship, boilers forward, fresh water in great tanks on each

STOKE-HOLE OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

In the foreground is shown the railway used for carrying coal from the bunkers to the furnaces.

side just balancing each other, coal in the bunkers around the boilers, so that in case of war the enemy's shot could not pierce to the ship's vitals—and how water could be let in from the sea to this or that compartment to balance the coal burned away. This was all interesting, but we felt more deeply impressed by the strange, cold, dark, resounding hole in the extreme stern and at the bottom of the great ship, which we reached through a door in a steel wall. Here in silence, and almost without human attention, works the mighty rudder arm of the ship. It travels in a cogged quadrant, and it is so big that the engine which runs it is perched on top of it, and rides back and forth as the rudder answers the touch of the steersman's finger on the bridge, a fifth of a mile away.



THE BOW OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

As seen from the bridge on her trial trip.

The "Deutschland" may be said to be twenty-one ships in one. In passing up the vessel from stern to stem, we crept through numerous gangways of steel, the doors of which could be instantly closed, and so screwed on rubber battens as to be impervious to both water and air. In case of an accident at sea, two men spring instantly to each of these doors and close them fast; and the ship, a moment before a single great apartment, becomes twenty-one separate rooms, having no connection below decks. If one, or two, or even five of these compartments fill with water, the ship will still float with the buoyancy of those remaining. And each compartment has its own pumps and its own means of escape for passengers, so that even though there is a yawning hole in the

ship's bottom, she may yet sail safely into port. The "Deutschland" also has two bottoms. The real bottom of the ship lies from four to eight feet beneath the false bottom; both are almost equally strong, so that if a hidden reef bursts through the outer plates, there will still remain a firm, dry inner bottom to keep out the water. This wide space—it might be called the sub-basement of the vessel—has also its own separate compartments into which water can be let at will to balance the ship if she does not ride evenly.

After the ship's engines and boilers, perhaps the most impressive pieces of mechanism are the shafts, which reach from the engine out through the stern of the vessel, where they drive the propellers. In many respects, also, these shafts are the most difficult of any part of the ship to produce. They are made of a special, high-priced nickel steel. Each of them is 215 feet long—longer than many good-sized ships, and twice as large around as a man's body. They must needs have strength to drive such a weight of steel through the water at such a speed. Each bears on its tip end outside the ship a screw propeller of manganese bronze, each blade of which weighs four and one-half tons. They are the work of that great German, Herr Krupp of Essen, and they represent the acme of the art of steel-making. Upon its arrival from the mills, the shaft is in five parts, and it looks rough and coarse. But the workmen at the Vulcan fit the pieces one by one into an enormous lathe, and plane them down as a cabinet-maker would turn the leg of a chair. We saw such a lathe at work, and picked up fine shavings of nickel steel, curled and strong as a clock spring.

Such a vessel as the "Deutschland" would have been an impossibility a few years ago, not only for mechanical reasons, but because she could not have been made to pay. The "Deutschland" carries no freight and almost no express. She is wholly a passenger and mail steamer; and she is now a possibility because people are richer, and every year more of them travel back and forth between Europe and America. And to make such a speed as that indicated for the "Deutschland" means that so much room is required by the power-producing machinery and coal that there really is not any space for a large cargo. But for her purpose—that of carrying 1750 passengers across the Atlantic in the least possible space of time and with the greatest luxury—the "Deutschland" is the perfection of the shipbuilder's art.

THE WORKMAN'S DINNER-TIME.

"With a woman beside him, eating his rye bread, in silence for the most part, and yet with contentment."

Some few facts about the new ship may help to a realization of what a great modern ocean liner really is, and how absolutely complete she must be made in every particular. The "Deutschland," for instance, has a complete refrigerating plant, four hospitals, a safety deposit vault for the immense quantities of gold and silver which pass between the banks of Europe and America, light kitchens, a complete post-office with German and American clerks, thirty electrical motors, thirty-six pumps, most of them of American and English make, no fewer than seventy-two steam engines, a complete drug store, a complete fire department, with pumps, hose, and other fire-fighting machinery, a library, 2,600 electric lights, two barber shops, room for an orchestra and brass band, a telegraph system, a telephone system, a complete printing establishment, a photographic dark-room, a cigar store, an electric fire-alarm system, and a special re-

frigerator for flowers. And she is one of the two great foreign liners having four funnels; the other is the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse." That is the way that these two leviathans may be known from all other ships. She also has the usual two masts. They look stubby enough when mounted on her vast bulk, and yet they are so tall that the "Deutschland" could not get under the Brooklyn Bridge at New York, and so large around that while they are building, a man lies inside of them driving rivets.

When we last saw the "Deutschland," great dabs of red and white chalk marks covered her steel sides from stem to stern. Some German workman, with feeling for the monster on whom he had so long been toiling, had scrawled in big letters, "Gluck auf"—"Good luck!"

HOW McGRATH GOT AN ENGINE.

By Frank H. Spearman,

Author of "The Nerve of Foley," "The Million-Dollar Freight Train," and Other Stories.

THE WIPER'S FLYING TRIP ON EXTRA No. 240.

THIS came about through there being whiskers on the rails. It may not be generally understood that whiskers grow on steel rails; but, curious as it seems, they do. Moreover, on steel rails they are dangerous; and, at times, exceedingly dangerous.

Do not infer that all steel rails grow whiskers; nor is it, as one might suppose, only the old rails that sport them. The youngest rail on the curve may boast as stout a beard as the oldest rail on the tangent, and one just as gray. They flourish, too, in spite of orders; for while whiskers are permitted on engineers and tolerated on conductors, they are never encouraged on rails. Nature, however, provides the whiskers, regardless of discipline, and, what is more, shaves them herself.

Their culture depends on conditions. Some months grow better whiskers than others: September is famous for whiskers, while July grows none at all. Whiskers will grow on steel rails in the air of a single night; but not every night air will produce whiskers. It takes a high, frosty air, one that stays out late, to make whiskers. Take, for example, the night air of the Black Hills; it is known everywhere among steel rails as a beard tonic. The day's moisture, falling as the sun drops beyond the hills, is drawn into feathery, jeweled crystals of frost on the chilly steel, as a glass of ice-water beads in summer shade; and these dewy stalagmites rise in a dainty profusion, until when day peeps into the cañons the track looks like a pair of long white streamers winding up and down the levels. But beware that track. It is a very dangerous track, and its possibilities lie where Samson's lay—in the whiskers.

So it lies in early morning, as pretty a death-trap as any flower that ever lured a fly; only this pitfall waits for engines and trains and men—and sometimes, too, gets them.

It waits there on the mountain grades, in an ambush really deadly for an unwary train, until the sun, which is particularly lazy in the fall, peeping over into the cuts, smiles, at length, on the bearded steel as if it were too funny, and the whiskers vanish into thin air.

A smooth-faced rail presents no especial dangers; and if trainmen in the Hills had their way, they would never turn a wheel until the sun had done barbering. But dispatchers not having to do with them take no account of whiskers. They make only the schedules, and the whiskers make the trouble. To lessen their dangers, engineers always start, up hill or down, with a tankful of sand, and they sand the whiskers. It is rough barbering, but it helps the driver-tires grit a bit into the face of the rail, and in that way hang on. In this emergency a tankful of sand is better than all the air Westinghouse ever stored.

Aloysius McGrath was a little sweeper; but he was an aspiring one, for even a sweeper may aspire, and in point of fact most of them do aspire. Aloysius worked in the round-house at the head of the Wind River pass on the West End Mountains. It

is an amazingly rough country; and as for grades, it takes your breath merely to look down the levels. Three per cent., four per cent., five per cent.—it is really frightful! But Aloysius was used to heavy falls; he had begun working for the company as a sweeper under Johnnie Horigan, and no engineer would have thought of running a grade to compare with Johnnie's headers.

Horigan was the first boss Aloysius ever had. Now Aloysius, if caught just right, is a very pretty name, but Johnnie Horigan could make nothing whatever of it, so he called Aloysius Cooney, as he said, for short—Cooney McGrath—and, by the way, if you will call that McGraw, we shall be started right. As for Horigan, he may be called anything; at least it is certain that on the West End he has been called everything.

Johnnie was ordinarily boss sweeper. He had suffered numerous promotions—several times to wiper, and once to hostler; but his tendency to celebrate these occasions usually cost him his job, and he reverted to sweeping. If he had not been such an inoffensive, sawed-off little old nubbin he wouldn't have been tolerated on the pay rolls; but he had been with the company so long and discharged so often that foremen grew tired of trying to get rid of him, and, in spite of his very irregular habits, he was hanging on somewhere all the time.

When Johnnie was gone, using the word in at least two senses, Aloysius Cooney McGrath became, *ipso facto*, boss sweeper. It happened first one Sunday morning, just after pay day, when Johnnie applied to the foreman for permission to go to church. Permission was granted, and Johnnie started for church; but it is doubtful whether he ever found it. At all events, he turned up again at the round-house at the end of three weeks, considerably the worse for his attempt to locate the house of prayer—which he had tried to find only after he had been kicked out of every other place in town.

Aloysius had improved the interval by sweeping the round-house as it never had been swept before; and when Johnnie Horigan returned, morally disfigured, Aloysius McGrath was already promoted to be wiper over his old superior. Johnnie was in no wise envious. His only move was to turn the misfortune to account for an ulterior purpose, and he congratulated the boy, affecting that he had stayed away to let them see what stuff the young fellow was made of. This put him in a position to negotiate a small loan from his *protégé*—a position of which he never neglected the possibilities. It was out of the question to be mad very long at Johnnie, though one might be very often.

After Aloysius got to wiping, he expected very soon to be firing. But he wiped many months, and there came no promotion. The trouble was, there were no new crews added to the engine service. Nobody got killed; nobody quit; nobody died. One, two, and three years without a break, and little Aloysius had become a bigger Aloysius, and was still wiping: he became also discouraged.

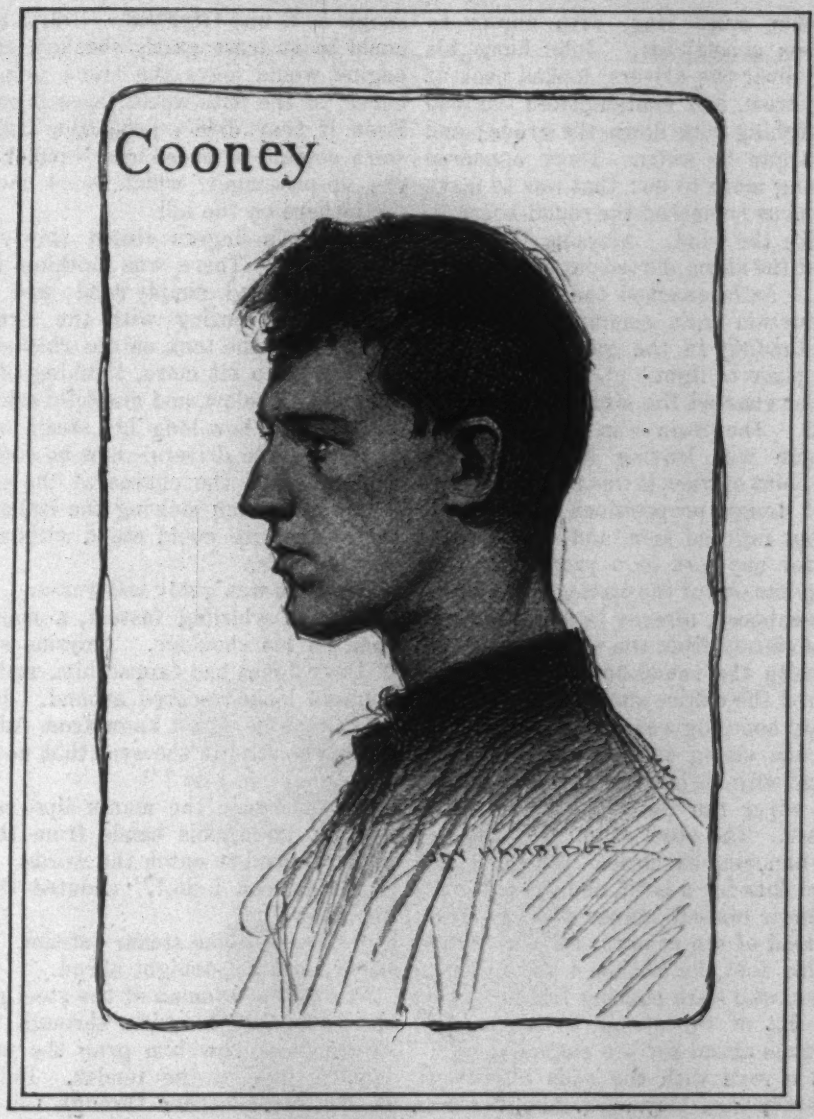
"Never y' mind, never y' mind, Cooney," old Johnnie would say. "It'll come all right. You'll get y'r ingin' yet. Lind me a couple till pay-a-day, Cooney, will you? I'll wahrant y' y'r ingin' yet, Cooney." Which little assurance always cost Aloysius two dollars till pay day, and no end of trouble getting it back; for when he attempted collection, Johnnie took a very dark view of the lad's future, alluding vaguely to people who were hard-hearted and ungrateful to their best friends. And though Aloysius paid slight attention to the old sweeper's vaporings, he really was in the end the means of the boy's getting his engine.

After three years of panic and hard times on the mountain division, the mines began to reopen, new spurs were laid out, new construction crews were put on, and a new activity was everywhere apparent. But to fill the cup of Aloysius' woe, the new crews were all sent up from McCloud. That they were older men in the order of promotion was cold comfort—Aloysius felt crowded out. He went very blue, and the next time Johnnie applied for a loan till the usual day, Aloysius rebuffed him unfeelingly; this in turn depressed John.

"Never mind, never mind, Cooney. I'll not be speakin' t' Neighbor agin t' set y' up. If y' like wipin', stick to ut. I'll not be troublin' Neighbor agin." Johnnie professed a great pull with the master mechanic.

That Aloysius might feel still more the sting of his coldness, Johnnie for some days paid much court to the new firemen and engine runners. Nothing about the house was too good for them, and as the crafty sweeper never overlooked an opportunity, he was in debt to most of the brotherhood before the end of the week.

But the memorable morning for Aloysius came shortly thereafter. It was one of those keen October mornings that bite so in the Hills. The construction train, Extra



No. 240 West, had started about five o'clock down from the head of the pass with a load of steel for the track layers, and stopped for a bite of breakfast at Wind River. Above the round-house there is a switchback. When the train pulled in, the crew got off for some hot coffee. Johnnie Horigan was around playing good fellow, and he climbed into the cab to run the train through the switchback while the crews were at the eating-house. It was irregular to leave the engine, but they did, and as for Johnnie Horigan, he was regularly irregular. There were sixteen cars of steel in the string, besides a caboose ful of laborers. The backing up the leg of the nipper was easy. After the switch was newly set, Johnnie pulled down the lower leg; and that was too easy, considering the whiskers.

When he pulled by the eating-house on the down grade, he was going so lively with his flats that he was past before the crew could get out of the lunch-room. In just one minute everybody in Wind River was in trouble: the crew, because their train was disappearing down the cañon; the eating-house man, because nobody paid him for his coffee; and Johnnie Horigan, because he found it impossible to stop. He had dumped the sand, he had applied the air, he had reversed the engine—by all the rules laid down in the instruction car she ought to stop. But she didn't stop, and—this was the embarrassing feature—she was headed down

a hill twenty miles long, with curves to puzzle a boa constrictor. John hung his head wildly over the drivers, looked back at the yelling crew, and contemplated the load that was pushing him down the grade; and his head began to swim. There appeared but one thing more to do: that was to make a noise; and as he neared the round-house he whistled like the wind. Aloysius O'Cooney McGrath, at the alarm, darted out of the house like a fox. As he reached the door he saw the construction train coming, and Johnnie Horigan standing in the gangway looking for a soft place to light.

The wiper charted the situation in a mental second. The train was running away, and Horigan was leaving it to its fate. From any point of view it was a tough proposition, but tough propositions come rarely to ambitious railroad men, and Aloysius was starving for any sort of a proposition that would help him out of the waste. The laborers in the caboose, already bewildered, were craning anxiously from the windows. Horigan, opposite the round-house, jumped in a sprawl; and the engine shot past Aloysius so quickly that boarding was out of the question.

But on the siding stood a couple of flats, empty; and with his hair straight on centers, the little wiper ran for them and mounted the nearest. The steel train was jumping. Aloysius, bunching his muscle, ran the length of the two flats for a head, and, from the far corner, threw himself across the gap like a bat on a load of the runaway steel. Scrambling to his feet, he motioned and yelled to the hoboes, who were pouring frantic out on the hind flat of the string, to set brakes; then he made ahead for the engine.

It was a race with the odds all wrong, for with every yard Aloysius gained, the train gained twenty. By the time he reached the tender, breathless, and slid down the coal into the deserted cab, the train was heading into Little Horn gap, and every Italian aboard, instead of twisting brakes, was yelling for life. Aloysius jumped into the levers, poked his head through the window, and looked at the drivers. They were in the back motion, and in front of them the sand was streaming wide open. The first thing he did was to shut it half off—the fight could not be won by wasting ammunition. Over and over again he jerked at the air. It was refusing its work. Where so many a hunted runner has turned for salvation there was none for Aloysius. He opened and closed, threw on and threw off; it was all one, and all useless. The situation was as simple as it was frightful. Unless the speed could be at least partly checked, either the engine would leave the track going into a curve, or the flats would leave it going out. Even if they didn't leave the track, they were certain to smash into Number Sixteen, the up-passenger, which must meet them somewhere on the hill.

Aloysius's fingers closed slowly on the sand lever. There was nothing on earth for it but sand, simply sand; and even the wiper's was oozing with the stream that poured from the tank on the whiskered rails. He shut off a bit more, thinking of the terrific curves below, and mentally calculated—or tried to—how long his steam would last to reverse the drivers—how he could shovel coal and sand the curves at the same time—and how much slewing the Italians at the tail of the kite could stand without landing on the rocks.

The pace was giddy and worse. When his brain was whirling fastest, a man put his hand on his shoulder. Aloysius started as if Davy Jones had tapped him, and between bounces looked scared around. He looked into a face he didn't know from Adam's, but there was sand in the eyes that met his.

"What can I do?"

Aloysius saw the man's lips move, and, without taking his hands from the levers, bent his head to catch the words.

"What can I do?" shouted the man at his elbow.

"Give me some steam—steam," cried the wiper, looking straight ahead.

It was the foreman of the steel gang from the caboose. Aloysius, through the backs of his eyes, saw him grab the shovel and make a pass at the tender. Doing so, he nearly took a header through the gangway, but he hung to the shovel and braced himself better.

With the next attempt he got a shovelful into the cab, but in the delivery passed it well up Aloysius' neck. There were neither words nor grins, but just another shovelful of coal a minute after; and the track-layer, in spite of the dizzy lurching, shot it where it belonged—into the furnace. Feeling that if one shovelful could be landed, more could, Aloysius' own steam rose. As they headed madly around the Cinnamon bend the dial began to climb in spite of the obstacles; and the wiper, considering there were two, and the steam and the sand to fight the thing out, opened his valve and dusted the whiskers on the curve with something more than a gleam of hope.

"BUCKS"

If there was confusion on the runaway train, there was terror and more below it. As the spectre flitted past Pringle station, five miles down the valley, the agent caught a glimpse of the sallow face of the wiper at the cab window, and saw the drivers whirling backward. He rushed to his key and called the Medicine Bend dispatcher. With a tattoo like a drum-roll the dispatcher in turn called Soda Springs, ten miles below Pringle, where Number Sixteen, the up-passenger, was then due. He rattled on with his heart in his fingers, and answer came on the instant. Then an order flashed into Soda Springs:

To No. 16:

Take Soda Springs siding quick. Extra No. 240 West has lost control of the train. DI.

There never was such a bubbling at Soda Springs as that bubbling. The operator tore up the platform like a hawk in a chicken yard. Men never scattered so quick as when Number Sixteen began screaming and wheezing and backing for the clear. Above the town, Aloysius, eyes white to the sockets, shooting the curves like a meteor, watched his lessening stream of sand pour into the frost on the track. As they whipped over bridges and fills the caboose reeled like a dying top—fear froze every soul on board. To leave the track now meant a scatter that would break West End records.

When Soda Springs sighted Extra No. 240 West, pitching down the mountain, the steel dancing behind and Aloysius jumping before, there was a painful sensation—the sensation of good men who see a disaster they are powerless to avert. Nor did Soda Springs know how desperate the wiper's extremity had become. Not even the struggling steel foreman knew that with Soda Springs passing like the films of a cinematograph, and two more miles of down-grade ahead, the last cupful of sand was trickling from the wiper's tank. Aloysius, at that moment, wouldn't have given the odd change on a pay check for all the chances Extra 240 and himself had left. He stuck to his levers merely because there was no particular reason for letting go. It was only a question of how a man wanted to take the rocks. Yet, with all his figuring, Aloysius had lost sight of his only salvation—maybe because it was quite out of his power to effect it himself. But in making the run up to Soda Springs Number Sixteen had already sanded the rails below.

He could feel the help the minute the tires ground into the grit. They began to smoke, and Aloysius perceived the grade was easing somewhat. Even the dazed foreman, looking back, saw an improvement in the lurch of the caboose. There was one more hair-raiser ahead—the appalling curve at the forks of the Goose. But, instead of being hurled over the elevation, they found themselves around it and on the bridge with only a vicious slew. Aloysius' hair began to lie down, and his heart to rise up. He had her checked—even the hoboes knew it—and a mile further, with the dangers past, they took new ones by dropping off the hind end.

At the second bend below the Goose, Aloysius made a stop, and began again to breathe. A box was blazing on the tender truck, and, with his handy fireman, he at once got down to doctor it. The whole thing shifted so mortally quick from danger to safety that the two never stopped to inventory their fears; they seemed to have vanished with the frost that lured them to destruction. They jumped together into the cab; and—whistling at the laborers strung back along the right of way—Extra No. 240 West began backing pluckily up hill to Soda Springs. The first man who approached the cab as they slowed down for the platform—in fact, people rather stood back for him—was Bucks, Superintendent of the Division; his car had come in attached to Number Sixteen.

"How did your train get away from you?" he asked of Aloysius; but his words were bitten with frost; there was neither speculation nor sympathy in his manner.

"It didn't get away from me," retorted Aloysius, who had never before in his life seen the man, and was not aware that he owed him any money. But the operator at the Springs, who knew Aloysius and the Superintendent both, was standing behind the latter doing a pantomime that would shame a medicine man.

"Quick talking will do more for you than smart talking," replied the Superintendent, crisply. "You'll never get a better chance—while you're working for this company—to explain yourself."

Aloysius himself began to think so, for the nods and winks of the operator were bewildering. He tried to speak up, but the foreman of the steel gang put in:

"See here, sport," he snapped, irreverently, at the angry official. "Why don't you cool your hat before you jump a fellow like that?"

"What business is it of yours how I jump

a fellow?" returned the Superintendent, sharply. "Who are you?"

"I'm only foreman of this steel gang, my friend; and I don't take any back talk from anybody."

"In that case," responded Bucks, with velvet sarcasm, "perhaps *you* will explain things. I'm only Superintendent of this division—that's all; but it's customary to inquire into matters of this kind."

Aloysius nearly sank to the platform at the words; but the master of the hoboes, who had all the facts, went at the big man as if he had been one of the gang, and did not falter till he had covered the perspiring wiper with glory.

"What's the reason the air wouldn't work?" asked the Superintendent, turning, without comment, to Aloysius, when the tracklayer had finished.

"I haven't had time to find out, sir."

"Find out and report to me. What's your name?"

"McGrath."

"McGraw, eh? Well, McGraw, look close into the air. There may be something in it for you. You did the firing?" he added, turning short again on the unabashed steel foreman.

"What there was done."

"I'll do a little now myself. I'll fire you right here and now for impertinence."

"I suppose you're the boss," responded the man of ties, imperturbably. "When I made the crack, I'd made it harder if I had known who you were."

"You know now, don't you?"

"I guess so."

"Very good," said Bucks, in his mildest tones. "If you will report to me at Medicine Bend this afternoon, I'll see whether we can't find something better for your manners than cursing hoboes. You can ride down in my car, sport. What do you say? That will save you transportation."

It brought a yell from the railroad men crowding around, for that was Bucks' way of doing things; and the men liked Bucks and his way. The ex-captain of the dagoes tried to look cool, but in point of fact went very sheepish at his honors.

Followed by a mob, eager to see the finish, Superintendent Bucks made his way up the track along the construction train to where Aloysius and the engineer of Number Sixteen were examining the air. They found it frozen between the first and the second car. Bucks heard it all—heard the whole story. Then he turned to his clerk.

"Discharge both crews of Extra 240 and blacklist them. Fire Johnnie Horigan."

"Yes, sir."

"McGrath, run your train back to Wind River behind us. We'll scare up a conductor here somewhere; if we can't, I'll be your conductor. Make your report to Medicine Bend," Bucks added, speaking to the operator; and without further words walked back to his car.

As he turned away, the engineer of Number Sixteen slapped Aloysius on the back:

"Kid, why the blazes didn't you thank him?"

"Who?"

"Bucks."

"What for?"

"What for? Jiminey Christmas! What for? Didn't he just make you an engineer? Didn't he just say, 'Run your train back behind us to Wind River'?"

"My train?"

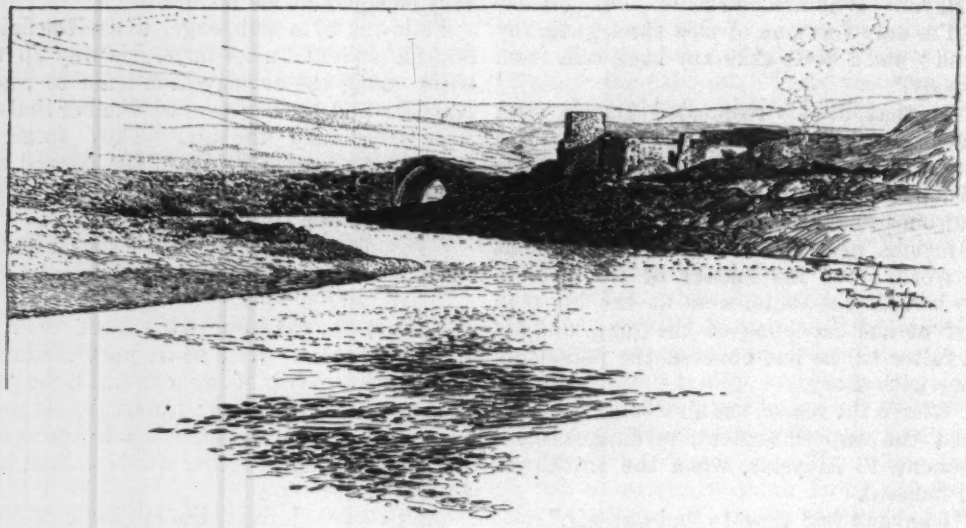
"Sure, your train. Do you think Bucks ever says a thing like that without meaning it? You bet not."

Bucks' clerk, too, was a little uncertain about the promotion. "I suppose he's competent to run the train back, isn't he?" he asked of Bucks, suggestively.

Bucks was scrawling a message.

"A man that could hold a train from Wind River here on whiskers, with nothing but a tankful of sand and a hobo fireman, wouldn't be likely to fall off the right of way running back," he returned dryly. "He's been wiping for years, hasn't he? We haven't got half enough men like McGrath. Tell Neighbor to give him an engine."

A Roman bridge across the Jordan a few miles above Bethabara.



THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.,

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

Illustrated from Paintings and Drawings by Corwin Knapp Linson.

PART IX.—A LAST ENCOUNTER.

DURING the week before Calvary our Master spent, for the most part, His nights at Bethany and His days in the temple. The conspiracy for His judicial murder, to which the Pharisees had devoted so much pains, and for which they had made such an immense sacrifice of honor, was now complete. Any day and any hour He might be arrested, and His mouth closed; and during the few days that He was at liberty He packed into the time some of His most important teachings, giving the parables of Judgment—the parables of the Two Sons and the Ten Virgins, the parables of the Rejected Corner-stone and the Wicked Husbandmen, and the parable of the Great Assize. During this time, also, He gave final comfort and instruction to His disciples in the discourses of the "Upper Room."

It was fitting that before His mouth was closed He should have a final meeting with His adversaries, and it was a very appropriate circumstance that this meeting should be held in the temple, and in the face of all the people. One by one the representatives of the classes which were against Jesus approached Him, and one by one they tried Him in final conflict. No display of sweet reasonableness on His part could, of course, avert the issue—the cross was inevitable—but during the two days in which He was engaged in this conflict He achieved a triumph which the cross could never take from Him. It is the meanest of all victories, when you have been defeated in fair argument, to strike a man full upon the mouth. Jesus obtained the crown—the crown of gold, and the thorns were left upon the head of the Pharisees. Behind the deputations who approached Jesus you can always see the faces of the Pharisees, and with one exception there is not an attack made upon Jesus which they did not inspire.

The first deputation came from the Council, representing the whole body—elders, scribes, and priests; but when you look at the questions which they put to Jesus, you can feel that the priests and the elders had comparatively little share in it. The first question was the question of the Pharisees.

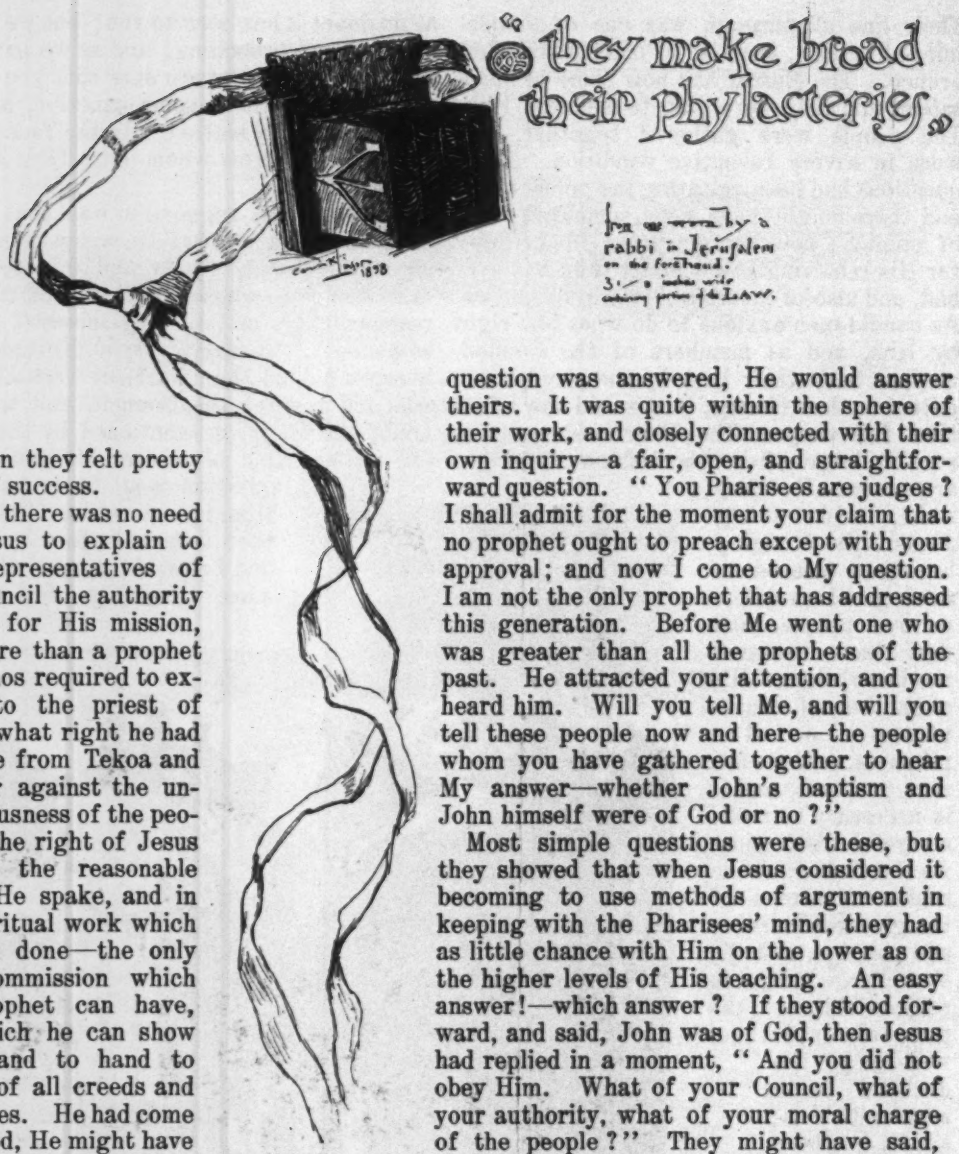
Their line all through was one of simple-minded inquiry, and also of ostentatious deference. The Master had now come to Jerusalem, and they were glad to welcome Him. The people were gathered together, and were in a very receptive condition. Many questions had been agitating the public mind, and there might have been some difference of opinion; now there was an opportunity for His removing every doubt they had ever had, and also of meeting all their difficulties. As candid men anxious to do what was right by Him, and as members of the Council, anxious to do their best by the people committed to their charge, they would now afford Him full scope. The Pharisees' question runs at large after this fashion: "As you are aware," they said, addressing Jesus, "the Almighty has been pleased to send great prophets to our people, and they have declared the knowledge of His work; but of course there are false prophets, as there are true prophets, and it is necessary to make a careful distinction. As the Council of the nation—the men of the greatest learning and position, and the men charged with the responsibility of the people's spiritual well-being, the decision must rest with us; and it has been our custom to decide whether a man was a true prophet or not; and if he was, to give him our *imprimatur*. We have been unable up to this date to give you our commission, and there have been collisions between us. This has been a matter of regret to us, as no doubt it has been to you; but we notice that you are preaching; and as we gave you no authority and we are sure that you would not preach without some sanction, let this matter be finally settled. In the face of the people, tell us from whom didst Thou receive Thine authority."

Of course the suggestion was that Christ had no authority—that He was a man eaten up with personal vanity and infected with false doctrine, who was running on His own responsibility, and playing mischief in the community. It was a very skilful question, because behind the Pharisees were a people who did respect the Council, and who did honor the prophets sanctioned by the Council, and any kind of answer He gave to the question was likely to bring Him into trouble. They had been defeated often by Jesus, and I should suppose they had some misgivings, but on this

THE BLIND MAN AND THE PHARISEES.

Then again called they the man that was blind, and said unto him, Give God the praise: we know that this man is a sinner. He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. . . . Then they reviled him. —JOHN, ix. 24, 25, 29.

One has here a picture of the persistent hate of the Jews and of their determination to see no good either in Jesus or his work.—ARTIST'S NOTE.


"they make broad their phylacteries"
from a model by a rabbi in Jerusalem on the forehead. 3 1/2 inches wide containing prints of the LAW.

occasion they felt pretty sure of success.

Now there was no need for Jesus to explain to the representatives of the Council the authority He had for His mission, any more than a prophet like Amos required to explain to the priest of Bethel what right he had to come from Tekoa and thunder against the unrighteousness of the people. The right of Jesus lay in the reasonable words He spake, and in the spiritual work which He had done—the only real commission which any prophet can have, and which he can show from hand to hand to people of all creeds and all classes. He had come from God, He might have said; and the proof was that He spake as never man spake regarding the great mysteries of life and of God. They denied His orders, because His orders had not come from the Jewish Council—had not come, that is to say, from the infamous high priest and from the hypocritical Pharisees. He could stand and say, "These words are the vindication of My message, and what I have done is the seal of My orders."

But He knew the Pharisees well; and now, since the time had gone past for mercy between Him and them, He might as well administer to them a wholesome humiliation. They had asked Him a question, with assurance and arrogance, in face of the people. He would ask them another; and when His question was answered, He would answer theirs. It was quite within the sphere of their work, and closely connected with their own inquiry—a fair, open, and straightforward question. "You Pharisees are judges? I shall admit for the moment your claim that no prophet ought to preach except with your approval; and now I come to My question. I am not the only prophet that has addressed this generation. Before Me went one who was greater than all the prophets of the past. He attracted your attention, and you heard him. Will you tell Me, and will you tell these people now and here—the people whom you have gathered together to hear My answer—whether John's baptism and John himself were of God or no?"

Most simple questions were these, but they showed that when Jesus considered it becoming to use methods of argument in keeping with the Pharisees' mind, they had as little chance with Him on the lower as on the higher levels of His teaching. An easy answer!—which answer? If they stood forward, and said, John was of God, then Jesus had replied in a moment, "And you did not obey Him. What of your Council, what of your authority, what of your moral charge of the people?" They might have said, and they were simply itching to say, that the Baptist was not of God—that he was an insolent and self-sent man. They looked round the faces of the people, and already they saw the people's hands stooping for the stones, and they dared not; for if any man had denied that John was a prophet, his reputation, if not his life, had been gone that day. They were cunning men, and they were accustomed to snares; and they saw the snare, and would not walk into it. "We do not know; we cannot tell." "Neither shall I tell you My authority." And in the presence of the whole people He put the Pharisees, for the last time, to shame, and He did so with their own weapons.

Next day a very different deputation ap-

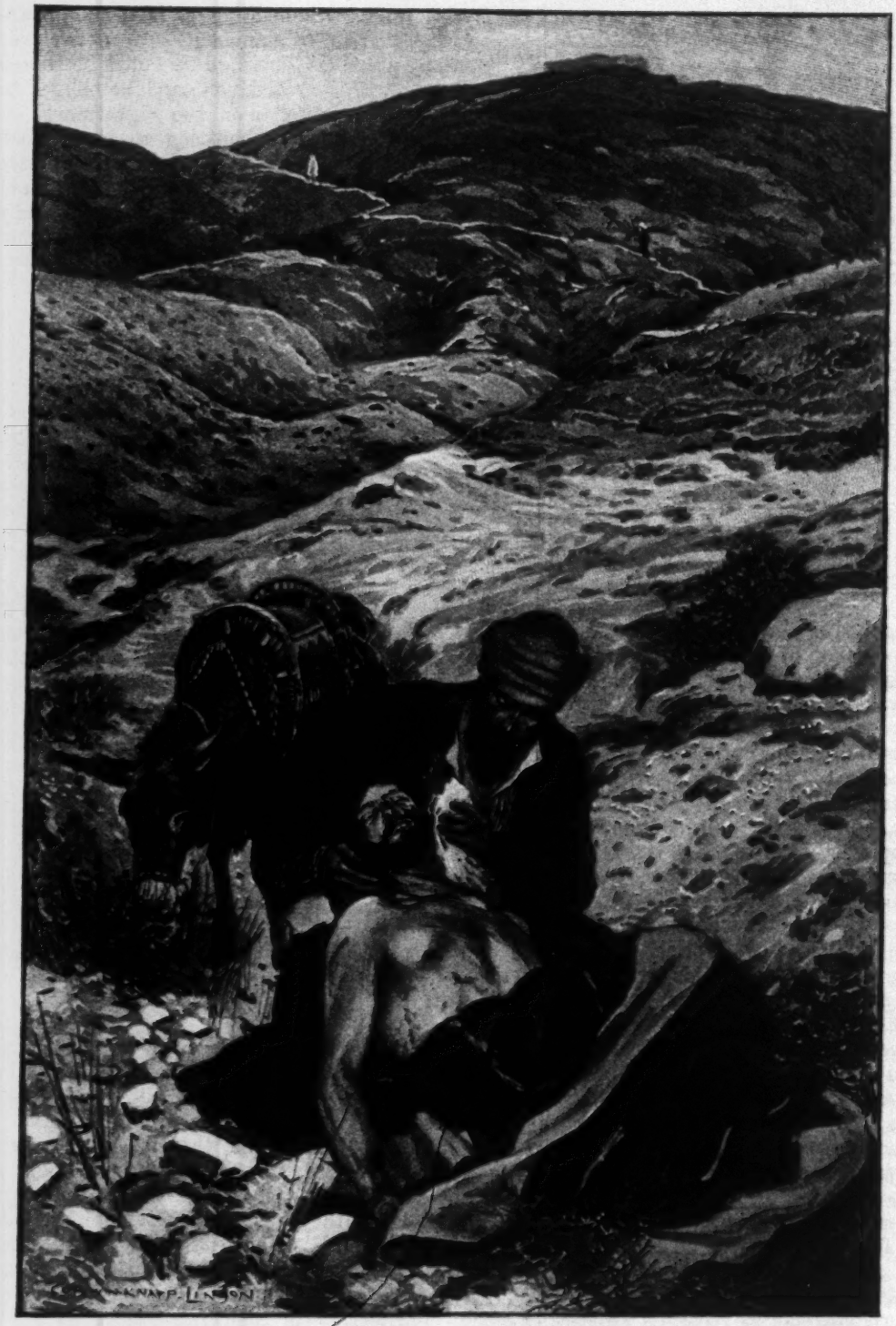
proached Him, and it might be supposed that they came of their own accord. As the Gospels, however, put it, and as we ourselves know from the action of the Pharisees, this deputation consisted of puppets —well-dressed, but empty-headed puppets, dancing at the pulling of the Pharisees' strings. Between the Herodians—that is to say, speaking in quite a general way, the people attached to the Court of Herod—and Jesus there had been no conflict. In their eyes He was a vulgar fanatic, and to Him they were people who preferred a dancing-girl to John the Baptist. When you see them face to face, this group of courtiers in purple and fine linen, with high looks, and with mincing speech, and opposite them Jesus in His plain and peasant garments, you see this present world incarnate in its basest and meanest form, and you see Jesus unafraid, confident, spiritual, with vision reaching beyond this temple and its disputes, beyond the cross and death, the preacher of the unseen world—the world of righteousness, peace, and joy.

The Herodians would never have dreamt of asking any question of Jesus, had they not been moved by the Pharisees. The Herodians had no position whatever among the people except in connection with the court, and the favor of Rome was the life of Herod. If the people should turn against the Herodians, or if the Roman Emperor should withdraw his support from Herod's miserable, tinselled court, it would disappear, and every man in it. What a clever thing it would be if Jesus could be forced into a political difficulty, and be obliged to pass His opinion upon the rightfulness or wrongfulness of submitting to the Roman yoke! If Jesus were obliged to declare against the Roman Government, then latent patriotism had burst into a flame, and Herod's throne had been in danger. If, on the other hand, He declared in favor of the Roman Government, then the people had left Him, and it was doubtful whether He would have escaped from the temple with His life.

TYPES OF PHARISEES.

. . . They make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments, and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues . . . and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi.—MATT. xxiii. 5-7.

They come to Him, these Herodians, with great courtesy and with all the manners of a court; they tell Him how much they think of Him; they tell Him how much they depend upon His advice; they assure Him that He is a man uplifted above the world, and indifferent to human opinion. Behind the courtiers, with their false, honeyed words, bending before the Master, we can see the Pharisees, who have briefed the empty Herodians with the courteous speech, suggesting to them at every turn what they shall do. "All we desire to know is this (you can tell



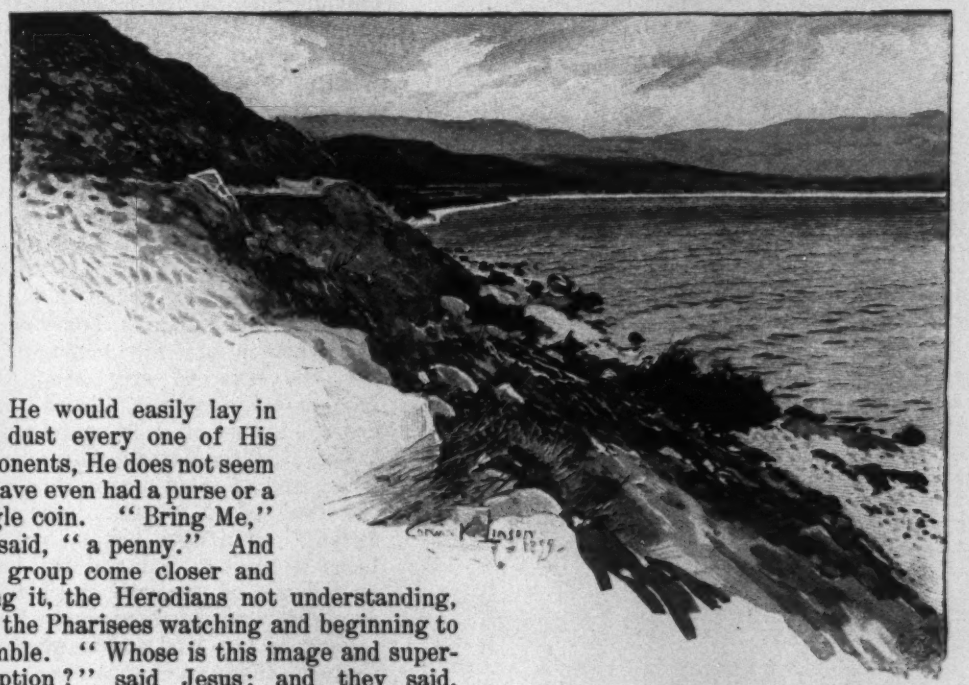
THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

But a certain Samaritan . . . when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds.—LUKE, X. 33-34.

us true, of all men): Is it lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar?"

As far as one can feel the narrative, the Herodians never gave Jesus a single serious thought, and He did not answer them. He looked beyond them at the hypocrites, who desired to put a great prophet into a dilemma —a dilemma either of revolution or of treason to His country. "Bring Me," said Jesus, "a penny." Although He was that day the center of the temple crowd, and though that day He would easily lay in the dust every one of His opponents, He does not seem to have even had a purse or a single coin. "Bring Me," He said, "a penny." And the group come closer and bring it, the Herodians not understanding, and the Pharisees watching and beginning to tremble. "Whose is this image and superscription?" said Jesus; and they said, "Cæsar's." "You come, then, to ask whether you ought to pay tribute to Cæsar or not, while Cæsar's money is running in your land; and you know as well as I do, that if you accept the king's coinage you have owned the king's government. You ask Me a political question. Pharisees, when did I ever meddle with your local politics, when did I ever create disturbances in this land, when did I ever preach a revolution? Do you remember a man coming to Me down in Galilee, and asking Me to settle between him and his brother because they had quarrelled over an inheritance, and I refused, as I ever refuse, to have anything to do with worldly affairs? Mine is a spiritual kingdom. I come not to arrange your relation to the Roman Government; I have told you I came to deal with your souls. I warned you that you were slaves not to Rome, but to your sins. Settle with the Herodians the question of Cæsar; settle with Pilate the question of Pilate; and then settle the greater question which you have not settled and are not willing to settle —the question of the kingship of conscience and the rule of righteousness over your souls."

When this was over, we are willing to believe that the Pharisees were not prepared for another attack; but the local jealousy of the Council, although allayed for a little in order that both parties might unite in the persecution of Jesus, was still existent, and



ALONG THE WEST SHORE—SEA OF GALILEE.

The shore of the lake is generally low, and only on the western side, just north of Tiberias, is it at all precipitous. Here it is rocky and steep for some distance, until it slopes into the plain of Gennesaret.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

came into evidence. The Sadducees—that is, the priests and sceptical portion of the nation—came forward in their own person; and if one desires to understand the character of the Jewish priesthood and the coarseness of the lower scepticism, let him read the question that they put to Jesus. They did not believe in a future life; and not believing in the future life, they did not believe in any of the beautiful things which are unseen and eternal. They were not men in earnest; they were not thinking men; they were men with cheap objections and clever gibes; and now they came with one of their miserable mockeries at the greatest Hope which has ever lived in the human heart—the Hope of the future life.

A Street in Tiberias.

One of their pet jests had gone the round of their feasts at Jerusalem, when they had drunk too much wine, and their hearts were gross within them; and the man who had introduced it had ever since been considered a wit—a man with a searching intellect, quick to dispel foolish delusions and maudlin sentiment about a future life. "If there is to be a future," they ask, "what would happen in a case like this? According to our law, when a man dies and leaves a widow who is childless, his brother has to marry her; so it came to pass that there were seven brothers, and six married their brother's widow in turn; now, in the life to come, whose wife shall she be?" They uttered this in the face of the people; it is incredible, but they repeated it looking into the eyes of Jesus Christ.

What He suffered on that occasion, and on many others of the same kind! They asked Him this foul question in the house of God; and with scorn, although with evident repression of Himself, He said to them: "Jews, how can I speak to you of the future life? It is impossible, for you have not the souls to appreciate or to inherit it: you care nothing for the life to come." Then, before He parted from the subject, He lifted it, as He ever did, on to its real level, and answered, not these men, who could not have understood the answer, but you and me, when in our low moments we lose the hope of everlasting life. His answer was in a Jewish form, but the kernel of it is easily found. "Was God the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; or is He to-day the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? If a man has in him the heart to trust in God and the heart to follow God through the seventy or eighty years of this present life—a heart to love God and to thirst for God—is there no God to correspond with that heart? and if the man lies down and dies, believing that he is lying on the bosom of the Eternal, is this, the noblest achievement of the human soul, only a hideous delusion? Does not Abraham prove God an eternal God? And God is not ashamed to-day because He has satisfied Abraham." We have been horrified at the indecency of the men and at the pain of our Master; and now we could almost thank them, because from the depths of their filthy imagination He has raised the question at once to the heights of light and supreme reason.

They left—we dare not hope they were ashamed of themselves—and we feel that the Herodians, Sadducees, and Pharisees were not men who could understand the Master. Are all His audience dark of mind and gross of heart? Those lips will soon be closed in the dust of death; and this, the

"GOOD MEASURE, PRESSED DOWN."

Good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over.—LUKE, vi. 38. In the village markets, and in the grain market in Jerusalem, the operation so graphically noted by Jesus is repeated in detail. The receptacle is heaped up to a point, and the last grain, carefully dropped on the apex of the cone, completes the "good measure."—ARTIST'S NOTE.

greatest Teacher that ever spoke to any generation, will not be able to answer a question. Is there no man who will seize this last opportunity and ask a worthy question?

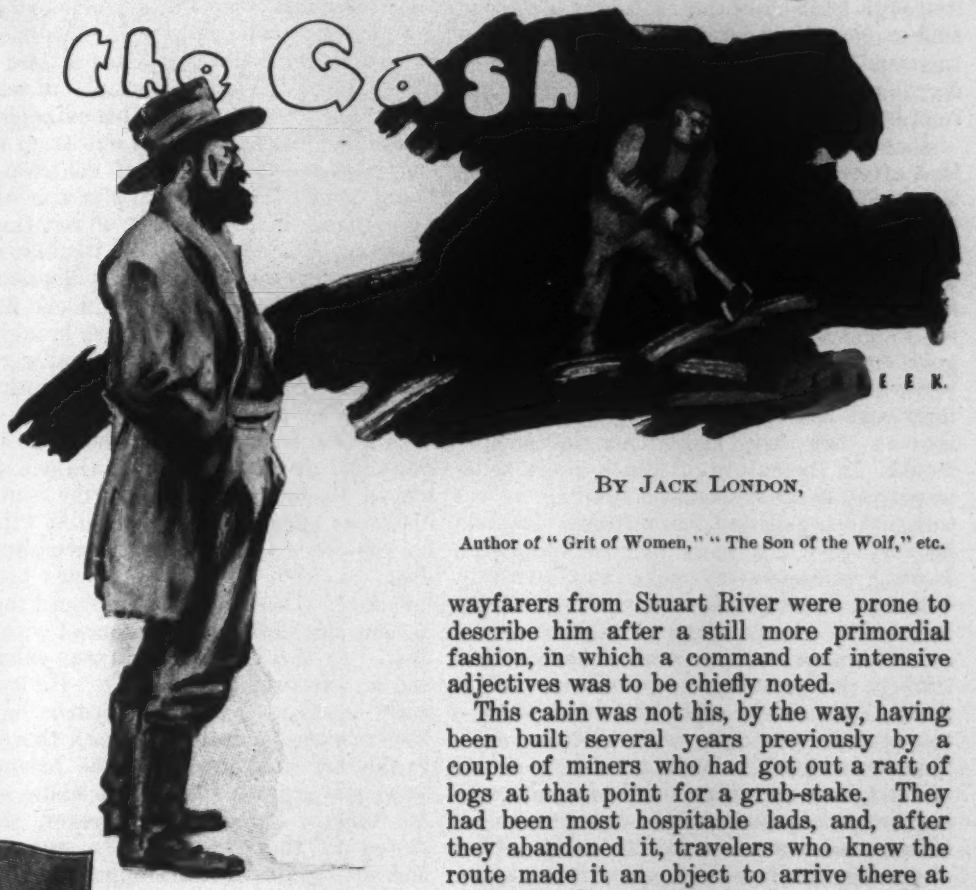
At last, after all these deputations had been swept away in confusion, an honest scholar came to ask a question that had long been lying in his mind. It was a point in theology about which this scribe was perplexed, and it might be called pedantry, but it was real; and if you strip off the covering, it was a question that went to the root of things. They had had an academic argument in the Jewish schools as to which was the most important commandment, and this man felt that the debate had a spiritual interest. "Master," he said (he comes to Christ representing no person but himself), "which is the chief commandment, that when I know it I may keep it and receive life everlasting?"

As Jesus looks on him, the just scorn which we saw a moment ago upon His face passed away. Did Jesus ever argue and put to confusion an honest man? Never; and He never will. Everywhere and in all circumstances, if we be honest, though we make mistakes, we shall have kindly judgment at the hands of Jesus Christ. His face softened, His eye brightened; here is a man after His own heart. They stand out together from among the people, our Master and an honest man. "Thou knowest," said the Saviour, "that, when the commandments are summed up, the first of them is this, 'Love thy God'; and the second is this, 'Love thy neighbor'; and these together are chief of all the commandments, and the crown and the fruit of eternal life." He might have argued a little, this scholar—and there are people who have the heart—about that commandment not being sufficient; but this was an ingenuous and a spiritual man. "Master," he said, "Thou hast said well; Love is greatest," and then the whole of the teaching of the prophets—of Amos, Micah, and Isaiah—came pouring into his mind, lit up by the touch of Jesus—"Love, Master, is all in all."

Again Jesus looked at him. Hypocrites He had dealt with; fools He had dealt with; sceptics He had dealt with; but here was a disciple. "Thou art not far," He said—"thou art not far from the kingdom of Christ." And with these last gentle words, in which we see the Master fling open the door of the kingdom to all who have true hearts and bid them enter, the final encounter of Jesus Christ with His enemies closed in grace and charity.

(To be continued.)

The Man with the Cash



By Jack London,

Author of "Grit of Women," "The Son of the Wolf," etc.

JACOB KENT had suffered from cupidity all the days of his life. This, in turn, had engendered a chronic distrustfulness, and his mind and character had become so warped that he was a very disagreeble man to deal with. He was also a victim to somnambulic propensities, and very set in his ideas. He had been a weaver of cloth from the cradle, until the fever of Klondike had entered his blood and torn him away from his loom. His cabin stood midway between Sixty Mile Post and the Stuart River; and men who made it a custom to travel the trail to Dawson, likened him to a robber baron, perched in his fortress and exacting toll from the caravans that used his ill-kept roads. Since a certain amount of history was required in the construction of this figure, the less cultured wayfarers from Stuart River were prone to describe him after a still more primordial fashion, in which a command of intensive adjectives was to be chiefly noted.

This cabin was not his, by the way, having been built several years previously by a couple of miners who had got out a raft of logs at that point for a grub-stake. They had been most hospitable lads, and, after they abandoned it, travelers who knew the route made it an object to arrive there at nightfall. It was very handy, saving them all the time and toil of pitching camp; and it was an unwritten rule that the last man left a neat pile of fire-wood for the next comer. Rarely a night passed but from half a dozen to a score of men crowded into its shelter. Jacob Kent noted these things, exercised squatter sovereignty, and moved in. Thenceforth, the weary travelers were mulcted a dollar per head for the privilege of sleeping on the floor, Jacob Kent weighing the dust and rarely failing to steal the down-weight. Besides, he so contrived that his transient guests chopped his wood for him and carried his water. This was rank piracy, but his victims were an easy-going breed, and while they detested him, yet they permitted him to flourish in his sins.

One afternoon in April he sat by his door, for all the world like a predatory spider, marveling at the heat of the returning sun, and keeping an eye on the trail for prospective

flies. The Yukon lay at his feet, a sea of ice, disappearing around two great bends to the north and south, and stretching an honest two miles from bank to bank. Over its rough breast ran the sled-trail, a slender sunken line, eighteen inches wide and two thousand miles in length, with more curses distributed to the linear foot than any other road in or out of all Christendom.

Jacob Kent was feeling particularly good that afternoon. The record had been broken the previous night, and he had sold his hospitality to no less than twenty-eight visitors. True, it had been quite uncomfortable, and four had snored beneath his bunk all night; but then it had added appreciable weight to the sack in which he kept his gold dust. That sack, with its glittering yellow treasure, was at once the chief delight and the chief bane of his existence. Heaven and hell lay within its slender mouth. In the nature of things, there being no privacy to his one-roomed dwelling, he was tortured by a constant fear of theft. It would be very easy for these bearded, desperate looking strangers to make away with it. Often he dreamed that such was the case, and awoke in the grip of nightmare. A select number of these robbers haunted him through his dreams, and he came to know them quite well, especially the bronzed leader with the gash on his right cheek. This fellow was the most persistent of the lot, and, because of him, he had, in his waking moments, constructed several score of hiding places in and about the cabin. After a concealment he would breathe freely again, perhaps for several nights, only to collar the Man with the Gash in the very act of unearthing the sack. Then, on awakening in the midst of the usual struggle, he would at once get up and transfer the bag to a new and more ingenious crypt. It was not that he was the direct victim of these phantasms; but he believed in omens and thought-transference, and he deemed these dream-robbers to be the astral projection of real personages who happened at those particular moments, no matter where they were in the flesh, to be harboring designs, in the spirit, upon his wealth. So he continued to bleed the unfortunates who crossed his threshold, and at the same time to add to his trouble with every ounce which went into the sack.

As he sat sunning himself, a thought came to Jacob Kent that brought him to his feet with a jerk. The pleasures of life had culminated in the continual weighing and reweighing of his dust; but a shadow had been thrown upon this pleasant avocation, which he had hitherto failed to brush aside. His gold-scales were quite small; in fact, their maximum was a pound and a half —eighteen ounces—while his hoard mounted up to something like three and a third times that. He had never been able to weigh it all at one operation, and hence considered himself to have been shut out from a new and most edifying coign of contemplation. Being denied this, half the pleasure of possession had been lost; nay, he felt that this miserable obstacle actually minimized the fact, as it did the strength, of possession. It was the solution of this problem flashing across his mind that had just brought him to his feet. He searched the trail carefully in either direction. There was nothing in sight, so he went inside.

In a few seconds he had the table cleared away and the scales set up. On one side he placed the stamped disks to the equivalent of fifteen ounces, and balanced it with dust on the other. Replacing the weights with dust, he then had thirty ounces precisely balanced. These, in turn, he placed together on one side and again balanced with more dust. By this time the gold was exhausted, and he was sweating liberally. He trembled with ecstasy, ravished beyond measure. Nevertheless he dusted the sack thoroughly, to the last least grain, till the balance was overcome and one side of the scales sank to the table. Equilibrium, however, was restored by the addition of a pennyweight and five grains to the opposite side. He stood, head thrown back, transfixed. The sack was empty, but the potentiality of the scales had become immeasurable. Upon them he could weigh any amount, from the tiniest grain to pounds upon pounds. Mammon laid hot fingers on his heart. The sun swung on its westering way till it flashed through the open doorway, full upon the yellow-burdened scales. The precious heaps, like the golden breasts of a bronze Cleopatra, flung back the light in a mellow glow. Time and space were not.

"Gawd blime me! but you 'ave the makin' of several quid there, 'aven't you?"

Jacob Kent wheeled about, at the same time reaching for his double-barrelled shotgun, which stood handy. But when his eyes lit on the intruder's face, he staggered back dizzily. *It was the face of the Man with the Gash!*

The man looked at him curiously.

"Oh, that's all right," he said, waving his

"A SELECT NUMBER OF THESE ROBBERS HAUNTED HIM THROUGH HIS DREAMS . . . ESPECIALLY THE BRONZED LEADER WITH THE GASH ON HIS RIGHT CHEEK."

hand, deprecatingly. "You needn't think as I'll 'arm you or your blasted dust."

"You're a rum 'un, you are," he added, reflectively, as he watched the sweat pouring from off Kent's face and the quavering of his knees.

"W'y don't you pipe up an' say somethin'?" he went on as the other struggled for breath. "Wot's gone wrong o' your gaff? Anythink the matter?"

"W—w—where'd you get it?" Kent at last managed to articulate, raising a shaking fore-finger to the ghastly scar which seamed the other's cheek.

"Shipmate stove me down with a marlinspike from the main-royal. An' now as you 'ave your figger'ead in trim, wot I want to know is, wot's it to you? That's wot I want to know—wot's it to you? Gawd blime me! do it 'urt you? Ain't it smug enough for the likes o' you? That's wot I want to know!"

"No, no," Kent answered, sinking upon a stool with a sickly grin. "I was just wondering."

"Did you ever see the like?" the other went on, truculently.

"No."

"Ain't it a beute?"

"Yes." Kent nodded his head, approvingly, intent on humoring this strange visitor, but wholly unprepared for the outburst which was to follow his effort to be agreeable.

"You blasted, bloomin', burgoo-eatin' son-of-a-sea-swab! Wot do you mean, a-sayin' the most onsightly thing Gawd Almighty ever put on the face o' man is a beute? Wot do you mean, you——"

And thereat this fiery son of the sea broke off into a string of Oriental profanity, mingling gods and devils, lineages and men, metaphors and monsters, with so savage a virility that Jacob Kent was paralyzed. He shrank back, his arms lifted as though to ward off physical violence. So utterly unnerved was he that the other paused in the mid-swing of a gorgeous peroration and burst into thunderous laughter.

"The sun's knocked the bottom out o' the trail," said the Man with the Gash, between departing paroxysms of mirth. "An' I only 'ope as you'll appreciate the hoppertunity of consortin' with a man o' my mug. Get steam up in that fire-box o' your'n. I'm goin' to unrig the dogs an' grub 'em. An' don't be shy o' the wood, my lad—there's plenty more where that come from, and it's you've got the time to sling an ax. An' tote up a bucket o' water while you're about it. Lively! or I'll run you down, so 'elp me!"

Such a thing was unheard of. Jacob Kent was making the fire, chopping wood, packing water—doing menial tasks for a guest! When Jim Cardegee left Dawson, it was with his head filled with the iniquities of this roadside Shylock; and all along

the trail his numerous victims had added to the sum of his crimes. Now, Jim Cardegee, with the sailor's love for a sailor's joke, had determined, when he pulled into the cabin, to bring its inmate down a peg or so. That he had succeeded beyond expectation he could not help but remark, though he was in the dark as to the part the gash on his cheek had played in it. But while he could not understand, he saw the terror it created, and resolved to exploit it as remorselessly as would any modern trader a choice bit of merchandise.

"Strike me blind, but you're a 'ustler," he said, admiringly, his head cocked to one side, as his host bustled about. "You never 'ort to 'ave gone Klondiking. It's the keeper of a pub' you was laid out for. An' it's often as I 'ave 'eard the lads up an' down the river speak o' you, but I 'adn't no idea you was so jolly nice."

At such times that his visitor waxed sarcastic, Jacob Kent experienced a tremendous yearning to try his shotgun on him, but the fascination of the gash was too potent. This was the real Man with the Gash, the man who had so often robbed him in the spirit. This, then, was the embodied entity of the being whose astral form had been projected into his dreams, the man who had so frequently harbored designs against his hoard; hence—there could be no other conclusion—this Man with the Gash had now come in the flesh to dispossess him. And that gash! He could no more keep his eyes from it than stop the beating of his heart. Try as he would, they wandered back to that one point as inevitably as the needle to the pole.

"Do it 'urt you?" Jim Cardegee thundered, suddenly, looking up from the spreading of his blankets and encountering the rapt gaze of the other. "It strikes me as 'ow it 'ud be the proper thing for you to draw your jib, douse the glim, an' turn in, seein' as 'ow it worrits you. Jes' lay to that, you swab, or so 'elp me I'll take a pull on your peak-purchases!"

Kent was so nervous that it took three puffs to blow out the slush-lamp, and he crawled into his blankets without even removing his moccasins. The sailor was soon snoring lustily from his hard bed on the floor, but Kent lay staring up into the blackness, one hand on the shotgun, resolved not to close his eyes the whole night. He had not had an opportunity to secrete his five pounds of gold, and it lay in the ammunition box at the head of his bunk. But, try as he would, he at last dozed off with the weight of his dust heavy on his soul. Had he not inadvertently fallen asleep with his mind in such condition, the somnambulic demon would not have been invoked, nor would Jim Cardegee have gone mining next day with a dish-pan.

The fire fought a losing battle, and at last died away, while the frost penetrated the mossy chinks between the logs and chilled the inner atmosphere. The dogs outside ceased their howling, and, curled up in the snow, most probably dreamed of salmon-stocked heavens where dog-drivers and kindred task-masters were not. Within, the sailor lay like a log, while his host tossed restlessly about, the victim of strange fantasies. As midnight drew near he suddenly threw off the blankets and got up. It was remarkable that he could do what he then did without ever striking a light. Perhaps it was because of the darkness that he kept his eyes shut, and perhaps it was for fear he would see the terrible gash on the cheek of his visitor; but, be this as it may, it is a fact, that, unseeing, he opened his ammunition box, put a heavy charge into the muzzle of the shotgun without spilling a particle, rammed it down with double wads, and then put everything away and got back into bed.

Just as daylight laid its steel-gray fingers on the parchment window, Jacob Kent awoke. Turning on his elbow, he raised the lid and peered into the ammunition box. Whatever he saw, or whatever he did not see, exercised a very peculiar effect upon him, considering his neurotic temperament. He glanced at the sleeping man on the floor, let the lid down gently, and rolled over on his back. It was an unwonted calm which rested on his face. Not a muscle quivered. There was not the least sign of excitement or perturbation. He lay there a long while, thinking, and when he got up and began to move about, it was in a cool, collected manner, without noise and without hurry.

It happened that a heavy wooden peg had been driven into the ridge-pole just above Jim Cardegee's head. Jacob Kent, working softly, ran a piece of half-inch manila over it, bringing both ends to the ground. One end he tied about his waist, and in the other he rove a running noose. Then he cocked his shotgun and laid it within reach, by the side of numerous moose-hide thongs. By an effort of will he bore the sight of the scar, slipped the noose over the sleeper's head, and drew it taut by throwing back on his

weight, at the same time seizing the gun and bringing it to bear.

Jim Cardegee awoke, choking, bewildered, staring down the twin wells of steel.

"Where is it?" Kent asked, at the same time slacking on the rope.

"You blasted—ugh——"

Kent merely threw back his weight, shutting off the other's wind.

"Bloomin'—Bur—ugh——"

"Where is it?" Kent repeated.

"Wot?" Cardegee asked, as soon as he had caught his breath.

"The gold-dust."

"Wot gold-dust?" the perplexed sailor demanded.

"You know well enough—mine."

"Ain't seen nothink of it. Wot do ye take me for? A safe-deposit? Wot 'ave I got to do with it any'ow?"

"Mebbe you know, and mebbe you don't know, but anyway, I'm going to stop your breath till you do know. And if you lift a hand I'll blow your head off!"

"Vast heavin'!" Cardegee roared, as the rope tightened.

Kent eased away a moment, and the sailor, wriggling his neck as though from the pressure, managed to loosen the noose a bit and work it up so the point of contact was just under the chin.

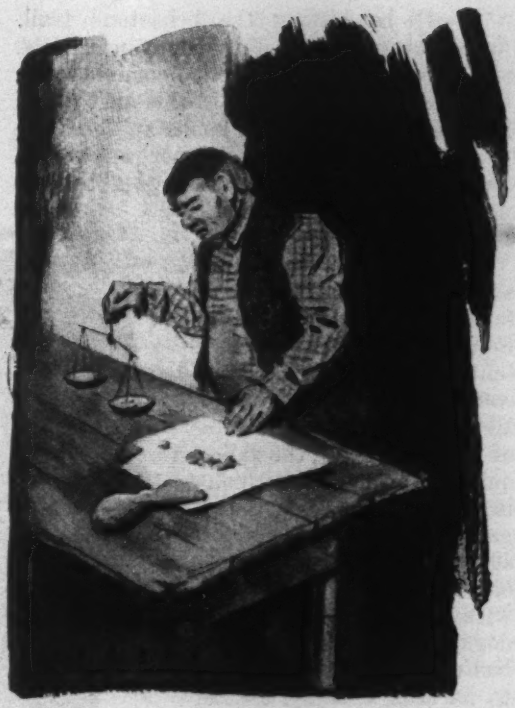
"Well?" Kent questioned, expecting the disclosure.

But Cardegee grinned. "Go ahead with your 'angin', you bloomin' old pot-wolloper!"

Then, as the sailor had anticipated, the tragedy became a farce. Cardegee being the heavier of the two, Kent, throwing his body backward and down, could not lift him clear of the ground. Strain and strive to the uttermost, the sailor's feet still stuck to the floor and sustained a part of his weight. The remaining portion was supported by the point of contact just under his chin. Failing to swing him clear, Kent clung on, resolved to slowly throttle him or force him to tell what he had done with the hoard. But the Man with the Gash would not throttle. He persisted in living and grinning, to the great perplexity of his self-appointed hangman. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and at the end of that time, in despair, Kent let his prisoner down.

"Well," he remarked, wiping away the sweat, "if you won't hang you'll shoot. Some men wasn't born to be hanged anyway."

"An' it's a pretty mess as you'll make o' this 'ere cabin floor." Cardegee was fighting



"THE PLEASURES OF LIFE . . . CULMINATED IN THE CONTINUAL WEIGHING AND REWEIGHING OF HIS DUST."

for time. "Now, look 'ere, I'll tell you wot we do; we'll lay our 'eads 'longside an' reason together. You've lost some dust. You say as 'ow I know, an' I say as 'ow I don't. Let's get a hobservation an' shape a course——"

"Vast heavin'!" Kent dashed in, maliciously, imitating the other's enunciation. "I'm going to shape all the courses of this shebang, and you observe; and if you do anything more I'll bore you as sure as Moses!"

"For the sake of my mother——"

"Whom God have mercy upon if she loves you. Ah! Would you?" He frustrated a hostile move on the part of the other by pressing the cold muzzle against his forehead. "Lay quiet, now! If you lift as much as a hair you'll get it."

It was rather an awkward task, with the trigger of the gun always within pulling distance of the finger; but Kent was a weaver, and in a few minutes had the sailor tied hand and foot. Then he dragged him without and laid him by the side of the cabin, where he could overlook the river and watch the sun climb to the meridian.

"Now I'll give you till noon, and then——"

"Wot?"

"You'll be hitting the brimstone trail. But if you speak up, I'll keep you till the next bunch of mounted police come by."

"Well, Gawd blime me, if this ain't a go! 'Ere I be, innercent as a lamb, an' 'ere you be, lost all o' your top-'amper an' out o' your reckonin', run me foul an' goin' to rake me into 'ell-fire. You bloomin' old pirut! You——"

Jim Cardegee loosed the strings of his profanity and fairly outdid himself. Jacob Kent brought out a stool that he might enjoy it in comfort. Having exhausted all the possible combinations of his vocabulary, the sailor quieted down to hard thinking, his eyes constantly gauging the progress of the sun, which tore up the eastern slope of the heavens with unseemly haste. His dogs, surprised that they had not long since been put to harness, crowded around him. His helplessness appealed to the brutes. They felt that something was wrong, though they knew not what, and they crowded about, howling their mournful sympathy.

"Chook! Mush-on! you Siwashes!" he cried, attempting, in a vermicular way, to kick at them, and discovering himself to be tottering on the edge of a declivity. As soon as the animals had scattered, he devoted himself to the significance of that declivity which he felt to be there but could not see. Nor was he long in arriving at a correct conclusion. In the nature of things, he figured, man is lazy. He does no more than he has to. When he builds a cabin he must put dirt on the roof. From these premises it was logical that he should carry that dirt no further than was absolutely necessary. Therefore, he lay upon the edge of the hole from which the dirt had been taken to roof Jacob Kent's cabin. This knowledge, properly utilized, might prolong things, he thought; and he then turned his attention to the moose-hide thongs which bound him. His hands were tied behind him, and, pressing against the snow, they were wet with the contact. This moistening of the raw-hide he knew would tend to make it stretch, and, without apparent effort, he endeavored to stretch it more and more.

THE MAN WITH THE GASH.

He watched the trail hungrily, and when in the direction of Sixty Mile a dark speck appeared for a moment against the white background of an ice-jam, he cast an anxious eye at the sun. It had climbed nearly to the zenith. Now and again he caught the black speck clearing the hills of ice and sinking into the intervening hollows; but he dared not permit himself more than the most cursory glances for fear of rousing his enemy's suspicion. Once, when Jacob Kent rose to his feet and searched the trail with care, Cardegee was frightened, but the dog-sled had struck a piece of trail running parallel with a jam, and remained out of sight till the danger was past.

"I'll see you 'ung for this," Cardegee threatened, attempting to draw the other's attention. "An' you'll rot in 'ell, jes' you see if you don't."

"I say," he cried, after another pause; "d'ye b'lieve in ghosts?" Kent's sudden start made him sure of his ground and he went on: "Now a ghost 'as the right to 'aunt a man wot don't do wot he says; and you can't shuffle me off till eight bells—wot I mean is twelve o'clock—can you? 'Cos if you do, it'll 'appen as 'ow I'll 'aunt you. D'ye 'ear? A minute, a second too quick an' I'll 'aunt you, so 'elp me, I will!"

Jacob Kent looked dubious, but declined to talk.

"'Ow's your chronometer? Wot's your longitude? 'Ow do you know as your time's correct?" Cardegee persisted, vainly hoping to beat his executioner out of a few minutes. "Is it Barrack's time you 'ave? or is it the Company time? 'Cos if you do it before the stroke o' the bell I'll not rest. I give you fair warnin'. I'll come back. An' if you 'aven't the time 'ow will you know? That's wot I want—'ow will you tell?"

"I'll send you off all right," Kent replied. "Got a sun-dial here."

"No good. Thirty-two degrees variation o' the needle."

"Stakes are all set."

"'Ow did you set 'em? Compass?"

"No; lined them up with the North Star."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

Cardegee groaned, then stole a glance at the trail. The sled was just clearing a rise, barely a mile away, and the dogs were in full lope, running lightly.

"'Ow close is the shadows to the line?"

Kent walked to the primitive timepiece and studied it. "Three inches," he announced, after a careful survey.

"Say, jes' sing out 'eight bells' afore you pull the gun, will you?"

Kent agreed, and they lapsed into silence. The thongs about Cardegee's wrists were slowly stretching, and he had begun to work them over his hands.

"Say, 'ow close is the shadows?"

"One inch."

The sailor wriggled slightly to assure himself that he would topple over at the right moment, and slipped the first turn over his hands.

"'Ow close?"

"Half an inch." Just then Kent heard the jarring churn of the runners and turned his eyes to the trail. The driver was lying flat on the sled and the dogs swinging down the straight stretch to the cabin. Kent whirled back, bringing his rifle to shoulder.

"It ain't eight bells yet!" Cardegee expostulated. "I'll 'aunt you, sure!"

Jacob Kent faltered. He was standing by the sun-dial, perhaps ten paces from his victim. The man on the sled must have seen that something unusual was taking place, for he had risen to his knees, his whip singing viciously among the dogs.

The shadows swept into line. Kent looked along the sights.

"Make ready!" he commanded, solemnly. "Eight b——"

But just a fraction of a second too soon Cardegee rolled backward into the hole. Kent held his fire and ran to the edge. Bang! The gun exploded full in the sailor's face as he rose to his feet. But no smoke came from the muzzle; instead, a sheet of flame burst from the side of the barrel near its butt, and Jacob Kent went down. The dogs dashed up the bank, dragging the sled clear over his body, and the driver sprang off as Jim Cardegee freed his hands and drew himself from the hole.

"Jim!" The newcomer recognized him. "What's the matter?"

"Wot's the matter? Oh, nothink at all. It jest 'appens as I do little things like this for my 'ealth. Wot's the matter, you bloomin' idjit? Wot's the matter, eh? Cast me loose or I'll show you wot! 'Urry up, or I'll 'olystone the decks with you!"

"Huh!" he added, as the other went to work with his sheath-knife. "Wot's the matter! I want to know. Jes' tell me that, will you, wot's the matter? Hey?"

Kent was quite dead when they rolled him over. The gun, an old-fashioned, heavy-weighted muzzle-loader, lay near him. Steel and wood had parted company. Near the butt of the right-hand barrel, with lips pressed outward, gaped a fissure several inches in length. The sailor picked it up, curiously. A glittering stream of yellow dust ran out through the crack. The facts of the case dawned upon Jim Cardegee.

"Strike me standin'!" he roared; "'ere's a go! 'Ere's 'is bloomin' dust! Gawd blime me, an' you, too, Charley, if you don't run an' get the dish-pan!"

THE SPIRIT OF REVOLUTION.

By Norman Duncan.*

HOW THE PARTY OF LIBERTY REVOLTED AGAINST ABDUL HAMID.

WHEN, craftily peering in fear for the virago of the tenement, old Khalil Khayat, the editor, peeped in and, reassured by the solemn quiet, crept to the corner where he lay, little Billy Halloran was in rare, sore need of some comfort and courage—such, perchance, as may be found in a hand laid on the head in tenderness, be the touch ever so swift and diffident, and in the sound of a voice speaking softly of old, far-away things. Three hours ago, "Kawkab Elhorriah"—which, in the Arabic, is Star of Liberty—had gone to press in the old yellow building near South Street, where Salim Shofi's hard money gives life, daily, to the old teaching in new words. Even now, Nageeb the Intelligent, Abo-Samara's little son, was throwing it on all the restaurant tables of Washington Street, from Rector to the Battery, crying, "'Kawkab!' News of a Mohammedan outrage in Damascus!" with all the importance of his ten years. The day's work was done, so Khayat had leisure for a kindly deed; and the plea for it, strong as a voice, was in Billy's bad leg, which the tumbled coverlid disclosed, scrawny, shining white in the twilight, like a misshapen stalk of sickly cellar-growth. I shall write no more about the bad leg, nor shall the responsibility of the medical student ever be set forth; for, even as Khalil Khayat has written: *There is a wide blue sky and a stagnant gutter, and the eyes of men move freely in their sockets; and in the contemplation of the one there is a great lifting up, but in the other an unprofitable sickness of soul.* All of which, indeed, has nothing to do with how Mahaomed Yassin Shariff's knife-thrust, in Damascus, laid bare the Spirit of Revolution in Washington Street, but cries out, piteously, to be set down.

"Your mother—where ees she?" Khayat whispered fearfully.

"Jagged," Billy answered, sighing his relief.

"She—s-she ees not here?"

"Naw," was the reply, in a thin, frail, weary voice. "She's chasin' de duck."

"Ah, eet ees good," Khayat said. He sat down with some assurance, and smiled.

"Ain't y'u goin' t' tell me a story, Mister Khayat?" Billy wailed from the shadow.

Now, Khayat had the caress and the story to stop the whimpering; and no man knew better than this old one the worth of a touch and a tale in the twilight. When the evening wind rose, cool and fresh from the harbor, and eddied through the room and swept the heated, fetid air from the corner, as though seeking out first, eagerly, the children with whom the sun had dealt cruelly, Billy rested, listening in lassitude to the droning voice, content, forgetful. Soon his eyelids were too heavy for him; but the story went on, in a practised sing-song, like a lullaby, until he fell asleep, and there was no sound but the soothing, summer-night murmur, rising from the street. Then Khalil Khayat dropped the hot little hand, which he had taken up regardless of the grime; and rose, like a thief, to steal away to the back room of the coffee-house of Nageeb Fiani, to hear what the people had to say of the writing in that day's "Kawkab Elhorriah" concerning the licentious murder of Salim Khouri's brother by Mahaomed Yassin Shariff, a Mohammedan, in Damascus; for the writing was like a seed sown with anxious care, that the harvest, to be reaped by other hands in the far-away future, might be Liberty—like one seed sown hopefully from a deep bag.

Billy opened his eyes; but the lids closed again, against his will, for he was very weary, and the relief of the evening was upon him.

"Ain't y'u goin' t' come back no more t'night?" he plainted.

"Have you not sleep? I seet down more weeth you," Khayat whispered; but Billy

* Mr. Norman Duncan has achieved fame recently by his delineations of life in the Syrian quarter of New York City. This is a hitherto untrodden field in literature, which has aroused interest, not only because of the peculiar characteristics of these long-suffering exiles, but because of the literary quality of Mr. Duncan's tales of their life here. This story is one of a series, so connected as to make the interest continuous, which is being published in book form, under the title "The Soul of the Street," by McClure, Phillips & Co. It is a unique and entertaining volume.—Ed.

was again asleep. "I am come back soon," Khayat went on; and he moved to go, stepping softly.

"Ain't y'u—fergit—de—flow'r?" Billy asked, waking; and then he dozed off beyond light disturbance.

Ah! in his unholy eagerness for the entertainment of learning whether the seed was to shrivel or take sure root, Khayat had forgotten Billy's plant—the twisted, scrawny, pale little plant, like unto Billy himself, that then thirsted on the fire-escape, where it had been put, with groaning, by its lover, in the afternoon. With what reproaches did Khayat hurt his heart as he brought it in, and watered it and bathed its every lean, miserable leaf, and set it at the head of the cot to comfort the waking eyes. Had he been remiss in anything else? He scratched his head and puzzled his absent mind; and, having thought long and distressfully in vain, tip-toed out, frowning, self-reproachful, for in the sight of Billy Halloran there was no plant like that weakling, and in the heart of Khalil Khayat no self-justification for leaving it long in discomfort. So the regret followed the old man half-way down the stair, and was forgotten utterly only when the old-world smell of the narghiles and the noise of a great voice, raised raspingly in exhortation to the shedding of blood, even the sacred blood of the Sultan, shut the little Irish boy and all the things of the tenement out of thought, at the door to the back room of Nageeb Fiani's coffee-house, where the Irish never go.

". . . written: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?" Elias Rahal was crying in a passionate undertone, in the finer Arabic of oratory. "Even now the lamentations of Salim Khouri, whose brother has gone to the grave in blood, sound in our ears; and so great is the noise of his weeping that men gather in the street, wondering to hear it, and the *p'leecem'n* make their way to the place where he lies, even to the *sixt' floor* of the great dwelling-place, though they are weary with much walking, and very fat and important . . ."

Khayat halted at the door to listen—eavesdropping innocently; verily, as men say, there was no guile in him. He sat down in the darkness of the middle room, at the door to the narrow place where Elias Rahal sat at the round table with four others; and there was a smile on his thin, dark face, like the smile of a rapt, expectant child in the darkened amphitheater when the footlights flare suddenly against the great curtain, and a burst of music announces the disclosure of the spectacle. Such, indeed, was the character of his interest in the shifting passions of the people. His work for Liberty was higher than their hands could reach to help or hinder: his purpose without variableness, past their understanding, solemn, hidden within his heart, laying stone upon stone of a Temple which the hands of the children of the yet unborn should complete. This was the fanciful conception with which he cheered his life; so the talk of the people was a passing bitterness or a thrill of soul, as it chanced. What did their talk matter? He would sow, day after day. What was the loss of one small seed from a deep bag? And, even as he has written: *In the autumn the harvest is garnered, spite the wrath of a (single) day.* It was, indeed, all a play; and Khayat, with his pen laid aside for the day, was like a child looking on—the emotion fading with the falling of the curtain.

". . . the shedding of Christian blood to continue forever?" Rahal went on with deepening passion. "Is a murderer to be forever safe against justice because he is a Mohammedan? Is the foot of the Sultan Abdul Hamid never to be flung from the necks of our people, but is the heel of his iron boot to tear the throats of our children's children? Is it forever we must suffer . . ."

The words of Rahal were lost to the listener in the street noises. The outer door was open in invitation to the evening wind; but Rahal's staccato utterance had lifted itself clear above the outer night-clatter—above the rattle of the truck-wheels on the cobblestones, and the sound of the drivers' warning cries, above the intermittent roar of the elevated trains, and the buzz of gossip. Now, the sportive children, the gutter-snipes, marched past in whimsical, riotous procession, singing:

> Hello, mah baby!
> Hello, mah honey!
> Hello, mah rag-time gal!
> Send me a kiss by wire,
> Honey, mah heart's on fire.
> If you refuse me,
> Then you will lose me,
> An' you'll be left alone.
> Oh, baby, telephone,
> An' tell me I'm yer own!

Khayat had been absorbed in Rahal's speech—eager, like a critic, to rate the climax, the form of it, the ring of it; but there was no anger in his heart because the children were noisy. He was always jealous

for the happiness of children, as Nageeb the Intelligent, Abo-Samara's little son, knew well before he died, and as all the little people of the gutters will tell you to this very day. He did not exclaim impatiently; he reached out stealthfully and pushed the door to the little back room ajar, that he might hear the better.

"Hush-h-h. Elias!" came from within.

"Hush!"

"There is one listening at the door."

There was silence—as when men strain their ears to catch a warning, for their very lives' sake. Khayat was still as a statue; and his eyes were shining like the eyes of a roguish child playing at hide-and-seek. Ah, he is comparable only to a child—Khayat is! The Spirit had taken life lease of a corner in his heart!

"No; there is no one to hear."

"Go on, Elias. It is very fine."

"If my enemy should hear?" Rahal whined.

"There is no ear to hear—save only ours."

There was a second period of listening, which the contemptuous bubbling of a narghile disturbed.

"Go on, Elias. Our hearts are in our mouths, where your words have sent them leaping. Are we to choke to death?"

"Go on, Elias. Who is to shed the Sultan's blood, did you say?"

Now they speak with candor of dark designs only in the dark, these expatriated Syrians of lower Washington Street; for every man sees an enemy in his friend, and, though words may be discreetly chosen and softly spoken, no man, as it is written, can draw a blind over his eyes. So when one spoke of the Sultan's blood, another, as though afraid to betray the pallor and agitation of fear, turned the gas to a pin's-head flame. Shadows—seclusion; the time was ripe for blackest conspiracy. For, perchance, even as children of persuasive imagination, with the swaggering courage of garret-clothes and garret-guns, when the Dusk, deepening, veils the face of the garden with gray Mystery, enchanting the familiar clump of lilacs into a rocky rendezvous for bandits and all the shadows into shelter for fearsome, designing Shapes—even as, shivering, round-eyed, they gather close and plot red death, daring the beating of their hearts and the mocking shadows and the garden's uncanny night-plaint, so do these simple folk desperately conspire. The illusion, the shuddering thrill—they are the same.

"Tell us, Elias, who is to shed the Sultan's blood?"

"It shall be by lot," Rahal whispered. He burst out, thumping the table at each word: "So shall it be determined by whose hand the Sultan is to die."

"Ah-h!" This was a sigh of relief—delight; it was as though a dark, treacherous path had been suddenly flooded with light.

Khayat, forgetting himself in the obscurity of the middle room, chuckled explosively; he had to pinch his lean leg very, very hard to sober himself—to pinch it until he winced, which was not an easy thing to do, for the leg was very lean.

"But not yet," Rahal added, knowingly.

"Where and how? Tell us, O Elias!"

There was a confusion of sounds, as of men drawing close to a table. Khayat could hear them push the coffee cups aside; could hear the flimsy little table creak under the weight of the conspirators as they leaned upon it to get their heads the nearer together. He gave his leg a convulsive pinch, and cried out with the pain of it.

"What's that?"

"It is the table groaning."

"Ah! I thought—I thought—is there no one listening? Are you sure?"

"There is no one."

Rahal stuttered distractedly: "L-let us—f-f-first revolt." He paused, listening intently; then continued in a lower, surer voice: "To revolt is the first thing. Let us unite the people of Washin'ton Street and demand of Abdul Hamid the freedom of our land. If he denies us, let us rise and carry fire and the sword even into the innermost palace at Constantinople. Sadahala," he continued enthusiastically, "you draw up the paper for the Party of Liberty. Have all the people sign it. Then——"

"Abo-Samara has more skill with the pen than I, and more learning. Let him——"

"Sadahala, my friend, you honor me too highly," was softly interjected. "I am unlearned, and——"

Khayat had to pinch himself again—this time harder than before; the next morning the leg was blue at that point, as he gleefully observed.

"I," was heard in a proud, hoarse whisper, "will draw up the paper and pass it from hand to hand. I—I—will do it."

"Ah! Who can do it better than Tanous Shishim? Go on, Elias."

"In one month," Rahal said, "the Syrians of Montreal and Philadelphia and all the West will unite with us. There will be an army

of 3,000 men gathered in N' York—strong men, great in might, greater in courage and patriotism. We will say in the newspapers—the American newspapers—that we have 20,000 men ready to die for Liberty; and it will be, indeed, as though there were 20,000. Who is to deny our words? In two months the news will be carried to Beirut; verily, the rejoicing will be very great. In three months it will be spread to the edge of the desert, even to the furthermost parts of the land. In four months the people will rise, Christian and Mohammedan, kin in heritage, brothers in high purpose; and they will arm themselves with sword and rifle and raise the banner of the Party of Revolution, leaping to the trumpet-call of Liberty as to the cry of one risen from the dead. It will be, oh men—it will be the great Arabic uprising! Then will a great fleet, a fleet mighty and invincible, sail from these shores to the very gate of Constantinople; and a great army will take ship from N' York, an army of the friends of Liberty, an army——"

"What fleet and what army, O Elias?" The question was asked in tremulous eagerness.

"The fleet of the United States and the army of a free people," said Rahal.

"Can it be so?"

"Is it, in truth, a thing possible?"

Khalil Khayat sighed. The pathos of the situation was clear to him; it may be that he sighed because the great uprising was a mere mirage.

"Did not the United States set free the slaves of Spain in Cuba?" Rahal said. "Did the great American people hesitate? Will the President forsake us in our distress—forsake *us*, who gave our sons to fight his battles? Let us send the Doctor to the President, even to the White House at Washin'ton, to set our prayer before him. The Doctor—who can withstand his oratory? Is there a more learned man? Is there a man more used to intercourse with the high and noble? Who——"

"But who will provide the Doctor with fare to Washin'ton, Elias?"

"We shall need much money," Rahal answered dubiously.

There was a pause in the talk—vigorous, nervous puffing.

"I am a poor man," one sighed.

"And I," sighed the second.

"And I," sighed the third.

"And I," sighed the fourth.

"God," said Rahal in humility, "has favored me also with poverty." A suggestive silence followed. "It may be," Rahal pursued, speculatively, "that the friends of Liberty will help us. The Americans are very rich; there is no bottom to their purses, nor any meanness in their hearts. Mm-m-m! Perchance—who knows—how many thousands of *dollars* have they sent to the Armenians? Tanous, is it not known to you? Surely, they have sent millions of *dollars*—millions—yes, truly—millions of *dollars*—to the Armenians."

Rahal came to a stop; the sounds of puffing were such as men make when they are eager—dreaming fast.

"If God give me strength," Tanous Shishim said solemnly, "I shall devote my talents to the labor of counting the money—my life to its safekeeping—my——"

"But, Tanous, I——"

"You, Tanous! Why, I——"

"It may be," Rahal put in softly, in clear-cut, hard words, "that five guardians are better than one. Is it not so?"

"It is even so."

Khayat, hearing, flushed for his race.

"Let us immediately organize the Party of Revolution," Rahal pursued. "Here—in this very place, let us do it."

"It is a small, mean room to be so honored."

"It shall be remembered forever. When we are dust men will say, 'In this room Liberty was born!'"

"It will be a sacred place."

"It may be that our children's children through many years to come will count this table more precious than its weight in jeweled gold, saying, the one to the other, 'The hand of Elias Rahal rested upon it,' or, 'Did not Abo-Samara the Patriot touch it with his very fingers? Let us, also, touch the holy thing.' They will save it—perchance, even as the Americans save the shoes of George Washin'ton, that great Emperor, counting them above price, as I have been told."

"And the hand of Tanous Shishim—what of it?" Tanous growled jealously.

"Even so," one added, perfunctorily; "and the hand of Tanous Shishim rested upon the table."

"Our names will be remembered forever! God is good! He is loving and wise and just! Who would not lay down his life for Liberty?"

"Even unto death will we persevere!"

"And henceforth Liberty shall be unto us as a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, leading us, even as it is written."

"Even unto death!"

"Ah-h-h-h!"

There was a tense, solemn pause; as of a hushed moment, fraught with irrevocable consequences, when men—to whom, it may be, martyrdom is revealed in beauty—exalted past speech, past every thought, standing before the people with naked hearts, dedicate themselves to the service of the Eternal and Most High. The clatter and snort and warning shriek of a fire engine, and the voices and feet of many children as they scampered madly in its wake past the outer door toward Battery Park, sounded strangely distant and insignificant, like wedding merriment floating from over the way into a room where a woman lies dead—a fluttering vanity.

"Even unto death!" Khalil Khayat sighed responsively.

Knowing the hearts of men, the old man was thrilled, sympathetically, to the marrow by the vow. Enraptured of the beauty of Patriotism, and susceptible to distraction from evil suspicion as a child is easy to turn from frowns to smiles with a bright color, he was momentarily lifted above doubt—swept into high forgetfulness of the simplicity and sham of this conspiracy. He clasped his hands and lifted up his eyes; and, for him, then, verily, the darkness was riven to reveal the inspiring, tender face and benedictive gesture of the Master whom he served. The rapture beneficently lingered, providing him a little dream with which to comfort himself through the evil hours of many days; and then it ebbed, swiftly, inevitably, as the ghastly greed of the conspirators in the next room forced itself into his consciousness again, until their prostitution of the Spirit plunged him in a despair deeper than his ecstasy had been high. He had thought he was long past such complaining; he had schooled himself to sigh and say, God is good! Was his work not higher than the hands of these men could reach to hinder? The forgotten depth of pain raised, as a spirit, his impetuous, sensitive youth, when a day had seemed long enough for a sowing and a reaping, and he had kicked stubbornly against the pricks. He saw himself a lad of wayward ardor—in the old, familiar body—bent upon tipping an established throne with the strength of his own arm; and he wiped his eyes and smiled upon his old self, as upon a child of his own, and fell into a deep, sweet dream, forgetting, for the time, all about Elias Rahal and his company of boasters.

When consciousness of time and place came back to Khayat, Tanous Shishim was speaking; as he had spoken many times, for he had only one speech to make, and men knew it by heart, so often had they heard it:

"... Is our people forever to suffer meekly? Lo, the land of our birth is as a hell upon earth! Its smoke is injustice; its flames 's ravishment and the shedding of blood; its lord is"—Tanous discreetly let his voice fall—"the Sultan Abdul Hamid. Out of their—their bondage d-do our brothers call to us; morning and evening do they call to God to—to—melt our hearts with—yes—compassion—that's it." Tanous was now in a rapture, past the bounds of reasonable utterance; he continued: "Patriots has arisen after long sleeping; they have—have bust—yes, bust the bonds of selfishness and fear; and the people cry, all men of them, 'The night is over; its soldiers—surely I have forgotten it—yes, its soldiers fly, its banners 's in the dust, its troops 's retreating!' In freedom shall the little children sing songs of us; forever shall our names be set in printed pages; forever shall——"

Khayat had sped from passive attention to high wrath. How, save in anger, could he hear violence done the Language Beautiful. Spirit of Beauty! It was like a foul affront to a man's well-beloved in his very presence. It was a personal, present offense, capable of immediate effect; and Khayat was quick to speak, as a strong, true man is quick to strike. "Stop! Stop!" he cried in a sobbing passion, throwing the door wide. "You, O Tanous Shishim—you an orator! You dare to public speech! Illiteracy presuming to the highest accomplishment of culture! A pig on a throne! Lo, I speak the words—I, even I, Khalil Khayat. Is it so, O Tanous, that you are a graduate of the American College at Beirut, and know so little of the graces of your own tongue? Burst—not bust, Tanous! And in the name of God, O Tanous Shishim, are you an old man and still ignorant of the rule that a noun plural is never—never, O Tanous—to be followed by a verb singular? Agh! You have given me a headache," he cried, putting his hand to his forehead. "I shall not sleep to-night for the discord of your words. Hear me, you orator, and learn!"

Khayat struck an heroic attitude that went grotesquely with his old clothes; you would have been moved to laughter, but the splendid passion of the pose and the fire flashing in the old eyes set their nostrils

quivering, as he exclaimed, sonorously: "'The night is over; its banners trail the dust, its hosts are retreating—aye, its *heroes* flees!'" The noise in the common room, where many men were passing the time against the hour for the band to play in Battery Park, subsided; and there was a listening silence for a time. "Say it so, Tanous," Khayat gasped, and sat down, exhausted.

No man spoke one word; they all lingered, blissfully, in the spell of the words' beauty.

"How wonderful is your gift of speech, O Khalil Khayat!" Elias Rahal whispered in deep emotion at last.

"It is given of God, and——"

Khayat stopped to hearken. Some one came swiftly through the common room—some important man for whom the people made way and hushed their boisterous voices; to whom they gave respectful greeting: "May the day close in happiness for you! May all the blessings of evening attend you!" It was the Doctor—Salim Effendi, of the *Faculté de Médecine de Constantinople*—the Doctor himself, than whom there was no greater man in Washington Street; he of the threadbare hauteur, and rusty, alien high hat and yellow gloves and militant dignity, who would sit no longer than fifteen minutes by the watch with any man of the Quarter, save only Nageeb Fiani, the artist, and Khalil Khayat. He burst into the little back room, forgetful, for once, of the politeness of knocking; then they knew that some great thing had happened, and their hearts stood still. "Ho!" he gasped. "Yusef Abo-Samara, are you here? God be thanked! As you value the life of your father in Aleppo, O my friend, whisper no word against the Sultan this night." The Doctor was trembling; his eyes were bulging; his high hat was toppling shamelessly over his ear, as though through necessity of such haste as men make for their lives. What was the danger? Elias Rahal shivered. "The sedition—it has been spread abroad," the Doctor went on. "It has come to the ears of men in high places, even to the ears of the Consul in N' York. By the sword and the shed blood, it has gone higher!" he burst out. "The Minister—the very Minister from Washin'ton has come."

"Ah!"

"Mercy of God!"

"Is there no help for us!"

"It is very truth," the Doctor proceeded. "Within one hour he will be in the meeting-room of the Orthodox Church for a reception. Hadji, the Consul's servant, has but this moment left the dispensary, having overwhelmed me with the news. The arrangements are in my hands, by order of the Consul. It is for me to——"

"Doctor," Elias Rahal whimpered, eagerly, "am I not your friend? Have I spoken one word of enmity against you? Have I not——"

"Doctor, Doctor," Nageeb Lufty interrupted, whining. "I ——"

"Hear me, O Doctor Effendi," Tanous Shishim cried, pushing young Lufty aside and catching the Doctor by the lapel of his coat. "Have I not always said that you were a great doctor? Were you not at the bedside when my first wife died? Have I not paid the bill without complaining, though it was the greatest bill I ever saw—when the sick one died? Have I not sent you hundreds, even thousands, of patients, naming your name as the great——"

"Elias," the Doctor interrupted impatiently, "what——"

"Ah!" Elias cried. "Am I bidden to the reception? Tell me—quick, am I——"

"Yes, yes, Elias, you are bidden."

Elias exclaimed joyfully, and hurried away to grease his hair and put on a red necktie.

"And I," Tanous Shishim said. "I am very rich. Am I not——"

"Yes, Tanous; and you, too, Abo-Samara——"

"Doctor," Nageeb Lufty wailed, "I named you for President of the Society for Peace. I have cried down your enemies. Only yesterday I said to Nageeb Fiani, who will bear me out in this thing, that you were the greatest doctor in the world. Is my love to be forgotten; can it be——"

"No, no, Nageeb. You, too, are bidden to the reception."

Lufty overtook Tanous at the door, and whispered in his ear, privately: "Elias Rahal is not our friend. He will speak evil of us in the ear of the Minister. Let us keep watch, O Tanous!" Thereupon Tanous Shishim hurried to the home of Elias Rahal, and whispered in his ear, privately: "Elias, danger is round about us. Nageeb Lufty is our enemy. Let us stand close to the Minister, lest he speak evil against us." And when Tanous had gone, Elias Rahal went through the street, searching for Nageeb Lufty; and when he had found him, he took him aside and whispered in his ear, privately: "Nageeb, it is in the heart of Tanous Shishim to destroy us. He will speak evil of us in the ear of the Minister.

Let us keep at his side that we may hear every word that he says; for, surely, if we do not, he will speak evil and destroy us." Then Elias Rahal and Nageeb Lufty and Tanous Shishim each determined in his heart to speak in the ear of the Sultan's Minister for himself, that they might gain some advantage one over the other.

Abo-Samara went home for a tarboosh, the badge of loyalty, leaving the Doctor alone with Khalil Khayat in the little room.

The Doctor hesitated at the threshold. "Khalil—" he began, uncertainly. He paused. He cut a loose thread from the finger-tip of his glove with his teeth, and spat it out nervously. It would have been a fragment of the nail had the hand been bare. Thrice he essayed to speak; thrice the courage of his kindly intent failed him. He turned resolutely, as if to go; but held his step, looking over his shoulder. "Khalil," he said hoarsely, facing desperately about, "I—I—am your friend. I have no heart to slight you before men. It is an honor—it is a high honor in the sight of men to—to kiss—the hand of the Sultan's Minister." The Doctor paused again; and Khayat, recalling his smiling thought from the recent situation, turned his glance, seriously, to the Doctor's wavering eyes. "You," the Doctor went on, "you, too, are bidden, even as an honored guest, to the minister's reception; and——"

"I?" Khayat asked, in solemn wonder.

"As an honored guest, Khalil," the Doctor answered hurriedly. "No man will misconstrue——"

"And have you not known me for seven years?" Khayat said with gentle reproof.

"Yes, O Khalil. Seven years of sweetest intercourse have we——"

"And is my heart's enmity a stranger to you?"

The Doctor looked at the floor, saying nothing; but at last he cried, pleading his own justification: "I have a mother in Beirut. What am I to do but——"

"Ah!" Khayat interrupted, holding up his hand. "Am I a judge of men? No man is an offense to me because of his sin. Who am I that I should condemn it? I, too, have sinned." He went on, wearily, absently: "I have thought—I am not sure—it may be—that it is counted as righteousness to dissemble—sometimes—for a woman's sake. I have sinned deeper than that—for a woman—my sister's sake." He had slowly thrust his right hand out from him over the table, and had averted his face from it; now, it was at the limit of his reach, and he was working the fingers against one another, as though they were offensively wet and sticky. He turned his face, and looked upon the hand with half-closed, contemptuous eyes, as though it were a loathsome thing; then he averted his face again, sharply, and groaned. "I have shed blood—for my sister's sake," he whispered, vacantly; and repeated: "I have shed blood. I—have—shed—blood." The flaring gas, the dingy wall-paper, Fiani's violin, the Doctor—all faded, as in a mist; and in their stead he saw a stretch of sand, covered by the night, and a man creeping, creeping toward a black clump of trees.

The Doctor caught the guilty right hand in both of his and pressed it hard; and then he went out quickly into the noisy, seething night-life of Washington Street, near the soap factory.

"'Ave y'u come back?" said Billy Halloran, a touch of reproach in his weak, thin voice, when Khalil Khayat glided in. "Y'u bin gone a h—l of a w'ile," he added, plaintively.

"I am come back," Khayat whispered. "I am go out no more to-night." He was conscious of a selfish neglect. "Eet have grow very dark here," he added. He felt the way to the window, and sat down where the breeze might dry and cool his brow.

"It's nice an' cool," said Billy.

Khayat made no response; but quavered a strange, tearful air, in an absent way.

"Ain't dey ready t' lick de Sultan?" Billy asked, feeling for the cause of the old man's sadness.

"No," Khayat said slowly; "they have not become ready—yet."

"Ain't dey never goin' t' fight?"

"Some day the people they weel fight."

"Yaller, ain't dey? Dey ought t' hump demsel's."

"When the flesh eet have drop from my bones," Khayat said, struggling obdurately with the language, to convey the beauty of his thought, "then weel they have draw the sword. An' in the blow weel the strength of my dead arm be."

"I do' know—I do' know w'at y'u mean," Billy said, listlessly.

There was a long silence.

"We bot' got our troubles," said the boy, with a sigh. "I got me bad leg, an' you can't make dem fight."

"Ah!" Khayat said tenderly, "I have no trouble so great as yours." He bowed and smiled, as though making a compliment.

"You got de hardes' luck."

"Ah, no!"

"I bet y'u y'u got de hardes' luck. I got a nickel in me clo'es, and——"

"Eef I have a heart more heavy, eet ees because I am an old, foolish man, and all the wisdom of children—eet ees yours."

"I do' know," Billy said, blankly. "I feel better anyway."

There was another long silence.

"I guess I'll go to sleep," said Billy. "Good-night, Mister Khayat. Dey'll fight fer y'u—some day—er—I will—w'en I grow up—an' me leg—gits—better."

Billy was asleep; so Khalil Khayat went to his own room across the hall, in the happy consciousness that the boy was loosed from the discomfort of the body for the time. He groped his way to his old chair with a light heart. He reached lovingly for the big black book wherein the thoughts of Abo Elola Elmoarri are set down, to hold it in his hand for the comfort and companionship in the touch of it; and he looked out from the darkness of his room into the pale night-light—into the depths of the wide, jeweled sky, out of which pure serenity descends upon the sons of man as a dew; nor did the murmurings of the great city, nor the stench of its wickedness, nor the echoes of the night's faithlessness oppress him, for they were as offenses afar off. This he thought concerning the writing in that day's "Kawkab Elhorriah," molding the plastic words in forms of beauty, even as Abo Elola Elmoarri did in his time: "A field of wheat is from the seed of a sheaf. What is one wasted seed? My arm is strong for another sowing. Early and late will I sow, that the harvest may be bountiful. And it is more honorable to sow than to reap; for he who reaps, reaps in certainty that which another has sown in hope, and he who sows, sows unselfishly, not knowing that he will reap. When, in the fulness of time, the blow is struck, the strength of my arm will be in it, though the flesh be fallen in fine dust from the bones and my name remembered no more."

He clutched the big black book tighter—pressed it, even, against his heart; perchance it was to establish him in his philosophy. At last, vehemently, he said to himself: "And concerning blessedness this I know—know for truth, though it be all I have wrested from the eternal in a long life—that it is more blessed to lighten the life of a child than—any—other—thing."

He leaned back in his chair—and nodded—and smiled—and nodded, and fell gently asleep, like a child; for he was an old man, and used to the world's hard knocks.

TRUE STORIES FROM THE UNDER-WORLD.

By Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton.

II.—A BILL FROM TIFFANY'S

Editor's Note.—The illustrations for this series of stories about criminals, or, as the authors call them, "the Powers that Prey," have been made after careful study of types in those quarters of New York which they frequent, as well as from studies of hundreds of photographs in the Rogues' Gallery. The authors have assisted in this work, so that the portraits are those of the actual types that they describe in their stories. It will be noted that these authentic pictures convey in many cases an impression very different from the ordinary conception of criminals.

MISS Sadie Meeker was a young woman who was interested in the market value of things; in particular, in the market value of herself. As a money-changer at the desk in Major & Fairbanks', her market value was just four dollars a week; but a woman's real market value, as Sadie well knew, is never what she can honestly earn, but what the best man who wishes to marry her can earn, whether honestly or not. Later, she came to think seven times out of ten of her husband, and the remaining three of her children; but for the moment she was conscious mainly that Margie Payne had married a saloon-keeper, and Kittie Barton a part-owner in a dance-hall; and saloon-keepers and part-owners in dance-halls are lords and landed gentry in the Under-World.

Margie and Kittie had been Sadie's next friends, and for some time after their marriage she, too, would have been contented to wed a saloon-keeper or a part-owner in a dance-hall. But Margie, when all was said, did wear her clothes, no matter how expensive, as if they were on the point of sliding off; and Kittie, in spite of her pretty hair,

had bad teeth. That is to say, in the Under-World a chief of detectives is a prince and potentate; and if Charley Minick was not yet a chief of detectives, he well might become one, at least with a woman whose clothes cost money to spur him on. Sadie's teeth were perfect, and she filled out her gown like a dressmaker's model; her hair, besides, was quite as good as Kittie's, and her complexion was wonderful: after some hesitation she concluded, therefore, with a delightful sense at once of playing for high stakes and of generosity, to become engaged to marry Charley Minick. His mustache also curled beautifully.

Charley Minick in his twenty-eighth year had achieved a knowledge how the world is made. This perception is strictly a matter of male intelligence; women know nothing whatever about it, their concern lying wholly with fictions. He had joined the "force" with a resolution to be an "honest copper": and his high aspirations still clung to him, though they had become modified. He would not be so honest as to be unpleasant: he would be just a little—oh the veriest trifle!—better than his neighbors. This course permitted him to attain the delights both of popularity and of pride, and may be said to be sanctioned by the example of a working majority of the truly great. "I don't set up for no saint," said the magnanimous Minick, "but there are places where I draws the line." A Pitt or a Lincoln could have said no more.

Sadie Mecker.

He was capable on occasion of a certain doggedness and intensity of reflection; and at the time of his engagement, Sadie had provided an occasion. Margie's gifts from her lover had been diamonds of price; Kittie's gifts from her lover had been diamonds of even greater price; Sadie was perfectly aware of every woman's inalienable right to possess better jewels than any woman of her acquaintance, if she can induce a man to give them to her. She explained her views to Minick with vigor and point; she revealed to him the double jurisdiction under which he had agreed to live; he must stand his trial in the judgment of her peers. Therefore Minick addressed her hilariously as Her Grace the Duchess of Major & Fairbanks', and looked upon her with increased happiness and admiration. A man always looks upon a woman with increased happiness and admiration when she asks the impossible and makes him do it.

"Well, you wouldn't have me be ashamed before Kit and Marge, would you?"

"The Pearl of Pie Alley couldn't stand ashamed before Kit and Marge; she hasn't got the shape!"

"Even now they say I'm a fool to tie up with you. They say there's no scale in your job the way there is in Jim's and Bob's: they call you a hundred-a-month man: they say you don't take in nothing on the side. Kit and Marge said last night I was marrying you for your *mus*-tache!"

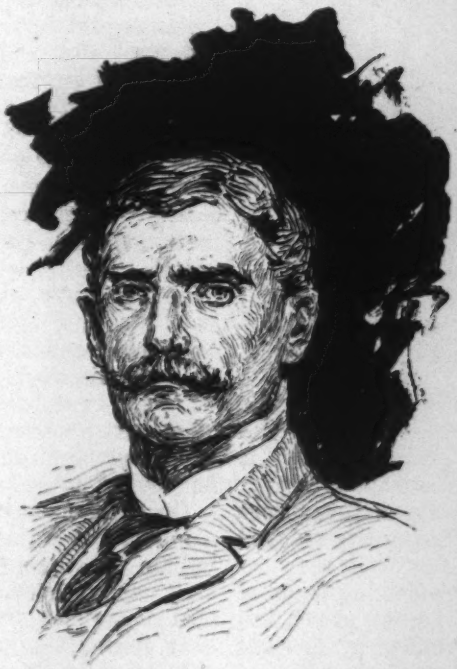
"Kit and Marge!" said the alert detective with theatric scorn; "Kit and Marge are a couple of clapper-tongued pot-wrestlers; you'll make your ears long as a gover'ment mule's a-listening to 'em."

"Yes, I suppose so. But it means a lot to me. You've got to get me what I want. That's what you marry me for; and you've got to go to the right place to get it: I tell you those. I want to show Kit and Marge the box."

"All right," laughed Minick, "I'll get you the box!"

Three days after this conversation there was a great social "event" at the town house of Edward Sandys of Sandys & Merton, who served God and mankind to the amount of some millions per annum. They performed their service largely by accepting a controlling interest in undertakings to which the name of Sandys & Merton lent a commercial value. The great social event, with its great display of plate and jewels, was followed by a great "cracksman's" event: before the awakening of the Sandys household after the festival, a judiciously selected portion of the jewels had disappeared. The reward offered was so large that the Front Office was touched in its tenderest sensibilities. There seemed something almost wicked in declining to supply a man, anxious to part with a sum like that, with a chance to hand it over.

The instructions of the Chief were a model of manly eloquence: "Somebody's got to get that dough. Sandys 'll t'row a fit if he can't cough up, and you coppers got to help him. I ain't goin' to have the Eye people snake in all the loose coin: I give it to you straight. They more'n did us on that Hogan deal; an' the papers roasted *me*. They called me a 'jaundiced tutelary dodo.' *I* don't know what the blamed thing means, but I won't stand for it. I can't get at the feller that wrote it, but I can make your skins too hot to hold you if he gets a chanst to do it again. A town as big as this can find its own guns without callin' in private fly cops. You fellows spread yourselves on this case, you take my tip. Get your mouthpieces on the run; bribe 'em, pinch 'em, do what you —— please, but get that dough. An' get the gun, too. Some o' the country papers have been shoutin' 'bout this force bein' crooked. They say that we're only out for the dough in jobs like this, an' let the gun make a get away. I'm sick o' this hollerin', and if it don't quit I'll make every man jack of you sick of it, too."



Detective Charley Minick.

That afternoon an ornate reporter's column in one of the public prints consisted of an interview with the "subtle and competent Detective Minick." It referred to him alternately as another Sherlock Holmes and as a second Old Sleuth. Sadie did not know who Sherlock Holmes and the Old Sleuth were. When Kittie asked her, she said they were former chiefs of police; and there were a number of words in the article she could not understand. But the general drift of it she perceived was commendatory, and she felt an immediate access of affection for Charley —and was sorry she had not asked for a bigger diamond. Charley was alleged to be "working" on the Sandys case. His "work" for the moment consisted in examining the scene of the robbery, in making notes of seventeen particulars which he perfectly believed to be insignificant, and in arresting three servants whom he perfectly believed not guilty. Out of the seventeen insignificant particulars he formulated a "theory" of the case so ingenious that no man in his senses would act upon it. Happily he did not make it to act upon; he made it to give to the newspapers. These things he did in order that Mr. Sandys and the public might recognize that he was "taking an interest." When he had secured this point, he was perfectly at a loss what to do next, except, as he phrased it, "to rubber around," which is technical and esoteric for keeping his eyes and ears open. Every one else who was "working" on the case was equally at a loss: every one was just "rubbering around."

One morning, while matters were at this pass, the Chief handed Minick a telegram which was dated Akron, Ohio. It signified that one "Bud" Denmer—age thirty-six, height five feet eleven and a quarter, complexion dark, eyes blue hazel, hair prematurely gray and black, beard solid black, teeth good, nose large and pugnacious, weight 165 pounds—was "wanted," and was supposed to be in New York. The reward was $500, and the particulars would follow by letter.

Women, in the Great Republic at least, are superior to men in everything, except the ability to remain in great cities during the hot season. This is the almost universal testimony of those who have given the question the greatest amount of attention, and when specialists agree it ill becomes the uninformed to profess an opinion. The point is that Mrs. Richard Cober was an exception to the general rule; she found it impossible to master the elements of applied mathematics. Even in the matter of the currency she could never be got to understand that one dollar is no better than another dollar, when the first dollar was her

Richard Cober.

own and the second was some one else's; and when the calculation came to concern husband and children her incapacity reached its extreme.

Richard Cober was fast becoming the head of a profession of which he was proud, but which he disliked to hear called by its right name. He was only a part of the time actively engaged in it, and it took him for the most part out of town into "the beyond." He was understood by his children, and nominally by his wife, to be a "traveling" man. His absences would last a few days or a few weeks, and out of "the beyond" he would commonly bring back a great deal of money or a very bad temper; once his absence lasted nearly three years, and he brought back only a new suit of clothes, a pallid face, and a most unpleasant trick of the eyes. Little Bessie said that he looked like a "bogy-man," and little Bobbie said he "'ooked 'ike a feif"; and both cried out and clapped their hands and ran in great glee to greet him. Mamma afterward explained to them that he had had an accident in "the beyond," and had been for a long while confined to the house, and that it had been bad for him to use his eyes. Bessie told him she was "*so* sorry—*ever* so sorry—*really!*" for his accident; and Bobbie assured him that he did not look in the least "'ike a feif," but "'ike a dear 'dorable papa."

When Richard Cober was in luck he was lavish with his "kids," and at all times liked nothing better than to have them tumbling over him; and whether or not he was in luck, there was nothing their mamma could want that he did not find a way to provide. Bobbie may have erred in the letter in his consolatory assurance, but he was right in his main intention. It may be doubted whether Richard "looked" adorable—for the most part he looked uncommonly sharp and hard—but in his daintily upholstered flat in Clinton Place he was at least adored. He sang songs and cut a double shuffle for the kids and played at blind-man's buff; and Mrs. Cober possessed jewels that would have made Sadie Meeker's frosty eyes burn with desire. Of an evening it was his habit to spend some hours in brilliantly lighted rooms supplied liberally with mirrors and with round hardwood tables, at which men with diamond scarf-pins and *boutonnières* sat or lolled in easy chairs and called for drinks. Because his own diamond scarf-pin and *boutonnière* were not conspicuously large, but unmistakably more "choice," everybody hailed him admiringly as "Buck," and demanded what he would "take."

One afternoon, while Bessie was dandling a doll half as big as herself, and Richard and Bobbie were doing a cake-walk with an energy and freedom of grimace and gesture that made her scream with laughter, the door opened, and a gentleman, who had held a little colloquy with the maid in the hall, entered unannounced. The gentleman was Detective Minick.

There was an instant in which, if Detective Minick had been a timid man, he would have found the sight of Richard bad for his nerves. That the sight of Minick was bad for Richard's nerves there was not the slightest doubt. But there are courtesies in the Under-World; even men who play for stakes as high as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness permit themselves the luxury of treating one another with respect.

"Eighteen-carat place you got here, Buck, old sport; pie-anna, French clock, Turkey rugs, nice kids; things been goin' your way."

"Don't look as if you'd been up against hard luck yourself. Skip, kids. Mr. Minick and me will be wantin' to bill and coo in private."

These were amenities. People do not shake hands in the Under-World, except as

a sign of extreme formality, neither do they look one another steadily in the face except in anger; they glance at one another from time to time and converse at an angle of forty-five degrees. A certain gruffness of manner and voice are also *de rigueur*. It was Detective Minick's profession to bring every man's trouble home to him; but he had the reputation of executing his disagreeable task with as little offense as possible. It was an incident of Richard Cober's profession that he did not like to have people call on him; it always made him uncomfortable until they stated their business, and then sometimes it made him still more uncomfortable.

"Somethin' doin'?" he asked with laconic elegance.

"A little matter o' my own. I want you to put me next."

"What the blazes do you come to me about 'next' for? I ain't next to nothin' in this town, except you dead ones at the Front Office."

"Read the papers lately?"

"One o' you fly cops croaked, an' you want to touch me for a bouquet for the stiff?"

"Seen the details o' that Sandys job?"

"Oh, it's that, is it? You can search *me*. You'll have to guess again if you want to pick a winner. I ain't mixed up in that. I haven't done any work in this town for five years. I live here, an' you know well enough that where I live there's nothin' doin'. I've got too much at stake."

"Don't suppose I'd be sittin' here rubberin' at your wall-paper if you done it, do you? But I want you to get mixed up in it. There's 5,000 semoleons reward, an' I need 'em in my business."

"Who told you 't I was interested in your business? I got troubles o' my own."

These also were amenities. The next statement was open combat.

"It won't do, Charley. I give it to you straight, I didn't do the job myself, an' don't know who did; but if I knew I wouldn't tell you. I ain't got nothin' against you personally. You always treated me square, an' I'd go as far for you as another man; but I never yet beefed on a pal, an' I'm not goin' to begin. I know it's done, as well as you do. I haven't heard of a reward these last ten years that you people have copped out that some gun didn't help you get; but you can keep the dough for all me—when you get it. I'm a bad lot if you like, but I wouldn't turn mouthpiece for the whole five thousand."

Lubin Cavanaugh.

"Better wait till I offer 'em," said Minick intently. "What'll you do for this?" Minick passed him with one hand a telegram from Akron, Ohio, and with the other fingered a revolver in his coat-pocket. Minick's acquaintances whom he met in the way of business were sometimes spasmodic in their movements. Moreover, Richard was age thirty-six, height five feet eleven and a quarter, complexion dark, eyes blue hazel, hair prematurely gray and black, beard—that is to say, close-cut mustache—solid black, teeth good, nose large and pugnacious, weight 165 pounds.

"Swell place you got here, Buck; pie-anna, French clock, Turkey rugs, nice kids. I should think you'd hate to shift."

Minick was to be congratulated on the completeness with which he had thought out his case.

"I don't want to be hard on you, Buck. I'll give you time all right to turn the thing over in your mind; but understand *me*, I want those semoleons. If you should happen to discover a way of helpin' me get them, well—it's been six years since I seen Bud Denmer in Joliet. I might be so stuck on myself I couldn't recognize him in the street if I passed him a dozen times a day; an' I'm the only man on the force that's onto his mug. If you shouldn't happen to discover a way of helpin' me, that telegram reads cuffs in Clinton Place, jail in Akron, stir in

Columbus, free rides between p'ints, an' free grub an' lodgin' everywhere."

"Dick, you've said time after time that if it ever came to a pass again, where you had to choose between me and the kids and a gun, you'd let the gun go; and you're up against that choice now," urged Mrs. Richard Cober, when Minick had said "So long," and taken his leave. "You've got enough money saved up to quit the business anyhow. I've often told you that with what we have in the bank we could go over to London, bring up the kids respectably, and live decently ourselves."

"A man like me's no business with kids, Nell, old girl, nor with a woman either," said Cober wearily, not for the first time in his life "up against" the eternal difference between a woman's world and a man's.

Be it known that in the Under-World, as in the Upper, everybody minds his own business when his own business is promising; when it is not, he minds conscientiously and discusses with unction the business of everybody else. Speaking broadly, the only person who knows nothing and can discover nothing of who did what, is the detective. He is as well known as if he moved about preceded by a town-crier. On all sides of him the words that it concerns him to hear are vibrating in the air. The vibrations die away just before they reach his ears.

That evening, after his pacific interview with Minick, Cober loitered listlessly about the better sort of haunts of the Powers That Prey. He was caught up by groups who back mathematics *versus* confidence and stand to win, and heard the latest gossip about the favorite, the odds offered and asked, the latest news of the champion's "condition," the latest arrangements for a "fake" match of bantam-weights, in which everybody who put money on the sure thing was to gain experience at the end of a rally in the eighth round. He heard the last great score at billiards, the last great game at hazard, and received an invitation to make one of a select party forming to work the crowd at the coming Cincinnati Sängerfest. From time to time, in the lull of more urgent affairs, a remark was dropped that "Blinky" pulled off a good thing two days ago at "Phillie's;" that that had been a tidy "get away" the night before on Fifty-ninth Street ("Long Morgan, you know," was added in a lower tone by way of complete information), and that "Barney" had not been seen for some days and must have something "on." Richard would have been too shrewd, which is to say he loved his own skin too intelligently, to put direct questions about the Sandys job; nor would there have been the least reason why he should ask questions. The Sandys job was just becoming a subject of impassioned surmise. Twenty times in the evening Cober himself was asked if he knew who did it; twenty times he listened to notes of admiration of the cleverness with which it had been planned and executed, and to the opinion that it was the work of "outside talent." Before the evening was gone he came to loathe outside talent; he was sick of "outside talent," he was sick of the neatness of the Sandys job, he was sick of the choice that he must make, and of the evil that must befall him no matter what he chose. For himself he cared really little enough, if the truth were told, but it was altogether true that a man like him had no business with a woman and "kids."

He had fully mastered his ideas in this connection when he entered "The Green Dragon," and the presiding Belial stepped forward and handed him a note. It consisted of but two lines and a signature—he had received the precise duplicate of it just as he was leaving Clinton Place: "I want to see you in a hurry, Buck. Pull the ringer at the number given in the other note. L. C." Half an hour afterward he was sitting at the bedside of Lubin Cavanaugh, in a house on Sixteenth Street, where single gentlemen were permitted to pay exorbitant rates for lodging for the privilege of presenting introductions which guaranteed their reputability. When, in obedience to a weak-voiced summons to "come in," Richard first entered the room, he perceived an emaciated head fallen back in an ecstasy of exhaustion among the pillows. When the emaciated head had identified its visitor as Buck Cober, it hailed him as "Hello, Old Sport," and the man to whom it belonged sat upright and threw back the bed clothes and resumed an interrupted labor, which was the labor of "setting," or possibly, as Richard judged, of resetting jewels.

"Thought you might be the doctor with some more dope. He an' I are doin' a little song an' dance together while I fix up this pennyweight job. I'm playin' the pennyweight game alone, an' he might want to cut in. He'd speculate on these sparklers in his bill, if he knew I had 'em. Beutes, ain't they?"

The time had been when a "sparkler" had the same fascination for Richard Cober

that it had for Lubin Cavanaugh, but he was in no mood that evening to admire another man's plunder. A wonder as to the previous ownership of the jewels he could not repress—even in the "stir" men make guesses as to the origin of an unscheduled piece of bread—but the etiquette of the Under-World forbids inquiry in regard to such matters.

"Then it's just a song an' dance?" Richard asked, referring to the bottles of medicine on the table and Cavanaugh's reclining position.

"That's all. Never felt better in my life. The doc calls it symptoms o' pneumonia, but they're the kind you an' I had when we made out we was dyin' o' consumption out in the Joliet stir. 'Member how we got into the hospital, don't cher? You faded away on soap, an' I jus' kept a-coughing. There was 'bout fifty of us dyin' o' consumption that bit, wasn't there? What you so blue about, Buck? Dig into that booze there, an' get a brace on. You an' Nell ain't been havin' a row, have you?"

The reference to Richard's domestic relations was merely experimental; Cavanaugh was in such good spirits himself that he could only fall back on the bachelor's chronic surmise when a married friend is out of sorts.

"No. It's jus' a general case o' grouch. I get hipped ev'ry now an' then jus' as I used to. What can I do for you, Lubin? I got to shift in a few minutes."

The two looked at each other for an instant in that quick but piercing way which all guns, let alone "pals," have. Merely a week's separation is sufficient to make necessary this preliminary test of a comrade's loyalty before new contracts can be entered into. Cavanaugh believed that he saw in his old companion the same Buck Cober of "square deals" and no "beefs."

"I'd 'a' let you into the job, Buck," he said, "but it was jus' the kind o' game to attract an old single-handed stiff like myself, an' I played it alone. What I want is a 'dopp' just like this one without the break," and he handed Cober a little instrument newly broken. "I've got to have a new one by eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, an' I'll be dead obliged to you if you'll get it for me. I'd get it myself, but I got those symptoms, you know, an' the push thinks I'm out at that crib in Mexico rollin' the wheel. Understand, don't cher? Say, Buck, if it's dough you need, reach under my pillow here an' you'll find a roll. I been there myself, you know."

"That's all right, Lube. 'Tain't as bad as that."

"Well, take care o' yourself, old man, an' if you see any o' the push, tell 'em I'm baskin' in the sun down among the Mexies. So long, Buck."

"Well?" said Mrs. Cober when Richard paused at the close of his account of the evening's interview with Cavanaugh.

"Well! It's cuffs in Clinton Place, jail in Akron, free rides between p'ints, free grub an' lodgin' everywhere. I can't 'beef' on a pal like Cavanaugh, Nell. A man's got to stick by his friends."

"It ain't a case o' beefin' on a pal, Dick; it's a case o' doin' dirt by me an' the kids. There ain't one o' your friends has stood by you like me an' the kids. If you got to stick by your friends, you got to stick by us."

"It won't do, Nell. A gun's seen his luck when he turns mouthpiece. I've watched it since I was a little shaver sellin' papers an' buzzin' molls. Be square with the push, an' the push'll be square with you, an' it'll be the better for you in the end. I don't even know for sure that Cavanaugh made the touch; but whether he did or not, he'd know I had split on him, an' he'd follow me till he croaked."

In an earlier period of her married life, Mrs. Cober would at this point have resorted to tears or to blandishments. She had learned, however, that there were times when Dick meant what he said, and was of opinion as she studied him that this was one of the times. She did not in the least give up the battle; a hard man makes a hard wife, unless he kills her, and she had her idea. If she had been altogether wise she would have held her tongue, but it is not in nature to be so wise as that.

"A woman is perfectly helpless when she's tied to a man that means to play the fool," she said, bitterly. "You have to be square to the push, or the push will get even with you; you can do as you like by the woman an' the kids. No matter what you do, they've got to stand for it."

This statement being self-evident, Richard Cober made no reply to it; he went to bed. Half an hour later Mrs. Cober put on her hat and shawl and softly left the house; that, perhaps, was a part of her idea.

The raid was one of those ordinary man-hunts with the game at bay, the details of which even the newspapers have long since

wearied of reporting. The "flatties" in uniforms surrounded the place, and Minick with three fellow-huntsmen went into the building to face an animal rather more dangerous than one of the larger carnivora. The animal, however, was intelligent. Cavanaugh had not the slightest chance of escape, and knew it the minute his door was forced open and the detectives drew their revolvers. "They're good," he remarked in the gambler's jargon, and allowed himself to be handcuffed. His only comment on the capture lay in the words, "Another case of beef."

The Sandys jewels were all found in Cavanaugh's possession, a number of them very skilfully reset, and two of the larger very skilfully disfigured. The public prints rang the next day with the praise of the celebrated Minick, and repeated their version of the unrecognized intellectual profession which taxes the swiftest and subtlest powers of the mind, and to which society owes its immunity from crime. "If a man is built for the perfession," the illustrious Minick was reported to have said, "he can cop out a gun as if by miracle; if he ain't, he can sit at table with the man that's wanted an' study his photograph, an' go home a dead one." Every reporter agreed that the celebrated Minick was "built for the perfession," and had laid his hand, as if by miracle, on the man that was wanted; what they did not give him credit for was a gift for statement not greatly unlike their own.

Sadie Meeker drew the attention of both Marge and Kittie to the most highly ornate paragraphs in praise of the celebrated Minick, and enjoyed the proud delight of fame. She had been in some doubt until the newspapers took him up whether she cared for him "really," but the reporters' eloquence decided her. When the ring was brought a great flush of triumph came into her face—the diamond was bigger than Kittie's and prettier. "Oh, Charley, there *is scale* in your job," she exclaimed, "and I *will* marry you—for your *mus*-tache!" The "box" was as satisfactory as the stone, and a receipted bill from Tiffany's was even more satisfactory than the box; but there were a number of items of which Tiffany took no account.

The week that the marriage of Detective Minick was announced, a trivial incident occurred in one of the side streets of the City of Mexico. Different accounts of the affair appeared at the time in the police columns of the daily press of the city, but the only arrest that was ever made was of the young man who, on reading the items in the newspapers, volunteered the information that on the night of the trivial incident he had seen a suspicious-looking figure loitering about the corner where the injured man was found. He said, furthermore, that on turning the corner himself, he had heard the sound of a bit of scuffling, but there was no outcry. He very much regretted, as he stated to the police, that he had not turned back and investigated, but he was in a hurry at the time and gave no serious heed to the episode. He described the suspicious-looking man that he had seen merely as a heavily built man, with noticeable square jaws, and added that he looked like an American; although of this he was, of course, not sure. Naturally the police tried to find a reason for "holding" the young man; it served him right for offering information that led to nothing; but his good name among his neighbors, as well as with certain influential city officials, made it impossible seriously to suspect him. At the city hospital, where the injured man was taken, certain papers and checks found in his pockets showed that he conducted his financial affairs at least over the name of Oliver Hewes, but the police were much puzzled to find tattooed in blue ink on the left forearm the words "Buck Cober." The lettering was somewhat blurred, and the inference of the police was that the man had tried to prick it out with milk. He never regained consciousness, and it was impossible to obtain any statement from him. The wound in his head seemed to indicate that he had been hit with an uncommonly heavy "billy." A woman came forward from nowhere in particular to claim the body, but she did not seem to feel it incumbent upon her to part with much biographical detail; she devoted her energy mainly to hysterics.

It has, perhaps, no connection with the trivial incident that, two weeks before, the following paragraph was printed rather extensively in certain newspapers in the United States: "Lubin Cavanaugh, alias New York Lube, escaped from —— prison last night. He is a notorious professional burglar, and has a record against him which takes up several pages of the —— prison blotter. A reward of $500 is offered for his capture and imprisonment until the prison authorities can be communicated with." There are those who rate themselves "wise," however, who believe that the two trivial incidents are connected, and that a belated item should be added to the Bill from Tiffany's.